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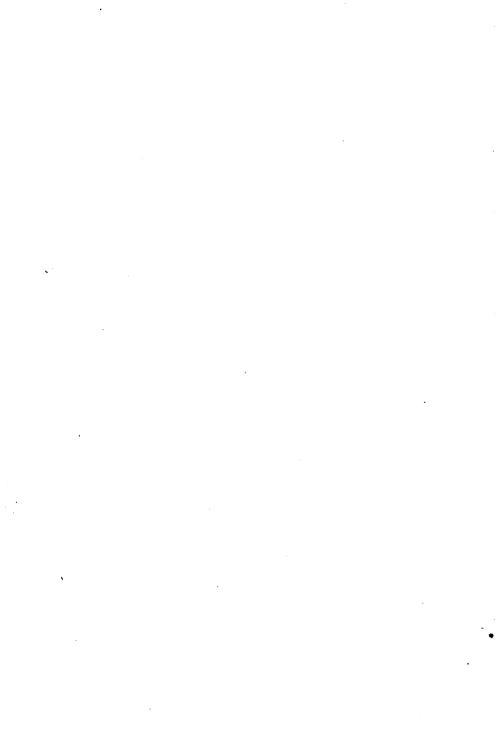
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Mrs. T. Wilberforce

# HUMBUGS

# CANTERBURY FOLKS

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## HUMBUGS

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# CANTERBURY FOLKS

By Mrs. T. WILBERFORCE.

1903.

J. D. HALL & CO.,

Providence R. I.

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#### PREFACE.

TOLERATION says I'm wasting my time writing this book, and that I'd 'nough sight better be making biscuits and turnovers, which is woman's first duty. More'n all that he says there won't nobody read it after its writ, unless it is the kind of folks that ain't got much to do of any consequence. Now I want to know if that isn't just like a man for all the worldalways a thinkin' of his stomach. Well, I told him the stomach must have food, of course, but land of goodness, the mind needs a little nourishment now and then as well as the body, else we remain beasts along with the rest of the animal kingdom. If we would be more than that we must consider something besides good blood. First feed the mind, and feed it well, and then there will be intelligence enough grown to feed the body as it should be without the danger of gluttony and dissipation destroying it. I told him this book was written for a purpose, and that purpose was to prevent young men and women from wasting years of their lives chasing the modern follies that don't amount to anything, unless it be to curse mankind and enrich the pockets of a lot of imposters who are too lazy to do honest work, and who don't believe in eating bread by the sweat of their brows. And then I says if only a few are brought to the realization that their brains are made for use, and for their own use, without leaning on anybody else as a sort of prop; in short, to develop an individuality of their own, as God Almighty intended they should, then I shall consider I've not wasted my time, biscuits, or no biscuits.

MRS. T. WILBERFORCE.





Toleration had to call order in the meetin' when Jason Howard said he could "flop Cale Carlton." (See page 177.)

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#### INTRODUCTORY

F you look close you can always tell a humbug. Toleration says they "Generally do most of their flying in the dark, and consequently it's hard to tell them from other insects." But I tell him that nature never made any provisions for honest bugs to be flying around after dark, and, therefore, its easy enough to tell them even in the twilight, unless you shut your eves. But that's the trouble. Most folks shut their eyes and then talk about what they can't see. Well, such folks want their pet notions catered to, and they become an easy prey to every kind of a sham manufacturer, from an Israelite peddler to a smooth-tongued scientist, who tells you the "sun is made of bituminous coal" and that the moon was composed of the same material, but now its "nothing but coke," and as they are anxious to believe he's telling the truth, they shut their eyes and ears and believe the whole story, because he claims to be an honorable representative of "Science."

Well, it's my notion there's a greater swarm of humbugs a buzzing 'round in the name of science than any other thing that I know of. I've come to the conclusion at any rate that whenever there's anything new brought out that's got the name of science hitched on to it, I'm agoin' to give it a pretty close examination before I put it down as goods that'll wash and keep the color.



#### 2 Humbugs and Canterbury Folks

When you've discovered the shape of one humbug you don't want to calkerlate that you can tell the whole swarm by that one, for they don't resemble each other any more than a pea-pod does a cocoanut.

First they'll buzz round in the name of "creeds" and "religion," then you can hear one humming as sweet and tuneful as can be in the name of "society."

Then there's another that comes trumpeting round as loud as a thunder storm. That's a political insect. Doesn't do much harm, but is dreadful annoying. Anybody can tell this one by the sound.

There's no sham to genuine piety, but, nevertheless, there's a numerous number of religious humbugs that come buzzing around just when you think you've got your spiritual nature where you can love your neighbor as yourself, rejoicing with those that rejoice, mourning with those that mourn, and in your judgment are on the high road to heaven. Then one of these insects tunes it up and says, "you're on the wrong road; no chance of heaven; on the downward grade to hell," because you haven't embraced their creed. They'll tell you "there's no other way." God gave them a monopoly and you've got to abide by their notions or be pitched head first into perdition. Take your choice!

But don't you mind any such buzzing, for its nothing more'n a passing high wind that pretends to make a great stir in its path, but after its blown over you'll look around and find only a few dead leaves blown off, with the trees just as firmly rooted in old mother earth as they were before, all ready to blossom again and put out their foliage upon nature's demand next spring.



Here comes the vacation humbug which is for everlastingly singing to the summer boarder the song of "Dancing when your tired out, and playing cards 'till eleven, will make your body vigorous and your soul quite fit for heaven." What a lie!

Then along comes another insect that can lie faster than he can fly in behalf of the second-sighted sooth-sayer, but he plays upon such a sweet-toned lyre, and there's so much poetry in his nature you can't see the sorcerous old witch that he represents. So far as peace and happiness is concerned he is more deadly than the vampire, and should be shunned more than any other humbug that flies.

Then you run across the germ and microbe humbug, which of late years has made more noise than he's entitled to, and kicked up such a fuss everybody feels as if they want to use a microscope before they drink a glass of water, for fear of swallowing something dreadful.

Then along comes the absent treatment humbug, which is the silliest insect of them all, but there's lots of folks that are willing to pay out a lot of money for the sake of hearing him buzz, and so for a while he's bound to live on in luxury.

Then there's the real estate humbug! Well, there! 'Tisn't necessary for me to say a word about his claim, for he's counted by everybody as licensed to lie about half of all that he says, and so he's sure to live on forever, or as long as there's any land left to cut up into town lots.

Then there comes along every little while the humbug of fashion that invites the wolf to the door, and influences a young woman to wear a song bird on her



### 4 Humbugs and Canterbury Folks

hat, to put on clothes that ain't becoming, just because some lone Frenchman in Paris says it's the latest fashion. Now the prevailing fashion is all well enough, and it's all right to follow its requirements if the garments you put on are suited to your form and complexion and so on, but if they are not, and make you appear hideous, then get up a style of your own, and let the old fashion humbug go on his way. You've just as much right to begin a style as anybody else has. If an apple tree should adorn itself with lilac blossoms next spring, you'd be disgusted with nature; but there are some folks that adorn themselves in just about as unnatural and disgusting a manner about every other time the seasons come around.



One of the worst kind is the humbug Mother. Sometimes the wife of the millionaire, who rears her infant in the nursery, calling in once or twice a day to see how well it prospers in the arms of its foster mother, the nurse. What a departure from mother-hood's sacred right and privilege. Any mother who will sacrifice this right and transfer it so that the little arms are trained about the neck of another, throws away jewels that can never be found again.

Then there's the humbug of economy, that sings around your head like a mosquito, when a mother tells her little one to "eat it all up to save it; don't waste anything," and when another compels her child to "clean up everything on your plate. Don't leave anything." Why, bless their dear souls, they mean well enough, but if they'd only stop to think one minute, they'd see that it's about the poorest economy that can be imagined. It's enough sight better to throw away a slice of steak at thirty cents a pound, if the

child doesn't want it, than it is to be obliged to call the doctor at \$2.00 a visit.

Here are the humbugs of superstitution that almost every mortal is more or less afflicted and tormented with, and some folks have to keep brushing away whole swarms of them. Some are awful aged. Been handed down through centuries, from the time when they were so small you could hardly see them with the naked eye. Now they are as big as a ghost and just about as dreadful.

The "monopoly" and "trust" humbugs. Of all the straddling, gander-jointed things, they are the wust. Hungry? Can't give them enough to satisfy their appetite! You'd think they were in a starving condition to see them eat. They are wus than the carnivora. 'Tain't because they are so numerous that makes them so dangerous to mankind in general, its because a single one of these insects has got such a tremendous maw it often requires more'n a thousand strong men to keep it filled, and then it craves more luxuries and dainties as a kind of desert that hundreds of other men must work hard to supply.

There are numerous other humbugs, like hypnotism or the folly that comes out of its teachings: Christian Science, Modern Spiritualism, and the Lord only knows how many more, which I've tried to be conscientiously merciful towards and give them all the credit they're entitled to, which of course isn't so very much.



I

#### BETTING AND GAMBLING HUMBUGS, AND THE COUNTY FAIR



THERE may be such a thing as legitimate gambling, but I've never run across anything of the kind yet that looked real honest, and that can be put down as a necessity, or even a decent pastime. I've always noticed that folks that git their living by betting and playing at games of chance, although they at times seem to have lots of money, generally end their lives in such a manner as to show the world would have been just as well off if they had never lived, and in some cases a good deal better off. It's about the smallest occupation as far as manhood is concerned that there is any record of, but as a blighting influence it's large enough and successful enough.

How many boys have tried to git rich by being led away into a gambler's life, and the richer they got the poorer they got, until they hadn't manhood enough left to trust themselves with, and their friends all abandoned them after their money gave out. There's generally a considerable appearance of friendship as long as the money lasts, no matter who the owner of the money may be. I don't know what money won't do. I've heard of ministers encouraging the members of their churches to canvass for money among gamblers and the liquor dealers to help them out of

debt. But, oh, what a condescension! They probably meant well, but it's too much of an endorsement to ask for help from any such devil given source.

Outside of the regular professional gamblers there's an awful lot of trouble caused in this world by our own men and boys at home that foreverlastingly insist in betting on this thing and that so as to be smart and appear to be posted up on all matters of the times. Now, there's Toleration, as pious a man as he pretends to be, came dreadful nigh losing all our cattle through his foolish tendency to venture a wager. He never does anything of this kind unless he's wrought up over some subject, and at such times, jest to show his confidence in his own opinion, he'll most likely bet ten to one on whatever the matter in hand happens to be. I'll tell you how it happened:

Down to Brooklyn they hold a County Fair every year, and generally it's the best agricultural show in the State of Connecticut. As it's only about four miles from our farm, Toleration most always enters all of his cattle, and our herd of forty Holsteins makes about the best appearance of any cattle exhibit on the grounds. Toleration and the rest of us always attend the fair, and he is never satisfied unless the whole neighborhood goes along with him. He jest delights in havin' a lot of the farmers with him when he goes the rounds of the cattle pens ter view the stock, so he can keep up his reputation among them for being a great judge on cattle—yet, man says he ain't got any egotism nor pride!

He passes more opinions about cows and oxen on Fair days than the whole townsfolk put together can remember. But Toleration's word is law with 'em,



for whatever he says about cattle is jest about right in their minds.



We didn't go the first day, 'cause they were only gittin' things ready to show. But we started Tuesday and went three days, and I must say it was one of the best Fairs Windham County ever had.

We drove over with Rabbi, which is one of the best horses in the county, if I do say so. We call him Rabbi 'cause his nose is so crooked and he looks so much like an Israelite in the face.

He is sech a go-a-head kind of a horse, Jonathan wanted to have him trot for one of the prizes 'long with the rest of the fast horses that were brought up for sech work. I wouldn't listen a word to it at first, but finally when I saw how sot he was on havin' him trot, and how disappointed he'd be, I told him I wouldn't object if his father didn't.

After the race was over I found out 'twas Toleration that put the idea into the boy's head!

Well, about everybody in the town was talkin' about our horse bein' put into the race at the Fair Grounds, and lots of 'em went jest to see how bad he'd git beat. I felt kinder anxious about it myself, but didn't say anything.

When we drove on to the grounds there were lots of people already there, and on every hand was an army of hangers-on who always go to fairs, 'cause they're too lazy to work, jest to see how much money they can git out of the innocent country folks. But they've found out that the Nutmeg farmers ain't fooled so easy.

We hadn't driven far, when I thought I breathed some air that wasn't very temperate, so I told Toleration to stop the horse right where he was, and I made him git out and buy a glass of the stuff that they was sellin' for home-brew hop beer. He took a swallow, kinder tasted of it, and after smackin' his lips he said:

"Guess it's home-brew," and then gulluped down the whole glass full as if he was afraid it would git away from him. This made me kind of suspicious, for I knew his failin' for cider.

"Hand me a glass," says I, "for I'm powerful dry." He handed it up to me, kinder reluctant like, and I tasted of it. Then I sot my eyes on Toleration and says, says I, "You know that ain't home-brew!"

"Well," says he, "it tastes like home-brew to me." Says I, "Toleration Wilberforce, you know better, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself asettin' sech an example before your family. You know that it's the intoxicatingist kind of beer made down to them city breweries."

But all I could git out of him was that it "tasted good enough for home-brew at any rate," and guessed most likely that was what it was.

I didn't wait for nothin' further, but got right out of the wagon and went and found the Chairman of the Fair Committee, and marched him up to try some of the "home-brew."

They'd advertised in the papers that there wasn't going to be any beer nor licker sold on the premises, and that stuff was the strongest kind and he knew it; why a glass on't would make ye real dizzy!

"Well," says the Chairman, "we don't want to make any disturbance, seeing they've got the business to going, but I'll see that everything is kept quiet."



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"You'll see," says I, "that this pizen stuff is stopped bein' sold here, or I'll stop it myself!"

And then as he didn't seem to be inclined to do anything, I sot to talkin' about the vile practices of intemperance to the top of my voice, and said how the people were bein' fooled by the Committee, and so on.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Mother," says Toleration, but the more he said the more I talked. until there was more'n two hundred people gathered right around me, to hear and see what all the trouble was about, and they pretty much all upheld me in what I was asayin'.

Well, the outcome of the whole affair was the Committee had to bow to public sentiment and order the stand closed up, and the owner had to take away more than thirty cases of the stuff that he was a palmin' off for home-brew. Served him right.

I believe in practicin' what ye preach, and if a Committee that advertises to have a temperance gathering haven't got stamina enough to stand by their doctrine I consider it an individual privilege to see that they do. Everybody in the county talked about how little drunkenness there was at the Fair that year, but I don't take any credit for it. If I'd been a man I suppose I'd put it in the newspapers.

Liquor stands at public gatherings ain't no temptation for women folks, so, of course, I wasn't worried about the girls, but I've got a boy I'm interested in like lots of other mothers, and as I've got all the rights that are under the heaven to protect him from the pizen stuff, I'm agoin' to do it, and I ain't agoin' to apologize for it nuther!

When I went to find Toleration to talk to him about



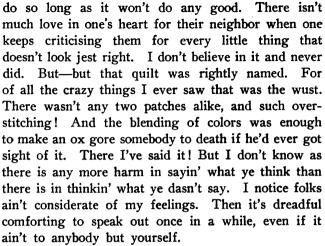
his conduct, he'd gone off to the cattle pens, an' I didn't see him again until most two o'clock, jest before the horse racin' begun. But I says to myself perhaps it's jest as well. If I'd been in his place I should have felt like hidin'.

Well, Jonathan he went to look after our horse and git him ready for the race, and Harriet and Madalene and Dorothy Ann all went with me into the Exhibition Hall to see the fancy work, for they had all sent in something that they had made, and they wanted to see how it compared with the work that the other girls of the neighborhood had put on exhibition. Well, to their surprise Harriet and Madalene, the two eldest, they found blue cards pinned on to their work, which were a fancy pillow, and a crochet shawl all in white. The blue cards denoted first prize. Dorothy Ann she got second prize on some jelly that she put up with her own hands. Well, they felt real well pleased, and I was pleased, too, for it's dreadful encouraging to the young folks to be recognized in some such way.

I had some butter of my own making in the dairy department of the hall, and there was a blue card tacked on to the box where the butter stood, and I guess I was as well pleased as the girls were, although I didn't say quite so much about it. I don't believe we'll ever be too old to enjoy a little recognition. A little attention now and then pleases old folks ever so much.

Everything on exhibition looked real pretty, except the crazy quilt sent in by Jane Bates. Well, of all things! I don't want to say anything so that it'll git out, but—no, I won't say what I was agoin' to. Folks would think I was prejudiced or jealous. I i't believe in talkin' about folks or about what they





We then went out and viewed the cattle exhibit, and saw the horses that Parson Murray brought down for the folks to look at, he 'twas called Adirondack Murray, who used to preach such good sermons down to Boston, and described the Adirondack Mountains so well they've been awful popular for summer boarders ever since. They were a dreadful nice lot of horses. By this time the horse trottin' was about to begin, and Toleration he came along with some tickets for us to go on to the grandstand with, where we could see better and git nearer to the track.

They had fixed Rabbi into what they call a gig, and Jonathan was drivin' him up and down the track proud as life, and I was proud, too. Now Rabbi ain't a handsome critter, for he's kinder oblong and lank, and his tail bobs, although it ain't one of the kind of bob tails that's sawed off short such as the city folks drive for the sake of being what they call stylish. For



my part I don't see where the style is, for it's nothing more'n a deformity, and then the cruelty of the practice! I can forgive the rich folks for spendin' millions of dollars in houses and dresses, and in traveling all over the world, and sech like things, but when it comes to allowin' their horses tails cut off to pamper to their barbaric tastes, I haven't got any forgiveness for them and I don't believe the Almighty has nuther!

Well, as I was sayin', he wasn't very handsome, and when the people saw him ambling along up and down in front of the grandstand, they kinder laughed and seemed to have lots of fun, and the judges and the owners of the other three handsome horses, they kinder smiled tew, but they didn't laugh right out as the rest did.

When it come 2 o'clock the Judge he ordered the horses to begin racin', and they all come up to the line pretty good. Just then he said "Go!" and my senses, how they did go! I never was so excited in my life. After hearin' the people laugh so about our horse, I felt kinder riled up, and was all excitment, hopin' he'd keep up with the rest of the horses.

Toleration he was all excited too, and mad as he could be to hear 'em talk and make fun, and, finally, he got so mad he offered to bet his herd of Holsteins agin a hundred dollars that Rabbi would win the race, and 'twasn't a minute afore his offer was took up by a man with a high hat on, and the money was put into Jed Parkses hands to hold. Jed's one of our near neighbors. I was so excited all I could say to Toleration was that he'd be churched for sech wickedness, and then I looked to see where the horses were. It



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come to me afterwards that 'twas that "home-brew" that was at the bottom of it all, for I'd never known Toleration to be so rash before. But then, I says to myself, I'm partly to blame, for I'd-no business to have asked him to taste of the stuff. It's taught me a lesson.

Well, I looked for the horses, and I could see they'd got half way round the half-mile track, and I could see Rabbi was behind. He was on the outside when they started, so he had the wust on't. Then I was more excited than ever, and I stood right up on my feet and watched, the folks alaughin' and pokin' fun all the time at Toleration. Some of 'um said, "Fool and his money soon parted," and sech like talk, 'till I thought he'd fight. Now Toleration's prodigious big, and if he ever struck anybody 'twould make awful work. How I did wish I'd never asked him to taste that "home-brew." Why, I've seen him throw down a great ox as easy as nothin' 'cause 'twouldn't mind, and I knew 'twouldn't do for him to give way to his feelin's. But thank the Lord he didn't strike anybody.

Pretty soon the horses came down by the grandstand like the wind, and sure enough our horse was much as four rods behind.

When I saw how poor the chances were for our horse awinnin', I begun shoutin' "Go long, Rabbi! Go long!" as loud as I could, and if you believe me the old horse knew my voice, and set to trottin' like as if he was mad.

Toleration said I hollered so loud the other horses broke and run, and acted like all possess. But he said it to tease me, more'n likely.



I've driven old Rabbi for more'n a dozen years, and he knows my voice jest as well as the neighbors do, and when I ever said "go 'long" to him he knew I was in a hurry, and he always tried his best to go, for I never shouted to him unless I was in a hurry.

I could look down the track far enough to see that he was againin' on the other horses, and the folks began to stop their laughin', and said among themselves that the "old horse ain't goin' to take so much of a back seat after all."

When they come down the home stretch, the first I saw coming in sight was the white face of old Rabbi goin' for all the world as if he was bound for Waldo Four Corners, where our house is.

Toleration shouted, and I felt as if I wanted to hug the old horse, as he came down by the judges' stand about a length ahead.

Durin' the next heat Toleration wanted me to keep still, for he said, "we come here to see the show, but 'peers like we're makin' the biggest part on't ourselves."

"Well," says I, "I haven't made a show of myself by bettin' two thousand dollars worth of stock agin a hundred dollars!" But I kept still the next race, and didn't raise my voice, because Harriet had been scolding me for disgracing myself right before everybody, and I must say I felt a little ashamed. But what can a mortal do in the face and eyes of so much folly? Something has got to be done!

Turned out jest as I expected. Rabbi got beat that time, and I know if I could a raised my voice kinder persuading like to him he'd won again, and that would a been the end on't.



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Now there wasn't but one more chance! We was in a pretty mess with all our cows bet agin some New York swindler's hundred dollars! Something had got to be done, so I took the whole matter into my own hands, and I says to Toleration, who was lookin' dreadful glum to hear the folks a jeerin' at him for bettin' on a farm horse, says I, "I'm agoin' to drive Rabbi next time myself!"

"I guess you will," says he. "You'd git your neck broke. And then petticoats would look nice ridin' in a horse race. You won't do anything of the kind."

"I guess 'twon't look any wus than seein' your herd of cows driven off to the auction place," says I.

Upon that Harriet she tried to shame me out of the notion, and Jonathan he tried to discourage me, too, but 'twasn't any use. "Why, mother," says she, "what'll the minister say, and the Bateses, and all the rest of the neighbors? They'll think you are crazy. Don't mother."

"Well," says I, "they'll think we're all wus than crazy if we have to go to the poorhouse. Besides, I don't care what the Bateses think, for they'd be tickled to death to see all our cattle marched off so we'd have to begin all over again."

Then I says, "If that horse trots I drive!"

Then they knew 'twasn't any use. For once I make up my mind and know I'm right there ain't no turnin' of me, and so they all gave in and stopped talkin'.

When the judge of the race heard what I was goin' to do he says, "No. We can't allow any such thing as that. It's unprecedented."

"Well," says I, "Mr. Judge, I guess you haven't read history very much, nor been to Mr. Barnum's circus where the women folks ride round in the



chariot races, adrivin' four horses? It's a pity if I can't drive our own horse round a half-mile race track."

Then he says, kinder independent like, "we can't have any petticoats mixed up in this race. You'll have to let your son drive or give up the race!"

That kinder stirred me. Then I spoke up and says, "Mr Judge, we ain't goin' to give up the race, and we ain't agoin' to give up our cows nuther. But I'm agoin' to drive that horse this time for all the racin' laws that you can scratch up. I ain't agoin' to set down and let a lot of city sharpers come down to our county fair and disgrace the name of Brooklyn where this fair has always been held with integrity and honesty, and walk off with somebody' property that don't belong to them."

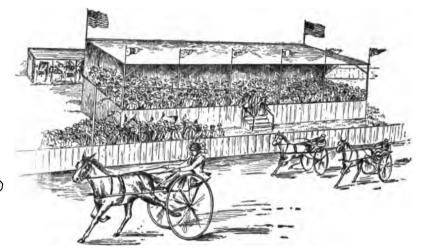
Drive I would, and drive I did in spite of the whole lot of 'um, no matter if 'twas ridiculous. Why I'd a driven that horse then if I'd been sent to Jericho the next minute.

Well, Jonathan and another man helped me on to the gig, and I must say I felt pretty scary, for there I was boosted way up almost as high as the horse's back, and, of course, I know I made a sight. Under most circumstances I'd a been mortified most to death to have done any such thing, but I knew that if I didn't that chances were agin us for saving our two thousand dollars wuth of cattle. That made a sight of difference, I can tell ye, and I threw all pride to the wind, and took some safety pins and pinned my front and back skirts together at the bottom so that the wind wouldn't blow them, and then I told them I was ready.



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The crowd sot to cheerin and hollerin', so that Rabbi he kinder got real excited. Then I knew he could go. The minute I took hold of those reins he seemed to feel the inspiration that I'd got in store for him, for when he come down to the startin' point the first time he bounded along like a colt, for all the world. But the start wasn't a good one, so the Judge rung the horses all back again, and I allowed that one of the other drivers did it on purpose to make an



"So I driv Old 'Rabbi' myself, no matter if 'twas ridiculous!"

exhibition of me, so as to try and git me nervous. He hung back on purpose. The people kept ashoutin', but I didn't git nervous nor excited, 'though they made me go back for a new start four different times, jest to keep up what I supposed they thought was fun.

Well, the fifth trial was pretty good, and the Judge said "Go!" and away we went, my position bein on

the outside, but because I'd attended strictly to business, I managed to get a good start, and I didn't intend to lose it. So I begun to encourage Rabbi just a little. and I could see he was aholdin' his own with the rest of the horses pretty well, and againin' just a little. When we'd got about half way around I swung him in next to the pole, for I knew enough to know what the shortest way round on a race track was the surest way home, so I kept aiming for it until I got it, just when one of the men shouted, he that won the other race with the black horse, "Clear the way old woman!" and tried to head me off. I jest hollered to Rabbi once, and I accommodated him pretty quick, for we went down by the grandstand more'n thirty feet ahead. the women folks awavin' their parasols, and the men folks ashoutin' "Go it old lady," and sech like, until everything seemed to be a perfect bedlam.

But Rabbi went the faster, and we got so far ahead we had it all our own way the rest of the way round, and won the race jest as easy as could be.

Well, you never saw such a pandemonium. The other owners of the horses were mad as could be and swore like all possets. They said the race wasn't legal, because a woman had no business on the track, but the audience were in favor of my side of the argument, and the judges had to decide that the race was ours because the owners didn't make a protest before the race begun.

So that ended the affair and the cows were driven home to our barns at Waldo Four Corners where they belonged.

Of course the whole neighborhood had to gossip about my ridin' in a gig for the rest of the year, and



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Jane Bates had to make a great stress about it, and wanted me brought up before the church for such unseemly conduct. But Parson Holden he's about the most sensible minister there is in the whole State on some points, and he looked at the matter from a common sense point of view. When I told him the whole affair came about through the effects of the "home-brew," he was satisfied I did the right thing under the circumstances, and laid the whole matter to the managers of the Fair who allowed the stuff to be sold on the grounds. For he calculated that when I stopped the sale of intoxicating liquors at the Fair grounds by standin' for principle, more'n offset my ridin' in a horse race.



#### H

# HUMBUGS OF GREATNESS. TOLERATION AND THE DEACON'S ARGUMENT.

W HEN Toleration and Deacon Lamson got to discussin' the subject of Fame and Real Greatness the other evening when he stopped over at our house to borrow our horse rake, I must say they had quite a warm argument before they got through. Now Toleration has got some good ideas on that subject if I do say it, and he draws the line dreadful close between what folks call greatness and that which possesses the real article that'll stand the test.

"Yes," says the Deacon, "its always been my opinion that men like the Bateses should always be put down as great men, for they have been successful generation after generation, laying away money and buying up land and speculating and laying away more, so that to-day they are the most respected family in the town because they've got the most money, and, consequently, the most influence."

"Most influence," says Toleration, "because the people of Canterbury are slaves to money. If that wasn't so they wouldn't have influence enough to build a thank-you-marm on the turnpike, unless they went to work and put it in themselves, which, of course, you know they wouldn't do because they're too



much kid-gloved to shovel. If all men were like them there would never have been a 'man with the hoe.' Now it may be truthfully said that they have used tact, and have accumulated money, but money was never even the swaddling clothes of real greatness greatness in the sense of magnanimity of spirit, with a self-sacrificing nature, and with a loftiness of conception of right and justice such as was wrapped up in characters like Abraham Lincoln. Silver spoons are not the kind of grafts that bear such fruit. They never did and they never will. If you say the Bateses are useful members of the town, because they own a good bunch of taxable property, then you'd tell the truth, but to call them great because of their accumulation of real estate and a long bank account, you're simply making the common mistake of thousands of other people of warming your shins at Colonel Sellers' patent fireside, which has all the appearance of real warmth, but when he accidently opens the door there's nothing but a lighted candle inside! Now that kind of imagination may satisfy you, but for myself give me the fire-log that burns right before your eyes and sends out such a glow of warmth that everybody can recognize that it's 'Old Hickory' or some other such kind of timber that's a burning and keeping the people comfortable, and sending up such a shower of sparks through the chimney flue that everybody in the neighborhood will know that something is going on down to Uncle Sam's house besides the burning of taller candles. No, sir. I don't want any flickering uncertainty. Don't care a whit about his money! I want to know the man himself, internally, externally and eternally! And by that I mean I want to know





"I tell ye, Deacon, I want to know a man internally, externally and eternally!"



"Whence and what art thou?" Caleb Carlton's Ocular Demonstration of Nocturnal Visitations. (See page 238.)



whether the man's made of the kind of material that'll last. When a man weighs his neighbor by his wealth in property, that man's opinion isn't worth as much as the cider that he's just put into his stomach. No sir!"

"Oh," says the Deacon, "you've got the wrong idea. Why, Mr. Wilberforce, haven't you read your Bible enough to know about the men with the talents. Didn't two of them invest their's so that they made a lot more money by the investment, and were rewarded for their frugality? And didn't one of them bury his in the earth and suffer condemnation? That record shows me plain enough that the great men are the frugal men, the ones who accumulate, and save and become a power in the land."

"That record," says Toleration, "is a figure of speech. Money is used as the mere substance by which the idea may be brought out. It simply conveys this, that a man must make all that he can out of the gifts that his Creator endows him with, be they great or small. And if he does this he becomes a great man, no matter whether he accumulates much or little money, or no money at all. If property was the qualification of greatness, why did Christ tell the rich young man to 'give his riches to the poor?' The accumulation of wealth has nothing to do with real greatness. Never did have. Never will!"

"Well," says the Deacon, "seeing you won't accept Bible characters as an example, I'll bring you down to our own time, and see what you can say. Now here's where I can corner you:

"Take Rockefeller, the great oil magnate, and Carnegie who was the great manufacturer in steel, and



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the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds, and the Rothschilds, and the Astors, and the Morgans, and a lot more of such kind of men. They are the greatest among the great men of the world, and you know it! Now Mr Wilberforce, be honest, and admit that these are the best examples that we've got. You know you can't deny it."

"I'll admit," says Toleration, "that these men and a lot more can be put down as great in one sense. Understand, I say in one way, and that is in the way that that black Berkshire out in my pig-pen is great in the sense that he eats up most of the swill that is put into the trough that belongs to the other pigs! I have to thrash him about every day in order to give the others a chance for existence, and that's what Uncle Sam will be compelled to do before long if this class of men that you speak of keep on trying to gobble up everything there is in the commercial trough, and then, after they've apparently got their fill, go to work and stick their hoofs in so that nobody else can get a chance at what's left."

"Now," says the Deacon, "you're making odious comparisons."

"Nothing odious about it," says Toleration, "simple illustrations of truth, that's all. Now Deacon, if you had said these men were smart, keen fellows, that would have been different. They are bright, and have done a good deal of good in the world, but along with the good they have brought a chain of misery that has got to be accounted for, that a really great man has never got to have put into the scales when his character is weighed.

"I mean in this sense: If I am bright enough to

take advantage of the existing laws so that I can carry on the farming business on such a scale that after a few years the other farmers of the town of Canterbury will be compelled to sell me their stock at a reduced figure because they can't make it pay their keeping, and then a few years later compel them to sell me their farms at a low price, thereby driving hundreds of them out of business, and scattering their families all over the country so that they can get at some other means of existence. I say that if I am smart enough, and mean enough, to do that, then the unhappiness that I have caused by robbing hundreds of families of an honest means of livelihood would be laid at my door, and sometime, somewhere, I'd have to give an account of my stewardship, and explain why this thing could not have been done differently, so that the greatest number could have reaped the greatest good. If you was one of that crowd, Deacon, what name would you call me by?"

"If you made a straightforward bargain, of course, you'd have a right to do it. The property'd be yours," says the Deacon.

"That isn't the question," says Toleration. "If I had done this; made you quit your farm where the Lamsons have lived for generations along with the rest of your neighbors, and after I'd cleaned you all out, I goes to work and builds a public library and hitches my name to it, and builds a sanitarium, and pays off church debts all over the county, and erects a hospital or two, and so on, and people had got to calling me a mighty great and generous man. Then sir, after all had been said and done, what would you think of me? That's the question."



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"Well," says the Deacon, kinder thoughtful like, "I might think some things that I wouldn't like to tell you right to your face."



"No doubt," says Toleration, "but if you spoke the truth. Said just what you thought, you'd say just what Squire Howard would say if I was up before his court to answer for this kind of a charge. You know what that would be. You know he'd say in his blunt kind of a way, 'Wilberforce, you're a mean cuss!' And if I was honest I'd agree he spoke the truth, and would admit I ought to be sent to jail if I got my just deserts, because I'd robbed them of a part of the price that they ought to have had for their possessions, and taken away their business because I had forced them to it. Of course they couldn't send me there because the law protects me. But, after all, how much better am I than a highway robber? Of course he'd possibly take a man's life, while I'd spare him that, but that's about all the real difference."

"There may be some truth," says the Deacon, "in what you are saying. There's always two sides to an argument, and I guess I haven't looked to the other side very much."

"Why, Deacon," says Toleration, "if you had always planted the same kind of seed, and kept the same strain of stock all these years that have passed, and let them all run out so that to-day they wouldn't be worth the planting or the keeping, because you'd got to be so grasping for money that you'd lost sight of the necessity of doing something besides money making, you wouldn't amount to so much as the cowhide on the bottom of your boots. You would have

got some money together, perhaps, but you would not have accomplished a thing that could be put down as within the shadow of greatness."

"Maybe so; maybe so," says the Deacon.

"The great financiers and the great manufacturers will never become great men in my opinion until they begin to use their smartness in trying to see how perfect they can make their productions, and how much more money they can pay their workmen for a dav's labor, and at the same time accumulate enough for all of their temporal wants. When they receive their share of the profits that they are helping as workmen to earn, they will have a few extra dollars at the end of each month to help build libraries, churches and institutions of learning with, which will make such institutions far more valuable because they were built by the money contributed by the people, and thousands of them being interested in them they will be better supported and better patronized because the objectionable feature of charity does not enter into the matter at all.

"Some of these kings of finance have became really great in so far as they have created new inventions, thereby blessing the people, but the money that they have earned doesn't enter into that greatness in any particular. How much oil did Mr. Rockefeller ever create? See the point? You may say he refines it, and, therefore, improves it. Of course he does, and the person who invented the refining process was a great man, but 'twas another fellow who did that. The Standard Oil Company makes use of it, and that's all the credit they're entitled to.

"Why," says Toleration, and here he raised his



voice to a tremendous high pitch, and gestured to beat all, "you talk about big men of finance, men who accumulate great wealth being the really great representatives of the universe, did you ever think of it? Take the Iews. Greatest money makers in the world. Keen, bright, always on the alert for another dollar; get-it-no-matter-how, but get it. Admitted leaders of finance. But I would like to see you pick out a really great man in the whole lot to-day; great in the sense that doesn't consider money matters at all. Point to one. You can't do it, unless it be an occasional one down through the centuries. Tesus Christ was about the only really great Jew that I know of, and they crucified Him because he was really great. Great in the highest sense of greatness, who said to them and to all the people of the universe. 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Now there's the idea. You can't be great except by the soul. If the inner man is great he'll never try under the law, or outside the law, to take his neighbor's business away from him just for the sake of trying to get another thousand or another million dollars, and after he's got it, then try to be recognized as one of the world's great benefactors and leaders by donating a few millions here and there, and by bowing very low to the aristocracy. They may get the name for a time, but it'll be nothing but shoddy that will get threadbare pretty soon so that you can recognize and separate it from the real article without any trouble. And then I've come to the conclusion that if you don't lose your soul and still gain the whole world, the gain doesn't amount to much.



What can you do with it? Too much on your hands. Better be satisfied with a little.

"Talk about greatness, Deacon, John Wesley described worldly greatness in a mighty true sense when he was in the robe-chamber adjoining the House of Lords in England. When King George II put on his robes, he was constrained to say to himself, as he noticed how his brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care, 'And is this all the world can give, even to a king? All the grandeur it can afford? A blanket of ermine around his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he scarce can move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head. Alas! 'what a bauble is human greatness!' Now that came from the Wesleys, and you know they were a mighty sound-minded lot."

I must say I wanted to enter into the argument myself, but Toleration was talkin' so far beyond my expectations in defence of what I thought was right and justice, I just kept still and followed my knittin' work so't I wouldn't drop any stitches, a rockin' back and forth in my chair all the time, enjoying every word that they was saying. The Deacon kept on by saying:

"Notwithstanding what seems to us really right it may not always be permitted to exist long. Look at the feudal systems that have cramped thousands of mortals in different countries, which allowed a few men of royal blood to own all of the land and build up great reputations on the shoulders of the poor workers of the soil, who hadn't got the least might of power to raise themselves from their low conditions. Seems as though what was ordained to be has got to





be, regardless of the apparent injustice of the thing. Look at the African. Wasn't it ordained that the sons of Ham should be slaves of others for all time? How are you going to change that edict? I tell you some people will be considered great because they're obeying the edicts of the powers that are higher than man's, although the injustice of the practice is plain enough to you and I."

"There's where you're wrong again," says Toleration, "and thousands of others have made the same Even nations have misinterpreted the Scriptures where they applied to the subject of making slaves of what we here in America have vulgarly called 'niggers.' The Bible says they shall be slaves. or servants, but there's a mighty sight of difference between a slave and a serf. Serfdom is what they've suffered until recent years, and now man has discovered the difference in the meaning and has given them a chance to live like other human beings before the law. There was mightly little greatness in the man or the nation that would deal in human souls as he would in so many cattle or hogs. That's what we did in America for a good many years, until a few really great men saw the evil of the thing, and now there are no more black pages to be added to our history so far as the traffic in human beings is concerned.

"You see, we human beings are mighty eager to understand that when it was said that they should be servants of their brethern that it meant forever, without the ghost of a chance of redeeming themselves for past sins for all eternity. And then we were still more eager to interpret the word *servant* to mean *slave*, and the kind of slave that should be put down as

property like so many hogs, which meant nothing but serfdom for those human beings. Well, after a time we began to discover that the word servant meant simply that they should not rise to the heights that their brethern should, but would do the more menial duties of life, and thereby suffer punishment. Then again we saw that there wasn't much chance for the Millennium while such a state of things existed, and so the black man was set free, and we felt a mighty sight more like men than we had ever felt before since the world was made. But vet, there isn't much more chance for the Millennium now than there was before. There are a lot more things to be given up and improved upon. I tell you, Deacon, as long as man's principal ambition is the accumulation of money. and as long as Uncle Sam keeps on making Krag-Jorgensen rifles, there isn't a ghost of a chance of Jesus Christ undertaking to reign upon this earth for a thousand years. No, sir. Not a ghost of a chance! Or, in other words, no chances will be taken with the roaring old lion of commerce enough to allow him to lay down with the lamb until he's demonstrated the fact that he can be trusted not to devour him. There's where we stand to-day."



"Everybody won't see things just as you do, Mr. Wilberforce," says the Deacon, "not just as you do."

"No, of course not," says Toleration. "Of course not. But talking about slavery, here are a few facts that can't be denied, as uncomfortable as they may appear: The crowd of great men that you have been talking about represent some of the greatest slaves the world has ever known. Slaves to society and fashion. But they're not serfs, for they have the

power to break away from their slavery at any time they please, which the black man didn't have. See them as they file into the ballroom or the public reception hall! Like a lot of clothes-pins, they all look alike. The men I mean, for the women have got enough sense to have a little variety in their make-up. But the men, who laugh and poke fun at members of the regular army because they wear a regulation uniform, and, therefore, show that they are subject to other men's orders, will file in one after another like a lot of criminals, omitting the lock-step, every one wearing the regulation dress suit, and every one cutting what he thinks is a tremendous figure. never have seen anything more military-like than the men folks at a regular swell dinner of the four hundred. Raw recruits, and every darned one of them privates. It's that sort of thing, Deacon, that made Shakespeare say what he did about mortals being such tarnation fools. But there's a cause for all of this foolishness and this kind of 'man's inhumanity to man' that's a cheatin' thousands of people out of what really belongs to them, and that cause is the law. It's all wrong when dealing with certain problems. you and I had our share in selecting the lawmakers. we are as much to blame as anybody."



"Can't see's the law has got anything to do with it," says the Deacon, "what's the law got to do with a man's vanity?"

"Well, sir," says Toleration, "the law is to blame for this much: When the town, or state, or the nation sells you a tract of land, you are given a deed of so many feet of the earth's surface, bounded on the north by a birch stump, and running so many rods to a stake and stone and so on to the South, and taking a bee line of so many more rods to Otis Skinner's or somebody's henroost, and so on around the whole tract, which reads that this land shall be yours or your assigns forever, to do with as you please. Now common law doesn't restrict you as to how far you shall operate this land below the surface. You can go through to the bowels of the earth if you want to and nobody says stop. If it were possible to dig through to India, then there might arise complications that would call for specific laws on this matter, in order to show who owned the under side of the land that you are supposed to have bought. But as that is not likely to arise, we'll let that pass. What I want to get at is this:



"You are supposed to have bought this land to carry on the farming business with, or for the purpose of cutting it up into house lots and so on. Now, of course, it may have been necessary for you to dig wells for a water supply, and when you found that you had to go down sixty feet before you reached the under currents of supply, and when you finally struck water, found that it wasn't good for anything for drinking purposes on account of coal deposits, you didn't get discouraged, because you claimed under the law all of the coal that your deed happened to cover in so many square feet or miles of the earth's surface. There's where we are to blame, for having any such laws on our statute books."

"Nothing wrong about that," says the Deacon.
"Of course the coal would be mine, the same as minerals or oil would be mine if they happened to be on

my land. That's only simple justice. Who would own it if I didn't?"

"Can't blame you, Deacon," says Toleration, "for trying to hang on to the coal. It's human nature I know. But you can't have it. That coal belongs to the United States Government, which was put there by the Almighty provider of the universe for the comfort of millions of people who need something to create warmth when the earth takes a notion to obey the law that requires her to turn her face from the warming rays of the sun during the winter months. That same Creator said, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and you can't mistake that for meaning that you are to gobble up all you can of that fullness and turn it into millions of dollars at big prices simply because you happen to hold a deed for so many square feet of the earth's surface that covers It would be as sensible for you to claim an unlimited territory out into the ocean, if your land happened to border on it, thereby giving you the possible chance of taking in any of the islands of the sea that might happen to come inside your boundaries. But Uncle Sam provides against that kind of hoggishness by cutting you off at tide water, and there your claim ends. And in the matter of valuable deposits below the surface of the earth your claim should end by law at a depth of one hundred feet, and anything further than that should remain the property of the people, and Uncle Sam should open the mines and turn those valuable deposits over to the people to whom they belong at the lowest cost, which should be simply for mining and freighting to their homes. Of course for whatever surface of your land that he requires for the



mining plant he would pay for, and pay you well, but beyond that your claim should end."

"Sounds good enough," says the Deacon. "Sounds all right, but you can't make it work. The coal's mine because the law says 'tis, and I can turn it into as many million dollars as I want to. I can set the price, and Uncle Sam can't help himself."

"That's just what I wanted you to say," says Toleration. "That's just what the great men that you have been speaking about are saying to-day, and just what they have been saying for a good many years. And if they'll only keep on talking that way a few years longer, Uncle Sam will turn to and take back his own again, which he should never have allowed to have drifted away from him, because he never was paid for those deposits, and they really belong to the people still; but because he's of a peaceful turn of mind he's let it drift along, hoping that some of the mine owners would have humane feeling enough to handle the thing right for everybody concerned. But they don't, and so the laws have got to be changed so that the people's coal bin in the bowels of the earth won't be encroached upon by anybody, any more than the air will be encroached upon by putting up the high buildings that they call 'sky scrapers' as they have in the past."

"Now, that's all nonsense," says the Deacon, "talkin' about stopping folks from building as high as they can afford to into the air. If they own the foundation there ain't no limit until they reach a point where it may be considered unsafe. You can build one story or forty if there's no danger of it blowing down."

"Deacon," says Toleration, "you haven't looked far



enough ahead to grasp my meaning. Can't you see by the signs of the times that aerial navigation is one of the things that's got to come?"



"Well," says the Deacon, "I calkerlate it does look that way, but what has that got to do with 'sky scrapers?"

"It's got this to do with it," says Toleration: "When airships are installed and the routes laid out to the various big cities of the country, Uncle Sam will be obliged to maintain a system of lighthouses on the tops of the high buildings that stick up above the others to prevent the balloon rigs from bumping up against them in the night and causing ethereal shipwrecks, and a loss of life that otherwise the Government would have to settle for. That would mean a law restricting the building of structures above the low water, or low air mark, and Uncle Sam would see that it was enforced as much as if you built an obstruction in the path of coasters along our New England shores. That's where we're drifting to!"

"Well, I vum," says the Deacon, "if the drasticity of your arguments don't take all of the fust prizes then I'll give up. Lighthouses! Low air marks! Airships! No use talkin', if I don't go home pretty soon, I won't know how to figure whether I'm goin' or comin'."

#### III

# CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HUMBUGS. FIRST MEETING OF THE CANTERBURY ANTI-HUMBUG SOCIETY.

THE youths of Canterbury had got to running wild so fast over the multitudinous isms that kept a crowding in upon us, the best folks of the town got together and organized "The Canterbury Anti-Humbug Society," which was for the protection of her sons and daughters against the follies of modern beliefs.

her sons and daughters against the follies of modern beliefs.

Fact on't was, there wasn't a boy or girl in the town that was wuth anything to their parents, because they were wasting their time and substance on Chris-

Why, even our own boy, Jonathan, had got the fever, as staid and set in his own way as he is, and Harriet and Dorothy Ann, his sisters, got to running that way until I gave them a good talkin' to and brought them back to where they belonged.

tian Science, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Hypnotism, and

every other notion that you could think of.

It seemed just as Parson Morrison said in his sermon last Sunday, "as if the devil himself had been let loose more than ever in our community, and that he was capturing the young folks by his smoothtongued philosophy, which made them out fit subjects for heaven and society in general, no matter what



their belief might be, and no matter what they might do, if it was only within the limits of the law."

And I declare he told the truth.

Something had to be done, and so the society was formed.

Toleration was made the President. He's a wonderful hand at being Moderator, because he's got such a mighty voice. When he calls "order," it generally comes right off and without anybody risin' to a question of privilege.

The society had their first meetin' last week in the Westminster Meetin' House, and about everybody in the community was present. There were the Parkers and the Hibbards, and the Backuses, and the Btateses, and the Clevelands, the Hubbards, the Waldos, the Adamses, the Morses, and Chesleys, and a lot more of the leading families, besides a host from the village that came to hear the debate on Christian Science which was the fust topic to be debated for the purpose of showing up whatever folly and humbuggery there might be in its teachings.

It wasn't the purpose of the society in their preamble and resolutions to condemn anything that was good in any kind of religion or belief that might be brought up, but whatever there was that was evil or tended to destroy the usefulness of any member of our community it was determined to set that aside once and forever.

Well, Toleration he called the meetin' to order, and made a few remarks on the subject, and among other things he said, "The one great mistake that the Christian Scientists are making is this: They are claiming that there ain't no such thing as matter, and



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that there ain't no such thing as sickness; that it's all imagination. Now I want to call Christian Scientists to order on this one point: If you can imagine you are sick when you are well, you can just as well imagine that you are well when you are really sick; that is just as broad as it is long. Any rule that won't work both ways, ain't wuth much. You haven't got any license for claiming that it is all one sided any more than I have, and there's where the whole thing is hinged.

"Health and vigor can be as imaginary as sickness can, but you won't admit it. Christian Scientists have forgotten to reason that it is just as sensible to take a well man and make him sick by thinking so, as it is to take a sick man and make him well by thinking The actual condition of the body remains the same after you've done the thinking in both cases. If they will only bear this in mind, they will find that they have run up against a very substantial and a very hard argument. If they could have it all their own way so that nobody could correct them, and they could go right on a sayin' that there ain't no such thing as sickness; that it is all the mind without the reverse idea thrown in, why then they could have a clean sweep; but the reverse idea exists, and they have got to handle that as well, and that is what we are here for to-night to discuss this question, and show wherein they are in error.

"It was but a little while ago that I had a clear demonstration of this idea: There was a lady in the city of New Bedford who came to the city of Providence, and under the influence that was thrown about her by the Christian Scientists, she believed that she





was cured and well, and, under the stimulus of the prop that was given to her by this idea, she did seem to be vastly improved, if not cured, although her face didn't show that she was any better. She was suffering from consumption, and the poor woman had been convinced by the Christian Scientists' one idea that there is no such thing as disease; purely imagination; and so under this belief this poor woman had come to realize that she was well when really her body was almost fit for the grave from the wasting disease; and, as a proof of this, she died within about three months. The matter; that material body, which the Christian Scientist claims does not exist as such, was laid away in the earth from whence it came. Now, all evidence of this character has not been brought before me, but this was, and it is one of the proofs that the reverse idea that good health is also imaginary is as acceptable as their opposite idea to which they cling to in season and out of season."

After these few remarks along with others, Toleration threw the meetin' open to the public for discussion, and Jasper Corning, who was always first to fall in with every new notion, and to stand by every new ism that comes along, got up onto his feet and began the defence of the Christian Science movement. He declared that because there were thousands upon thousands of people throughout the United States who had fallen in with the idea, it was pretty good evidence that it was a fact and the right kind of truth to live by.

He forgot that the majority of people are worshiping the devil, and, consequently, the numbers in the crowd don't have any weight as to the goodness or the badness of the belief. Among other things, Jasper read off some of the evidence as developed through the rules, proving Christian Science as being correct in so far as there is no such thing as matter. Says he, "Mrs. Eddy says in her book that 'God is all in all.' Now ain't that truth?"

"Truth? Of course it is," says Toleration.

"Then she says, 'God is good, Good is mind.' Now ain't that true, too?" says Jasper.

"Of course it is; nobody denies that," says Toleration.

"I knew you would admit it all," says Jasper.

"Go on with your proofs, and don't stop to comment," says Toleration.

"Well, then," says Jasper, "she goes on to say that 'God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter! Now, Mr. Wilberforce, you see there ain't no such thing as matter, not even your drove of hogs is matter. What have you got to say now?"

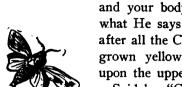
Susanna Hubbard, Jane Bates, Howard Cleveland, and Josiah Hubbard, all wore an expression of satisfaction and whispered to each other that Jasper had scored the main point of discussion thus far.

Toleration he got up out of his chair, and after he had stretched his body up to it's full height, a towerin' over the rest of the audience, over six feet four, he said to Jasper, "Seeing as you have addressed the Chair to answer this question, I want to say that here is just where I am agoin' to twist the tail of this ere argument so that it'll holler right out and cry for mercy:

"It is true," said he, "that 'God is good and Good is mind.' But I want you and Mrs. Eddy and all the



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Scientists of Christendom to understand that matter is good, too, for God Almighty, who created this earth and your body and soul and mine, has said so, and what He says will remain on record for quite a spell after all the Christian Science books of the world have grown yellow with age, and have been laid away upon the upper shelf of bygone curiosities!

Said he, "God created the earth, and after He had finished it, He pronounced it 'good,' and now to be more concise, you will remember that the good Book says that 'God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters, called He seas; and God saw that it was good.' Now let me impress upon you, good people, that this land which He called earth was matter, and you cannot question that of course; and the waters He placed there, of course, you know was matter, and He saw that it was good, and if He saw that it was good, then, of course, 'good' must be in matter. And then again the Book says, 'The earth brought forth grass, and herbs yielding seed after his kind, and the trees yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; and God saw that it was good.' Now, have you got sense enough to know that grass is matter, and that the trees are material things, and that God Almighty saw that these were all good, and, consequently, there was good in matter as applied to vegetation. Now this was before any soul was brought into question.

"Man with a soul had not yet been made, but when He got ready to make him, He took of the matter of the earth which he pronounced 'Good,' and made a house in which a good soul was to dwell. And so, according to the Creator's own declaration, the body, mere matter, and the soul, or mind, are both 'Good,' and they live jointly and in harmony with each other. The mind responding to the nerves of the body, and the nerves responding to the impulses of the mind. How about your hogs now?"

Well, Jasper he hitched and hemmed, and some of the others scratched their heads and looked around at each other, and finally Jasper says, "Well, you are wrong, you must be wrong, for Mrs. Eddy says you are by her book. She goes on to say, 'There is no pain in truth and no truth in pain, no nerve in mind, and no mind in matter, no matter in life and no life in matter, no good in matter and no matter in good.' What have you got to say to that? There is a sticker for you?"

"Well," Toleration says, says he, "That is what I call a metaphysical jumble of words that don't have any special significance. It is simply one of those things that tends to mystify, and I think by that kind of a sentence, I can see how the ordinary Christian Scientist is lead into a state of mystery so far that he can't get out, and as he doesn't understand his surroundings, he feels he has got something that is so remarkable, and so far beyond his comprehension he must embrace it, and so he does.

"Now the idea of saying," says he, "There is no pain in truth and no truth in pain.' Everybody knows that this is a perversion of truth. What is truth? Truth is a fact: An actual condition. Every sensible person under the sun, who will stop for a minute and think, knows that there are thousands of conditions in which there is pain, and as this condition must be truth, there certainly is pain in truth and truth in



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pain. Now, as to there being 'no nerve in mind and no mind in nerve.' Of course there isn't. 'Tisn't necessary that there should be. The Almighty never designed that nerves should possess mind. They were made by him to possess force. The mind was given intelligence to appreciate that force. 'Tisn't necessary to have nerve in mind, nor mind in nerve. Then as to 'no matter in mind, and no mind in matter,' of course, that is true enough, 'tain't necessary. with its forces wasn't made with the idea of developing intelligence in itself: it shows its force in the developing of thousands of forms in the way of vegetation. The mind possesses the intelligence which gives us the power to appreciate this development of force in matter, though we cannot understand the underlying power which causes the seed to germinate; vet we have the power to appreciate its results. would be a perversion of God's law for one to imagine that there is any mind in matter or any matter in mind. That's a jumblin' of words for the sake of seeing how much they can be jumbled.

"Now as to their being 'no matter in life or no life in matter, no matter in good or no good in matter,' that is a perversion of the truth again. God Almighty has told us in thousands of ways that there is plenty of life in matter but not the kind of life that has the intelligence of the mind, but the kind of life as I have already said that possesses force, that in one sense is greater than the intelligence of the mind. The mind cannot create the electric current, but by its intelligence it can appreciate the power of the electric current after it has been developed; but it is true that the mind can plan and put together certain forces so

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that electricity can be harnessed, but those forces which come from matter were in existence before the mind developed the way or the form in which they were to be utilized. The mind of man never created these forces which exist. Now as to there being 'no matter in good and no good in matter!' Well, I have no argument to present on that; I have simply to say that God Almighty created the earth and all that there was therein, and pronounced it 'Good,' and for any Christian Scientists to say there is no good in it, all I have got to say is they may have something to answer for in time to come. Their arguments won't have much weight.

"Now there is a lot more of just such jumblin' of words in the book called 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' which is gotten out for the guidance of the followers of Christian Science, ostensibly for the purpose of making converts and for saving sinners from hell-fire and damnation; but if that is the purpose of issuing the book, they are not quite as anxious for the dissemination of their literature as the American Bible Society is for the distribution of the Holy Book for the saving of the nations.

"There is this difference: A cloth bound volume of 'Science and Health,' containing seven hundred pages, is sold for three dollars a copy by the Christian Scientists, while a Bible of equal size with many more pages with equally good binding, can be bought for seventy-five cents per copy. That would indicate that Christian Scientists have got more of a business idea, and a little larger conception of profit per capita of the people to be redeemed than the American Bible Society has. There may be some special reason why



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they are charging two dollars and twenty-five cents profit on every book sold, but somehow it doesn't appear. I'll not condemn them for this, of course, but it looks odd and seems strangely ungenerous."

After Tolteration had finished, two or three jumped onto their feet at once, and tried to speak, but Jane Bates she got the floor. She's always forehanded on all questions of debate, and she is always on the offish side of everything. She said, "Mr. Chairman, you talk about mystifying arguments of Christian Science folk; now, it's my opinion that your definitions and answers are just about as befogging as theirs. What I want is more proof. You may make an assertion, but that is not enough for me. I want something that speaks right out loud and to the point." Then she sot down in her chair.

Toleration he started to answer, and got as far as "Well, Miss Bates, you might as well be sailing in one sea as another so long as you are in a fog, for you can't make much headway in either." Then I got up myself and broke right in, for I thought if women were going to ask questions, it was time some of the women folks answered them. So I says, says I: "'Tisn't necessary for the Chairman to answer all the questions put to this meetin', and 'tisn't according to good order nuther. Now, it is my opinion that mother earth has answered Miss Bates's questions in stentorian tones, and if she had only had her ears open, she might have known all about it before this meetin' was called." Then I went on to say:

"Why, when Mount Pelee, way down there on the Island of Martinique, exploded and belched forth earth and ashes, the old earth was sick, and it wasn't



no imaginary sickness nuther; had the colic in a bad form; and, because there wasn't any avenue for those pent up gases to escape through, something had to give away and the whole earth, this great ball of matter, was convulsed by the mighty upheaval that took place; and when the top of that mountain was blown off, the pains in the bowels of the earth subsided after it had vomited enough to give them relief. That explosion, I would like to emphasize right here, not only shook the earth, but it shattered the Christian Science notion that there is no such thing as matter, and sickness, into a million fragments, so small that you can't find one with a magnifying glass big enough to know what it was ever intended for."



I then went on to say: "Talk about disease and sickness, 'tisn't confined to animal matter, with nerves and a mind attached to warn the body when something must be done to counteract the conditions that cause convulsions and suffering. There is sickness in the elements when tornadoes destroy cities, and in the thunder bolt that destroys life, both animate and inanimate. And the convulsions don't cease until some kind of a poultice has been applied to change the conditions that created the pain.

"Trees become sickly and die, and all forms of vegetation develop disease where certain conditions prevail. And Miss Bates and everybody else with any common sense ought to know that when all the laws of nature are fulfilled, then the inanimate as well as the animate substances remain in a state of health, but as soon as that law is trespassed upon, then sickness follows, as from the effects of the worm agnawing at the roots, or atearing of the bark from the trunks

of trees which causes them to bleed to death. Now, if that doesn't talk plain enough and loud enough, I don't believe the Almighty could speak loud enough himself through any other medium to shake some people up to a convinced idea of things."

Then Jane Bates she got up and broke right in on what I was asaying, and she says, "Mrs. Wilberforce evidently has lost sight of the fact that one must be 'Scientifically Christian' in order to be a real Christian, and there must be a 'fixed rule for the demonstration of divine principle.'"

And when she sot down, I says, for I kept astanding all the while she was atalking, "'Fixed Rule?' Well, now I want to know if that is so. Well, if the Christian Scientist means 'Love your neighbor as yourself, and the Lord with all you heart,' is that 'fixed rule,' why, I've no objections to it, but there ain't any more fixed rule than that, for Christ has said so, and I don't believe I've come to the point where any mortal being is agoing to interpret His sayings according to their sceientific humbuggery, and make me swallow it all at one gulp. I am going to lean on the Scriptures a while longer and use the brains that God has given me to interpret and understand them by, for I calculate they were given to me for a purpose higher than taking for corn what everybody has to say, no matter how honest they may be in saying it. I've known some folks atelling some pretty big lies when they thought they were telling the truth."

Then Miss Bates she got up again and says, "If Mrs. Wilberforce would only look into the great volume of 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' that Mrs. Eddy has written, she would find that it would be a great revelation to her."



Then I says, says I, "I would like to have Miss Bates understand that I've read the book that she refers to quite a numerous number of times, and I've hunted it all over to try to find wherein it was a 'Key to the Scriptures.' While the book says many beautiful things, I fail to find in all of my readings any such revelation as Miss Bates speaks of. After reading it, I've turned to my Bible and received more inspiration and revelation from Christ's Sermon on the Mount, than in Mrs. Eddy's and all the other Christian Science books that I've ever heard on.



"Talk about a 'Key to the Scriptures!" The astonishing thing to me is that any mortal being has got the audacity to make a claim that he or she could ever make a more concise or clearer statement upon matters pertaining to the welfare of the soul than Jesus Christ himself did. Whatever He said was in most simple language; there was no need of any key; there was nothing left to be unlocked, for He was sent by the Father for the purpose of saving the world, and whenever He explained how eternal life could be gained, and how we could escape the evils of this life, he always left the doors wide open so that anybody could enter without a lot of definitions and philosophy to pass them in by."

And then I couldn't help saying right out that "such a claim is little short of blasphemy. It's worse than the claim set up by Joseph Smith on the book of Morman."

Then George Rhody, one of the few colored men of our town, who does odd jobs among the farmers, he gits up and says, "Mr. Charman, I jes wan' to say one thing bout dis Science of 'sumthin' bein' nuthin'. Ise bin listin' mighty hard and mighty particular, and I guess Ise learned sumfin' long with de rest of you folks 'bout how 'tis dat our young folks is achasin' after madness and folly, and agittin' dar minds twisted.

"Now, Mr. Charman, I wants to settle one point, kase Ise kinder mixed up. Now, now, now, if Ise korrect 'bout dis yar Christian Science notion dat is mixin' up our boys and girls so we done know where to find 'em. If Ise heerd kerrectly, dey claim dat dare ain't no such thing as sumthin'? Am I korrect, sah?"

"Well," says Toleration, "Mr. Rhody, you've got about their idea of it, only expressed in a little different language. Their claim is this, that there ain't no such thing as matter; it does not exist; it is all in the mind."

"Dat's jes what I thought. Den it's all 'magination?"

"Now, George, you've got it straight. Simply imagination," says Toleration.

"Dat makes me feel a mighty sight more pert and chipper, dat does, kase I can understand now how 'twas dat dat George Washington Rhody he done gone and talk so crazy like to his grampa when I stopped him day fo' yesterday when he come jumpin' over de fence ob Deacon Allen's garden patch wid a watermel'n under he arm.

"I say to him, 'look yeah, you George Washington, wherefo' you goin' wid dat watermel'n?' 'Goin' home,' he say. 'Done you know dat's stealin', after all you's bin teeched?'

"Den he says kinder independent like, 'I done steal



nuthin'. Den I say to dat boy, 'What you say, you boy; you done steal nuthin'? Come heah and give count o' yourself! Why for you tell such lies to you old grampa?'

"Den he walks up to me kinder independent like and say, 'I neber steal nuthin'!'

"Den I say, 'You boy you, whyfor you lose all you good trainin'? Whyfor you keep lyin' to your ole grampa? Who give you dat mel'n?'

"Den he say, 'Nobody.'

"Den I say, 'You's bin stealin', and Ise goin' take you home to you mudder and she flog you into subjection. Yes, sah; dat's jes what I'll do, you miserable brack rascal.'

"Den he say, 'I can't help it, grampa; I done steal no watermel'n, kase I ain't got no watermel'n!'

"Den I say, 'You little brack debil, whyfor you insult you old grampa?" And den I kinder notice a peculiar look in he eye; and den I say to myself, 'Dat boy done gone crazy, dat's what he has.' So I begin to talk a little more mild like, and I say to him, 'You done got no watermel'n; what dat green striped 'ting under you arm?'

"And den he laugh and say, 'Dat ain't no watermel'n, ha, ha, ha; dat am, ha, ha, ha; dat am 'magination! ha, ha, ha!'

"Den I say, 'Look heah, you brack rascal; whyfor you talk like dat?' And den he say, 'I ain't no Methodist no longer. Ise Christian Science, I is, kase Jasper Corning he say dare ain't no such thing as things. Dare ain't no hogs, and dare ain't no persimmons, dare ain't no mel'ns nor no nuthin'! Jes 'magination, dat's all. Ha, ha, ha! You can't steal 'magination,



can yer? Ha, ha, ha! I know where dare is half an acre ob all ripe 'maginations jes like dis one!' Ha, ha, ha, ha!'"

Then the folks had to laugh, and te-he, but underneath their laughter they could see a strongly developed point of common sense. After they'd sobered down, then Mr. Rhody spoke up again and says:

"Den I steps to de side ob de road, and cuts a switch, for I says to myself, 'Dis am de time to do you duty.' Den I say to dat boy, 'I ain't goin' to send you home to you mudder. I done change ma mind. Now Ise goin' to lay dis yar 'magination switch on you 'magination back until you holler right out to you grampa, mighty loud and mighty particular, dat a watermel'n am a watermel'n!

"Now all I got to say 'bout dis yar new Science religion ainfluencin' our fambly, is dat dat George Washington Rhody done steal no mo' 'maginations!

"Now, Mr. Chairman, if dis yar Science Religion is agoin' to have its way in dis heah community, you'll have to do you statutes an de law books all over befo' you can convict a boy o' stealin'. Kase dey done make no provision for de punishment of folks dat takes sumthin' dat ain't nuthin'."

Well, I must say, and I guess about everybody else in the room thought the same, that that old colored man had more downright philosophy underneath his black cranium, than anybody in the community had ever thought he possessed.

Some of the men folks tried to reason with Mr. Rhody so as to change his mind about some things, but all they could git out of the old man was:





"Dat ain't no watermel'n! Dat am 'magination."

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"I likes to git on de ole Methodist train, sah, dats loaded down with faith and real substance, sah, but I done stop an waste no time on de kind of gospel train dats burdened wid too much 'magination. No, sah! No, sah!"

After they'd talked long enough, I got up and says I had one more argument that I wanted to present to the meetin', which was this:

"Now, the first Christian Science Healer that I ever heard talk, tried to convince me that there wasn't any power in mandrake or paregoric, and this man appeared to be dreadfully wise and intelligent, and was carrying on the doctoring business in the city of New Bedford. I supose he started in there because he thought about all of them in that locality were in the whaling business, and would be more easily humbugged than most folks who stay at home and look into these things more. Well, no matter; at any rate, he said it was only imagination that gave medicine the power that was claimed for it as a healing medium.

"Toleration spoke up when the doctor was a trying to convince me of his argument, and he says, says he, 'Mr. Doctor, I rather reckon if you will take four or five tablespoonfuls of Atwood's Bitters to-night, or a half dozen of Dr. Schenck's thunderation pills you'll change your mind on that point before sunrise.' Says he, 'I reckon that them bitters will perform their duty, Christian Science or any other science to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Well, the doctor went on to say that it didn't make any difference what Toleration thought or any one thought, the fact on it was, it was nothing but imagination, and then I spoke up and says:



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"How is it when you give medicine to a little child; now when a baby has got a cold or a fever, the mother will give it a little aconite or sweet spirits of nitre; that allays the fever. Now, I would like to know what does it, imagination or the medicine?"

"Well, if that doctor didn't declare right off that it was 'nothing but imagination;' that it had the same influence upon the child through my mind as it would upon my own body if I had taken the nitre myself; wholly imagination in both cases.

"Well, that struck me as pretty broad and nonsensical, but I kept on a talkin'. Then I says, 'Now, there is old "Rabbi" out in the barn, our horse that we have driven for the last twenty years. Well, occasionally he is sick, and Toleration he takes out the same kind of medicine for fever what we folks in the house take, and the horse gits better. How about the mind influencing that case?

"Well, the doctor coughed and hemmed and hawed and scratched his head, and when he opened his mouth he didn't even use horse sense, for he said it was same as with the child, it was the mind of the owner of the horse which had the influence upon the disease that the horse was suffering from, and you might just as well have thrown the aconite out the back window.

"Now, I don't know that that is what Mrs. Eddy claims, nor other folks claim, but I know that it is what that doctor claimed, and set himself up as a full-fledged Christian Scientist, doing business at the same old stand every day in the year for a more or less fair amount of remuneration.

"Now, I've no doubt that there may be some good in Christian Science, but when I say 'Some,' I am not



magnifying that word nor multiplying it very much. What we want in this world is the truth, and there isn't anything else that will stand a great while and carry on a successful business. Now, whatever there is in Christian Science that is honest and beautiful will stand and endure forever, and I am not on this earth to raise my hand against it, and if I did 'twouldn't do any good, but I calculate that there isn't more than one-tenth of it that is honest, and the other nine-tenths needs sitting down upon just as hard as we can sit, and we want to keep sitting after we have got there.

"While I want to have charity for the defenders of the Christian Science notion, yet I don't suppose I am to be blamed for being a little imaginative and doubtful, when such men as Mr. Frederick W. Peabody, a prominent member of the Boston Bar, who in substance says that the 'one-tenth that is honest in this belief, comes from a system of mind healing based upon mental suggestion and nothing more, and mind healing so called was known and applied long before 1866, the year when Mrs. Eddy says she discovered it. Upon a thesis which nobody denies, that the mind influences the body, and that certain diseases or forms of diseases may be advantageously treated without drugs. Mrs. Eddy has reared a monstrous superstructure of imposture and blasphemy. As a mere form of quackery it is bad enough; as a basis of religious belief it is an appalling mockery.'

"I say now that after such opinions as these, nobody can blame myself nor anybody else for doing a considerable amount of quiet thinking in figuring out the foolishness of such a religion all on our own account,



which I have done to my satisfaction, and Toleration says 'Amen' to it.



"The most remarkable business folly that I know of attached to Christian Science, is the claim that the members of the denomination derive their great wealth, good health and good cheer, and other marvelous things, as a direct revelation from God. You would think to hear them talk, some of them, that the Almighty was depending upon them to report to Him the material and spiritual condition of things upon this earth so that He might know what to do about them. Well, I don't try to dodge anything that comes straight toward me, but I simply turn to Scriptural declarations and rest upon them, and when the Bible says that certain representatives of occult power organizations will 'deceive the very elect,' I calculate that it applies as much to this hobby as it does to any other hobby organization.

"By the Scriptures I have discovered that God Almighty has managed the affairs of the universe after his own notion, and nobody or any set of beings who set themselves up as chosen individuals of the Creator to just now begin to manage His affairs, after thousands of years, is preposterous enough to make one have a feeling of indignation, and I cannot blame people for saying that this modern religion so called, is spreading over the earth a 'senseless and debasing contagion.'"

After I'd got through talking, Jasper Corning got up and said, "What Mrs. Wilberforce has had to say about treating horses by the Christian Science influence, brings to my mind what I've practiced on my work team. The nigh horse has always been troubled with the heaves. When a heavy load had to be drawn any distance, he'd blow like a steam engine, and make just about as much noise, although it was more of a wheezing sound. Well, I began practicing this new science on that horse and 'twasn't a month before he could breathe as easy and even as a colt. The off horse had a spavin when I bought him, but I cleaned it off as smooth as can be. Christian Science did the whole thing. I've made up my mind that there is money to be made by buying up all of the reasonably good horses that I can at a low price when they've got ringbones and spavins, and so on, and then after I've cured them sell them off at a good round figure for sound animals! I think I'll try it, at any rate."

Well, there's about as much sense to that kind of an argument as there is to any of it. I suppose the horns on his cow's head would fall off if he only prayed powerful enough. If he's cured his horses as he tells about I guess the neighbors haven't discovered it yet, for they always go limping long as they have pretty much ever since he's owned them. The cure must be in his imagination, and that he probably thinks is the real thing. It's like all of the other arguments. Nothing but folly.

Abner Chesley had been a little uneasy in his chair for quite a spell, and when Jasper sot down he got up and says:

"Mr. Chairman, after I found my boy was a using up so much time on what you call Christian Science religion, I made up my mind I'd look into the matter on my own account. He'd bought Mrs. Eddy's book and paid three dollars for it, which was about as much as I'd paid for all of his school books until he was fif-





teen years old. Well, I took that air book and read it through from lid to lid, and I have been so thoroughly convinced about the matter that I've come here tonight to defend the ideas as set forth in that book, as relating to Christian Science, for all they are worth."

Now Abner is the greatest hand at trading horses of anybody in the town, and when he makes a trade it's generally considered that he's got a little the best of the bargain, but whenever he has anything to say about his dickerin' it's always in a kind of facetious way so that nobody can tell whether he has or hasn't made a good trade, and his talk on other topics is generally arter the same strain, and nobody can tell whether he means yes or no. Well, he went on to say:

"Now, to begin with, it's my opinion that Christian Science means just this: When a man trades hosses and thinks he's made an amazin' great bargain he hasn't made any trade at all, for there ain't any hoss in the bargain. It's simply a nightmare—that's all. You see, this is evidently how it came about: man remembered what an experience he had had after going to bed with mince pie on his stomach; how that old raw-boned hoss had jumped on to his chest with all fours, with steam puffing out of his nostrils, and fire ablazin' out of his eyes; and just when he was about to push him off he ups and lays his bony old carcass right down on his stomach, and then he sets up on his haunches and looks him in the face and shows all of his teeth by opening his mouth pretty wide, so that he can tell his age, still puffing more steam in his face and more fire out of his eyes. Then his wife nudges him under the shoulder and says, 'What's the matter, John?' and then John wakes up and grumbles something about a nightmare, and turns over and snores out the rest of the night.

"Now that's the way," Abner went on to say, "that Christian Science was started, in my opinion. In the morning the man remembered how real the old hoss seemed in his troubled dream, and then he began to muse and think the matter over, and say to himself, 'Now if that old critter in my dreams was so real that I could feel his tail switch against my face, how do I know but that those hosses out in the barn that I paid two hundred dollars for are the same kind of animals?' And then he jumps onto his feet as if he's scat about to death in the mighty revelation that has come to him, when he exclaims: 'That's it! Why not? Sensible? Of course 'tis! Nothing but a nightmare! That's all life is!"

"You see," says Abner, "You can stand the struggle about threescore and ten years, in trying to get the old hoss off your chest, and then, after the old rawboned cuss has had all of the fun he wants with you, and gets up and walks off, you shuffle off this mortal coil and wake up and find it all a gosh blasted dream!

"Now there's consolation for you," says Abner. "Of course the book doesn't produce any proof, and the members of the Society don't pretend to prove anything they claim. But that doesn't count anything with them. You and I know lots of folks right here in Canterbury who calkerlate that evidence and proof don't cut any swarth with their opinions. They say it's so, and that ends the controversy. What's the sense of proving anything if folks'll swallow



everything whole that's fixed up for them without examining the dose?

"Now," says he, "there's bees. I don't suppose but what they'd claim that the sting of one of them little critters is nothing but imagination? Well, if they do, I can tell ye that it's the acutest, cussedest little piece of imagination that was ever got together in a small cumpass. Then, again, I suppose the thousands of pounds of honey that I've sold from my bees during the past thirty years is nothing but sweetened imagination, and I might as well go out of the business. Well, may be so. But then, after thinking it all over, I've got kinder attached to it, and I calkerlate I'll stay in the bee business a spell longer, just to be kinder obstinate.

"Then," says he, "according to their notion, the rooster that has been crowing at 3 in the morning for the past few centuries, has really been out of a job, for it's simply been only imagination!

"Well," says Abner, "I don't know what the rest of the farmers of this town are going to do about this matter, but I can tell ye now, Mr. Chairman, that I'm going to keep on in the hen business a spell longer, and take the chances." Then he went on to say:

"When they talk about the mind being the only thing that carries on the business of this world, and that imagination is responsible for so much, I wonder how they'll fix it up with themselves and their neighbors when a man and his wife go down to New York City to see the sights and stop at a big hotel, and, instead of turning off the gas they blow it out and go to bed. What's the result? They wake up the next morning to find themselves dead—or the hotel folks



do at any rate. Now, will the Christian Science crowd have the audacity to say that they were asphyxiated by the influence of the mind? Well, if they do, they'll have to make it out that the mind of both man and wife were pretty much working in the same channel, and unless they are suicides they don't generally come to quite so close an agreement.

"Now, Mr. Chairman," says Abner, "this ere last proposition, in my opinion, crowds Christian Science into a corner that it can't get out of, and where it'll suffocate to death, unless it can crawl out of some back window where it can get more air."

Then John Hooper he got up and made a motion that a committee of three be appointed by the Chairman to draw up a preamble and resolutions in relation to the subject under discussion, that it might be properly disposed of. The motion being carried, Toleration he appointed Jason Hibbard, John Bates and Abner Chesley, and they were requested to withdraw and prepare the resolutions.

The discussion was kept up until the Committee returned, when the Chairman called for their report, which was read by Jason Hibbard, as follows:

"WHEREAS, The young men and women of Canterbury have been led away into folly and uselessness by the influence of a belief called Christian Science, and

"WHEREAS, It is believed by the fathers and mothers of the town that something should be done to define in its true light the real meaning of said belief, it is, therefore

"Resolved, That after a careful consideration of the subject in this public meeting, which has allowed full scope for discussion both for and against the afore-



said belief, or ism, or science, or by whatever term it may be designated, it is declared in the main to be a glaring assumption without any proofs, and a travesty on true religion; that it is designed to teach the young folks to pervert their natures, thereby becoming useless members of society, and even the old patriarchs are in danger of falling from grace by the blending of beautiful colors in worthless word pictures; that finally the whole belief is founded without a stable foundation, and that it carries along in its wake the spirit of antichrist, and is, therefore, worthy of condemnation, and is hereby renounced and declared a curse to mankind the world over by this Society. And it is further



"Resolved. That the book entitled 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures,' does contain some good ideas relating to health, and expresses some grand thoughts on the sacredness of the home and marriage relations, but so far as it treats on the claim that there is no such thing as matter, it is a senseless jumble of words, and as the Bible plainly tells us that 'No prophecy of the Scriptures is of any private interpretation,' the book is neither a lock nor a key to the Scriptures, but because it claims to be a 'key' it is a dangerous book in the hands of the young because its multitudinous claims tend to unbalance their minds and to cause them to depart from the simple faith in Jesus Christ in which they have been taught to live. which is the only faith that makes good society for this world and builds a character fit for the world to come."

Well, after the reading of the resolutions, you can imagine there was a hornet's nest broke open, for all of the Christian Science folks jumped on to their feet at the same time, and begun talkin' at once in the fieryest kind of language. But, finally, it got down to one man, who declared that it was a sacrilege to pass any such resolutions, and he condemned them with all of his might, and the discussion kept up for more'n half an hour, and then Toleration put the question to a vote and it was carried overwhelmingly, although, of course, it wasn't unanimous, and 'twasn't to be expected that it would be.

Well, I must say that the meeting was a success, because it sot the young folks to thinkin', and if you can only git them to that point it's generally pretty safe that they'll reason themselves into a safe position as regards religious matters. They've dropped a lot of their wild notions, and most of them have settled down to their industrious ways, although there are a few that are running wild over Hypnotism, the first cousin of Christian Science, which was the subject selected for the next meeting of the Society.

The Society voted to have the resolutions printed as passed, and circulated to every family in the town, and then the meeting adjourned, and everybody went home more or less satisfied that they'd done their duty to the best of their understanding, in honestly trying to destroy an evil influence in the community.



## IV

## GOSSIPING HUMBUGS AND THE QUILTIN' BEE

PARSON HOLDEN had announced that there would be a quiltin' party at our house Wednesday afternoon of that week, the proceeds of the sale of the quilts to go to the Foreign Missionary Society, to which the ladies were invited to attend, and he also announced that the men folks of the church were invited to come in the evening and close the day with a social hour.

'Twas in the midst of Indian Summer, 'long about the twenty-second of October, and the weather was the most charming of any that we had had the whole year through up to that time. To be sure there had been a number of quite heavy frosts, so that the chest-nut burs were gaping wide open, and the fields and the trees had taken on the autumn look, and under the apple trees there were heaped up great piles of ripe fruit in nearly every orchard that you would come to, which were either going to be barrelled up and sent to market, or shovelled into wagons and taken to "Whipple's" or to Brooklyn, where they were to be ground up and pressed into cider. Canterbury folks have been great hands for cider apple sauce ever since the oldest settlers can remember. I believe they're

worse for that than the Shakers.



Well, Toleration had gathered all of his cider apples and sent them to the mill, and was just picking his market fruit, and storing it away in barrels in the new cattle barn that he had built just across the highway from the house. He had put in more'n a hundred barrels, it being a dreadful good year for apples, and on the day of the quiltin' he had drawn in a load of corn in shocks and stacked it away at the further end of the barn floor. He did this just to please the young folks that were coming in the evening, for they had sent word by Jonathan that they wanted to husk some corn in the new barn just to christen it, and for an hour's good time. I found out afterwards that there was more method in their desire to christen the barn than was meant in the mere desire to husk corn.

But no matter, I set to work along with the girls to make everything tidy and ready for the women folks in the afternoon, and had the quiltin' frames brought out and arranged in the centre of the kitchen and another in the settin' room, so that two quilts could be worked on at the same time.

If there's a speck of dirt anywhere, or the rugs ain't laid just so, somebody's bound to notice it and make it the talk of the community just for gossip's sake, so we were dreadful careful that everything was in perfect order.

For my part I don't believe in talkin' about my neighbors, no matter what they do or how their houses look, for who knows but that the poor women are doin' just the best they can under the circumstances? I think we ought to have charity above everything else, no matter if it covers a multitude of sin and dirt at times. What good can it do to flaunt the short-



comings of others before our neighbor's eyes? Not any: besides we are commanded by the Scriptures not to do it.

The Sewing Society met last month over to the Wellses. If you'd a been there you'd a been interested. I guess vou would! Such a lookin' house I never sot eyes on before in my life. Everything was topsy-turvey, and I don't believe the settin'-room stove had been blacked for months. And then the carpets—but there I won't say anything. It's been common talk for more'n three weeks; but land, I won't listen to a word for I don't believe in such kind of gossipin'.

The folks began to come as early as two o'clock. and by three o'clock there was pretty near a house full. Besides our own orthodox members, there was quite a number of the Baptists, and Methodists, and some of the Ouakers, who came over because the women folks of the Society had invited them to come, which included the Hawkinses, the Starkweathers, the Wellses, the Cobbses and a few more.

Well, they were all set to work doing something. If there wasn't room enough at the quiltin' frames, there was plenty of yarn to be knit into stockings and mittins, and such like things, so everybody was kept busy, and for about half an hour everybody seemed to be enjoying the most wholesome of conversations about one thing and another, pertaining to church work, and especially missions. Finally, it was the naturalest kind of a thing to begin talking about Deacon Thomoson, for he had had an experience that he'll never forgit, and the church folks nuther.

Samantha Williams says, "It's the dreadfulest thing





"WALDOMERE," THE WILBERFORCE HOMESTEAD AT "WALDO FOUR CORNERS," CANTERBURY (ENTRE.

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that has happened to our Society since I can remember. The idea of a deacon of the church swearing on the public highway in the profanest kind of a manner! It's enough to have him brought before the Elders and compelled to ask forgiveness, or expelled from the church. One thing or the other will have to be done!"

"Well, now!" says I, "Samantha, don't be too severe. Maybe there's some mistake, or misunderstanding, or something or other, and we must be patient and wait, for you know the Bible says we must be charitable, and charity 'suffereth long and is kind.'"

Then Jane Bates spoke up and says, "Profanity doesn't call for charity, nor for long suffering, nor for a minutes' endurance in my opinion! If we were imagining that he had been swearing that would be another thing. But everybody knows that Deacon Thompson said right out, in the maddest kind of a way, that 'Mr. Grover be damned,' or something like that, and that isn't guessing, but is a fact that he must answer for. I always thought that he was pretending a lot more than he was living."

It's nothing strange for her to say that, for she thinks everybody pretends to be what they ain't, and is forever condemning other folks' faults that are not half so cumbersome as her own. But no matter about that. It is a fact Deacon Thompson had got into trouble, and the Church Council of Elders had called a meeting to consider a report that he had been profane, and he had been asked to be present and explain what it all meant. I'll tell you how it came about:

The way it was you see, we've got one of the best church choirs in Windham County; everybody admits that; and our tenor singer, whose name is George



Grover, will git up into the choir box on Sundays and sing like an angel, and then he'll go out on to the streets week days and swear like a pirate.

Well, it had been the church talk for months how to git him to stop swearin'. The Music Committee said they didn't want to discharge him, for he was such a good singer, and then he was generous hearted, always ready to give his last dollar if need be to help the poor or any new enterprise that had any merit to it, and so there we were in a dilemma that wasn't easy to git out of.



The Official Board had talked the matter over and appointed committees to talk with Mr. Grover about it, to see if he wouldn't have some respect for himself and the church. Well, he was good-natured and would always promise that he would stop, but he never did. The first you would know he would break over, and it got so it had become a disgrace.

Finally, Deacon Thompson said to the Board at the next meetin' that if they would make him a committee of one he'd take it into his hands to see that Grover stopped his swearin' and bein' any longer a disgrace to the church. So the Board they elected him a committee to handle the matter to suit himself.

Well, he had the usual conversation with him that the other committees had had, and Mr. Grover promised as before to stop swearin', but he kept breaking over until finally one day the Deacon met him on the street at the corner of the grocery store near the schoolhouse in the Waldo District, and there he accosted him, and wanted to know why it was that he persisted in being profane, because he had been listening to him talk politics and swearing to beat all. Well, about the

only response that Grover could give him was that it was done through thoughtlessness.

Finally, the Deacon got to the end of his patience it seems, for the town's people had been smiling some at his efforts because they hadn't borne any fruits, and that had riled him up to a pitch of pious indignation, so he said, and being of a quick-tempered nature, he says to Grover:

"Well, George, I have tried moral suasion, I have coaxed and I have prayed to have you stop swearing and be of some credit to the Society, but it seems that it has done no good. Now, I don't propose to be the laughing stock of the community just through your stubbornness any longer. I've been elected a committee of one to see that you stop your coarse talk in public places, and now I propose you're going to do it. I propose to shake the profanity out of you right here on the highway."

Of course the Deacon would never have done it if he hadn't very foolishly got wrought up so, but he grappled with him right there, and they had a tremendous scrimmage right before everybody. Conscience, what a scene!

Mr. Grover said afterwards that he didn't want any trouble with the Deacon, but there wasn't any choice left for him but to defend himself, and so he did, but the result was that he got more excited than he intended to, and, being of an athletic make-up, he didn't have much trouble in throwing the Deacon down and dragging him across the street, tearing his coat about off from him in his attempt to make the old man desist. He had no intention of injuring him, for, as he said,



he had always held Deacon Thompson in the highest respect.

Finally, the Deacon said, "It's enough; I'm satisfied." And then while he was picking himself up and brushing the dirt off from his trousers, Mr. Grover was apologizing for having done him any harm, if he had hurt him in any way, but the Deacon said, "There's no call for apologizing!" After brushing a spell longer he turned to Grover and said:

"As I said before, I've tried to use moral suasion, I have coaxed, I have prayed for it, and now I have tried to pound this cursed disposition out of you, which I should not have done if I hadn't got wrought up so. I have come to the conclusion that you can keep right on swearing now and be damned if you want to, for all that I shall do." And upon that he walked away.

Well, that was enough for Grover. He told the women folks how the Deacon had swore right out on the street, and they talked it all over the neighborhood. Got to be common gossip that Deacon Thompson had gone and backslid and had got to swearin' dreadful bad. Such stories always are enlarged upon, and there wasn't any exception in this case. Well, it got to the ears of the minister, and after he had reported it to the Church Council of Elders it was decided that Deacon Thompson should appear before that body to be tried for conduct and language unbecoming an Orthodox Christian.

Well, the session of the Elders was a private one, but its findings were to be read before the Society the next Sunday following the trial, which was also the Sunday following our quiltin' party, which exonerated the Deacon from the report that he was profane. But





"You can keep right on swearing now, and be damned!" says the Deacon.

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the minister he gave him some pretty strong advice about ever attempting to use force again in any matters pertaining to the church.

It seems the Deacon explained to the Council that he had said "be damned" in the sense that he, "Grover" would be damned if he kept on swearing. And so while it had the sound and expression of profanity in the way he said it, the intent was entirely the opposite, and, because he spoke under excitement it was overlooked, and he was relieved of any further embarrassment so far as the church was concerned, although it will probably be some years before the men folks will git through talking about how the "Deacon damned the tenor singer."

Well, there was quite a numerous number of the church members who had got to working dreadful busy on the quilts, who could recall how lax the Deacon was on certain occasions, and some of them were not surprised to hear that he had been swearing, for they always felt that he was more or less of a hypocritical turn of mind. More'n all that he used to treat his wife dreadful mean. Said as how he always told her that "one hat a year was enough for any woman, and that Kentucky jean was good enough for the boys to wear to church. 'Twas all he had when he was a boy, and what was good enough for him was good enough for anybody else."

Then Ann Whipple, who belongs to the Methodists, spoke up and says, "I can't see as there's anything so very dreadful about that. Land of goodness, I haven't had a new hat for three years. If I should be allowed a new one every fall I'd feel like sending for the doctor



to see if Cyrus Whipple hadn't gone crazy. I don't see as that's anything agin the Deacon."

Then Miss Bates pulled the string that she had been tying the quilt with clear through with a jerk, and in the maddest kind of a way, and as she had tied a knot in the end of it, through absentmindedness I suppose, it drew out a lot of the white cotton along with it and made a hole that wasn't much of an improvement to the appearance of the quilt.

Then I says, "Jane, you ought to be more careful. If you do that many times you'll have to cut out the whole block and begin over agin."

"Well," says she, as she put the needle in agin and gave it another jerk, "it's enough to make anybody excited so they'll do something that they ought not to, this talking about allowing a husband to dictate how many hats a woman shall wear! Anybody that's got any stamina can have a new hat whenever they want one. Deacon Thompson's rich as can be, and it's a disgrace to his name and family to be dictating to his wife about wearing one hat a year. He's just such a man that I should expect would backslide and swear. and anybody else who meddles with his wife's wardrobe or millinery ought to be compelled to give his wife separate maintenance. Deacon Thompson has always had the reputation of being so stingy he'd feed his sheep on the meeting-house grounds so as to save the grass over in his pasture. No wonder such a man would try and tell his wife what to wear! He's just fitted for it."

Ann Whipple got kinder touched by what Jane had said about separate maintenance, and so she spoke up and says, "I don't know that it's anybody's business



what somebody's else husband does, if the husband's wife knows that she wears a small amount of millinery for the sake of saving a little more money to help give the children a better education. Every family wasn't blessed with an inheritance of a hundred thousand dollars or more that was made two or three generations back, like the Bateses. I don't want to be rude nor personal, but I'd like to know, Miss Bates, what you've got to boast about? Of all the hats you wear every year, how many of them did you earn with your own hands? You know your grandfather, John, paid for every one of them in advance by money that he got by making New England rum!"

I saw right away there'd got to be a stop put to that kind of talk sooner or later, but I didn't say anything then, for I thought it might do Miss Bates some good to be reminded of her dependence on the money that somebody else besides herself had earned for her, and so the talk went on.

"I guess," says Jane, "that pure rum isn't any worse than cider, and money made from it isn't any worse than money made through a cider mill. Besides, Grandfather Bates never had the reputation of adultering his rum. What money he took was for a pure article; wish I could say as much for the product that comes from Whipple's cider press!"

"If you told the truth," says Ann, "you could say as much, and more if you chose!"

"Why, everybody in the neighborhood says that cider from Whipple's is more or less watered," says Jane. "Everybody knows that's common talk."

"What a lie!" says Ann. "Mr. Whipple never put any water into the cider from his mill in his life!



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Never! It's an abominable shame for folks to talk that way." And she looked around to the others who were working on the quilt, for an expression of sympathy, but they all pretended to be dreadful busy and half conscious of what was being said, although they didn't miss a word any more'n I did. How innocent women folks will pretend to be sometimes when they're really raving distracted to know what's coming next.

"Well," says Jane, "They do say he never puts any water directly into the cider tub, but after each pressing he pours a pail of water on to the straw so as to rinse off the cider that it is saturated with. That brings up the old story about straws showing which way the wind blows. Of course he doesn't water the cider! The poor innocent man wouldn't do such a thing. How could he and then go to church and say amen to what the preacher says. He's too good a Methodist I suppose to water his cider, but the water from the straw goes through the same trough into the cider tub, and that's what made his reputation!"

"If all old maids," says Ann, "are as interested in other women's husbands as you are I can tell them now that they'll get a reputation that's worse than watered cider."

"That's an easy way to shift the conversation," says Jane. "What do you suppose I care for your husband or his watered cider, or any other body's husband! I just spoke of it to show what kind of folks part of our community is composed of, and to make it plain that if his wife had separate maintenance she wouldn't be losing much."

"Well," says Ann, "you've evidently been maintained separately without any partner for quite a num-

ber of years in your old maidhood, and the probability is you will be for a number of years to come. And if you are a good example of the fruits of that state of living; if you are an example of the long-suffering that it engenders, and the peacemaking qualities it engrafts, may the Lord deliver me from it!"

Well, they kept on for about five minutes longer talkin' back and forth across the quilt, gittin' more and more excited, until I finally had to interfere, and I says:

"Girls! Girls! Don't for goodness sake say any more about it. Let it all drop. Why, you'll work such an influence into that quilt, if it should be sent to Ingy I 'm afraid it would create an Oriental war. Conscience, you must stop it!"

And then some of the others began to pour oil on to the troubled waters, after they'd been ruffled up long enough to satisfy their curiosity, and things got quieted down so that I could tell them that the report of the Elders about Deacon Thompson was going to be read next Sunday, and that the report would exonerate him, for I thought I had allowed them to talk about long enough on that subject, seeing as I knew how it was all coming out. While some of the church folks couldn't understand how they could have arrived to such a conclusion, they finally decided that the Elders had probably done the best thing under the circumstances, and it put everybody on edge to know the particulars. But I wouldn't tell anything more, and the conversation pretty soon drifted on to other topics.

It had got to be nigh on to four o'clock, when in came Eliza Hopkins and Lucy Cobb who belong to the East Society Baptists. I knew then in a minute that



the conversation would drift on to butter just as natural as a goose takes to water, for the Cobses had won the prize at the Brooklyn Fair not more'n six weeks before, and I knew it was so fresh in their minds that they couldn't help talkin' about it, just to see how I'd feel, for I'd been in the habit of taking the premium for the best butter exhibit from Canterbury for quite a numerous number of years, but this year they had a new lot of judges that didn't know much, and so they gave me second prize.



To think I'd got to stand and listen to all they'd have to say right before the Waldos and the Morses and all the rest of our Society, made me feel real riled up before they said a word, and yet I know I ain't covetous—my exhibit of butter was just as good as theirs, and better if I do say it—but I don't care anything about them gittin' the premium, so don't think so, for I don't. I didn't care so much for the folks of the East Society, for they are most on 'em Baptists, but it was the West Society members that I didn't want to be embarrassed before, for they are of my own denomination; and to think!

O, well, I made up my mind to follow the Bible motto, "Love your neighbor as yourself," so I consoled myself and waited to see how the conversation would begin, and to my surprise they started in on religious matters, but I sort of thought that it was only a cover to the real subject that was to come; but, however, I joined right in with the rest, and after a little while Samantha Williams in the naturalest kind of a way turned the conversation on to baptism. I think now that she did it on purpose to stir up the Baptist folks who had come over. First along 'twas all right and



"Girls! Girls!" says I, "You must stop! Why, you'll work such an influence into that quilt, if it's sent to Ingy it'll start an Oriental war!" THE QUILTIN' BEE AT OUR HOUSE.



interesting, and everything was harmonious as could .
be, but after a time Mrs. Starkweather got kinder riled up at what Samantha had been sayin' about close communion, and so she broke in and says:

"Close communion has been given up mostly in all places now, I know, but notwithstanding that, the practice was a good one, and I regret for one that it has been abandoned. It kept the tares out of the wheat, and let our Saviour know who his children were. Now, Samantha, you may mean well enough, and you may be good enough, but how do we know that you are sanctified and fit to sit at the Lord's Table along with Baptists unless you belong to our church. You confess yourself, and so does your church, that you think sprinkling is just as good as immersion, and in that we know that you are wrong and are running chances with the hereafter! And although the practice is mostly given up, I still believe in close communion."

Then after some more of the Baptists agreed that Mrs. Starkweather's ideas were quite to their liking, old Mrs. Hawkins, Eliza Jane's mother, and I think now that she put her mother up to say it, spoke up and says in the dolefulest kind of a way:

"Yes, it's just as Sister Starkweather says, and I do hope that the members of other denominations will finally be saved in one way or another, but I can't see how they can be unless they're immersed in the water. I am afraid they'll be eternally lost if they feel satisfied with simply being sprinkled, for it's agin the Scriptures."

I was a knittin' a pair of stockin's, for some poor heathen in Ingy I suppose, and when they'd got as far as "immersion" seems so I couldn't knit fast enough.



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I'm naturally kind of sensitive, and being so thoroughly Congregational orthodox through and through, I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I broke right in and says:

"You've been real good neighbors of mine for a good many years, but I never heard you make such unreasonable remarks before in all my life, and I don't believe anybody in Canterbury has nuther. Why, what on earth are you thinkin' about? Do you suppose the Almighty put us on this earth like a lot of sheep to be marked according to our belief with red and blue chalk? Red for immersion and blue for sprinklin'. and that nobody can git into Heaven unless they've got a red stripe? The Scriptures say that we shall be baptized by the Spirit, so the water is only a symbol to show one's faith you see. If a person ain't got the spiritual desire, all the water in Morse's Pond won't do him any good! I don't say so of all Baptists, but there's some folks that I know of, belonging to that church that's got the most nonsensical understandin' about religious matters that was ever heard on since the creation. Of all things, if it ain't enough to stir one's feelin's up to a fever heat!"

I got so riled up seems so I'd got to git up and walk the house in order to contain myself. But I kept right on and says:

"Just because other Christian Societies consider baptism as referrin' to a spiritual baptism and that the water is only secondary, or a symbol of faith to help carry out the form, you are going to be charitable enough to pitchfork us into perdition without givin' us a chance to gasp. Why, suppose we're wrong, which I know we ain't, doesn't the Lord say if you live



up to the light you've got that you ain't to blame for the darkness you blunder into? You know he does! Seems so Baptists are bound to make it out that the Lord is on their side, and they will have it that other folks' chances are slim for redemption. If you'd all left vour envy and selfishness under the water when von was immersed, as you ought to, you'd see God havin' a smile for everybody that loves him, whether he's a Baptist. Methodist, or anything else. But as Tasper Corning says, 'a good many would have to stay under for good in order to do that!' There's some Baptists that's got better sense than to think nobody else has got a chance of heaven, but I'm talkin' now about the close communion, hardshell kind, that you can't dent with an axe. Why, if you'd only stop to think you'd see it's a sin to talk so, for don't the Lord say unless a man be born of the spirit he cannot enter heaven? But He doesn't say a simple immersion is the kind of birth he means—it's a change of heart, an inward desire to live a better life, and abide by the ten commandments. If it ain't what is it?"

Then I says, "The Bible says 'Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.' But most of the church denominations now-a-days do all of the braggin' and praisin' there is done about themselves, and don't give a stranger any chance!"

All of our society folks was smilin' and acted as tickled as could be while I was rakin' them over. Finally, I finished up by saying the "Christian shows his symptoms by an improvement in his daily life, just as natural as a sick child will show returning health when the medicine has killed the old disease, and he



won't talk about his neighbors any more if he was in the habit of doin' so, and he won't think he or she has got the only real religion there is nuther."

Then Eliza Hawkins spoke up and says: "Yes, or just as natural as butter is the result of churning cream!"

"I suppose butter," says I, "has got a good deal to do with baptism and religion?"

"Oh," says she, "it serves as an illustration pretty well."

"Well," says I, "about the only thing that I can see that it illustrates is that if some of the women of Canterbury would immerse their butter in good clean water a little more there would be less buttermilk in it and more good butter in the market, but I suppose that's what you wanted to talk about when you started in on religion. But my opinion is that adulterated subjects don't suit any better than adulterated butter, and to adulterate a sacred subject in such a way I think is sacriligious, but if you want to talk on butter, I'm ready and been ready for an hour!"

And then she spoke very sweet and said, "You mustn't be sensitive or envious because a Baptist and a neighbor has won the premium at the Fair, for the premiums were awarded by the judges."

Of all things alive, the idea of telling me that I was envious of the Cobses. I told her that I never envied anybody nuthin' and that I'd just as soon a Cobb would have the prize as anybody else, but after I said it, if I'd been in the habit of lying I should said I'd told one. But what else could I say? I guess the Bible's right when it says "the truth is not to be spoken at all times," but that doesn't mean we shall lie, not by



any means! However, I don't believe I shall have anything to answer for.

The East Society folks kept talking about the success of the Cobses 'till Samantha spoke up and says (and she's real cuttin' in her talk sometimes), "I guess the judges had been so long in the habit of eating butterine they couldn't decide any butter was good unless it tasted just like it."



I never was so tickled in my life—thought one spell I'd laugh right out in spite of all I could do, to see the Baptist folks all turn on Samantha and twit her of everything they could thing of. Told her how crazy she was to git married, and that there wasn't a man in the town 'twould have her; but they new better'n that and so did she, for Addison Wheelock's been kinder prosy on Samantha for more'n ten year and they all knew they were expected to be married any day, so they couldn't bother her a bit. But I feel so grateful to her for helpin' me out of my humility that I'm goin' to make her up some patchwork and give it to her when she goes to housekeepin'.

They kept right on talkin' and got into a real heated discussion, and I didn't know what would come out of it. Everybody was talkin' all at once, and some of 'em looked as if they'd got worked up beyond a righteous indignation, and right in the height of the trouble in comes the minister and Deacon Lamson. Men would never known in such a strait what to do, but land, we all began to smile and talk about the Sunday School and missions, and everything went on with perfect decorum. But immersion and prize butter has been talked privately with considerable spirit ever since.

After the men folks had all come, we set on the bean supper and charged them ten cents apiece, the proceeds to be used for missions. Toleration said that wouldn't pay for the pork, it's so everlasting high jest now, but we did real well and made quite a lot of money, for as most all of the young folks for miles around had come, there was a lot of them to feed, and they seemed to have a dreadful good time.

After the supper was over nothing to do but they must all go out to the new cattle barn and christen it by husking some corn, and so on, and as Jonathan and the girls had hung up lanterns here and there so that there'd be plenty of light, the young folks started and began to gather around the corn shocks and enjoy themselves, singing songs, and laughing and telling stories, and I suppose every time a girl husked out a red ear it made lots of sport as it generally does. Well, Parson Holden had to go away early to Hampton Hill to perform a wedding ceremony, and as soon as he'd gone some of the boys went over to Thomas Hatch's place and persuaded him to bring over his fiddle and play for them, so he did.



He's one of the old-fashioned kind of players, always akeepin' time with his right foot in such a way as to make it kind of interesting to watch him manœuvre. Well, he hadn't played but a few pieces before there was a delegation of the young folks who came over to the house and asked Toleration if they couldn't dance a little. Some of the church members heard them and they held up their hands in perfect horror at the idea of a social gathering of the church people winding up the day with a dance in the barn. Why, they thought it was a disgrace, and more'n all that

they believed it would call down upon their heads the condemnation of the Almighty!

"Just as your mother says," as he addressed Jonathan. "If she says yes, why go in and have a good time."

Well, if the church folks hadn't talked so foolish like, more'n likely I'd thought so myself, but hearing them go on so, it made me kinder stirred up agin', and after thinkin' it all over I couldn't see where there'd be any harm in it, so I says to them:

"If I remember correctly, there are a dreadful few of the ladies here present who didn't do a lot of dancin' at the age of these young people, and you used to drive off miles and miles of winter nights just to hear Gurdon Cady prompt and to step to the music of the dance. And you used to have real good times. so you said, for I was most always there and so was Toleration. We can remember dreadful well how happy you all used to be when he'd sing out his famous 'Sasha out and form a line; all hands around!' Now, you want to rob the young folks of an hour's innocent pleasure, just because the word dancin' has become offensive to you by mutual consent, seeing as you've got to be so old you can't enjoy it any more vourselves. 'Tain't half so bad as 'tis to try to cut down the minister's salary when the Lord knows he's not getting enough now to live on, and to be guilty of putting only one cent into the contribution box. And then it's my opinion that there's more sin created from gossipin' among real good church members about one another in our town, than comes from all of the country dances in the county."

"But times have changed," says Mrs. Hawkins,



"since we were girls. There wasn't so much wickedness in those days."

"Of course they're changed," says I, "but the change is for the better, for girls that think anything of themselves now-a-days won't go to firemen's and policemen's balls as they used to when we were young where anything and everybody used to mingle together, no matter whether they knew each other or not. Now, the young folks are as particular where they go to dance as they are the kind of society they keep in other ways. There isn't any sin in dancin' any more than there is in listening to a band of music, not a mite, but the churches are making a great bugbear out of it, and the more they cry out against it the more it seems to improve in quality and tone. Bad associations develop evil anywhere, but they are not all tied up to dancing. Didn't David enjoy seeing folks dance? And haven't folks danced down through the ages while man's condition has been improving all the time? Of course they have!"

Then Jonathan spoke up and says, "Mother, the minister can't object, because he's gone."

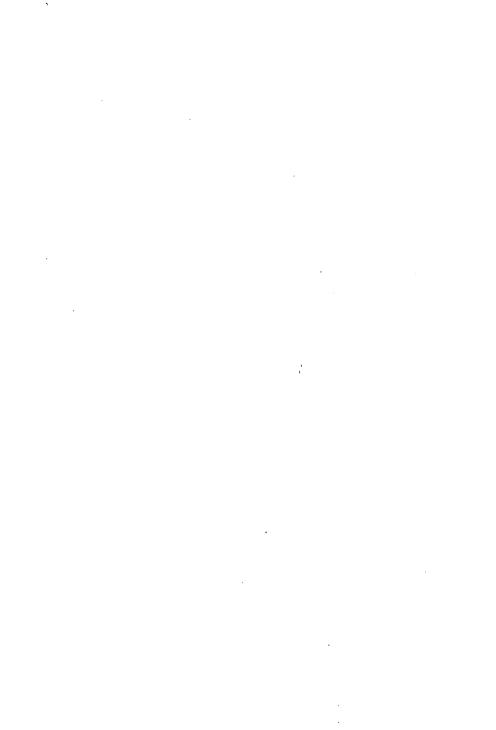
"Gone!" says I, "what difference does that make. I'd as soon consent to your dancin' with him here as with him in Hampton or Hartford or any other place. That would be too much like hidin' your light under a bushel and skulkin' behind the Church Society. Don't ever make any such remark agin'!"

Well, we consented, and they had the best time they'd had for months, adancin' Money Musk, the Sailor's Hornpipe, Virginia Reel, and it went so good, nuthin' to do but Toleration and I must join in on the last one, but he thought we'd have to draw the





THE DANCE IN THE BARN OF THE ORTHODOX FOLKS.



line there for folks would do more talkin' than was necessary, and so we'd better not. I could see all the time that he'd like to, and, finally, after a time the young folks got around us both, along with Abner Chesley and Mrs. Chesley, and the long and short of it was we had to give in, and old Mr. Hatch seemed to take on new inspiration when he saw some of the folks of his own age dancin', for he played to beat all.

We danced through the set, and as we were located at the foot of the line we didn't go down the centre until the last ones, and when we did all eves were fixed on us, for they'd heard how Toleration used to dance when he was young and had the name of putting in the most steps of any of the young men of his time in the old-fashioned dances. Well, somehow we both felt just like doing the very best we could, and the way we went down the centre a heelin' and toein' to the music was a caution I can tell ve. Then how the young folks did cheer, and what a good time we did have. And to my surprise most all of the church members were in the barn alookin' on and enjoying it as much as the rest of us did. Now there's human nature for you. We talk one thing and do another. for we don't believe half what we say ourselves.

Jane Bates had to have her say, of course, although she didn't say it publicly. But I heard afterwards that she said, when asked how she liked Toleration's dancin', that she said as how he stepped pretty well, but she guessed I made him step a good deal higher than he ever did before after he got married. But what do I care, she's an old maid and always will be, and that's all I've got to say.

After everybody had gone home with about as much



good cheer in their hearts as we had ever seen at any such like meetin', and the young folks had all gone to bed, Toleration pulled his chair up to the fireplace, and after poking over the coals and puttin' on another stick of wood, he sot back in his chair and says:

"Malinda, where do you suppose they'll stop before they get through talking about the dancing that has been goin' on to-night?"

"Well," says I, "Probably they'll never stop short of the minister's ears. And if he wasn't a man of good common sense, I'd expect they'd make a lot of trouble. Or at least, some of them would, no matter if they did have a real good time lookin' on themselves. Some folks like to enjoy what they call dissipation and then blame somebody else for it. But I'm not worried about the outcome of the young folks adancin' in the barn, nor for the old folks who danced nuther, for there is no call for condemnation of the spirit, and as there isn't what's the use of caring about what is said."

"Greatest trouble I know of with the churches today is," says Toleration, "There is too much claim for the work that we are doing as Christians, because of the amount of hangers-on who cling to our skirts while performing evil things, but those evil things are not in the line of dancing. The sooner the Christian men and women of this country shake off these imposters who are using our belief as a cloak to their wrong doing the better we will be off, and the more good we can do in the world. The old Creek Indian Chieftain 'Tomo Chachi,' put the thing in a pretty clear light when he said, after being urged to listen to the doctrines of Christianity: 'Why, there are Chris-



tians in Savannah; there are Christians at Frederica.' And then the observing old savage exclaimed, 'Christian much drunk! Christian beat men! Christian tell lies! Devil Christian! We no Christian!'"

The Indian delighted to hold his own people high and above any kind of religion that would make liars and drunkards. Of course, he saw only the evil that evil men performed under the name of the Christian Church, and he was not able to draw the line between the real and imitation Christian. If, instead of chasing theatres and dance halls we would devote more time to chasing Satan out of our midst we'd do enough sight more good, and savages would not then humiliate us by telling naked truths.

I suppose that old Red man meant the frontier settler who sold tin pans for mirrors to the Indians, and then afterwards sold his people firewater, who was the same class of white man who in the larger towns puts the large potatoes on the top of the bushel and then swears that's the way they'll run all through. But when you git down to the bottom you'll find a lot of little lies. Another merchant sells you a suit of clothes for your boy, and tells you there isn't a single thread of cotton in the garment. All wool. After a time you find out that he has lied. Garment didn't wear very well, but the lie was more durable. Hasn't worn out yet! Member of a Christian Church and a Christian community, but had no scruples about selling you a little oleomargarine for real cream butter. Well, yes; he did stop it after a time, but not until Uncle Sam made a law that he should stamp every pound so that his customer would know what he was agittin'. 'Twasn't because he had any scruples



about the honesty of the transaction, or his respect for his Creator. Stopped the traffic because he didn't like to take chances of going to jail. Well, I guess 'tain't to be wondered at that savages can see a lot of evil in our midst. There was too much truth in what the old Sachem said.

When the Christian merchant sells the garment of cotton and wool, or with a flaw in the weave, and shows the customer just what it is: when the Christian stops drinkin' liquor that intoxicates; when the Christian is long sufferin' and kind: when he is willing to tell the truth at all times; when he is sensible and pious enough to stop talkin' about his neighbor to his injury; when he stops sellin' wind-falls for hand picked apples: when he can borrow a rake and not forgit to bring it back; when he can see his neighbor aprosperin' and not git envious; when he can look kindly enough upon a Democrat to credit him with a soul; when he's willin' to take a mortgage at four per cent. on a poor man's home and feel satisfied, when the banks are paying only three; when he's willin' to pay his workmen living wages while he's agittin' rich; when he recognizes that a horse has got feelin'; when he can trade horses and point to the spavin; and, when he can do some more honest things, then he can work with the Lord and help bring sinners to repentance even savages. But if he can't bring himself down to about that line of labor, then he'd better go out of the business.

The Parson thought 'twas'nt perhaps the best thing to do to have a dance for the highest order of influence in the community, but land he'd got to say that in order to keep within the modern idea that the church is advocating, but right afterwards he said 'twas the most profitable and interesting meeting that had been held during the year. So there's condemnation for you. When it comes to a real final decision Parson Holden is wonderful just and honest. Never knew him to strain at gnats and swallow camels. Some of the members were dreadful disappointed to think he wouldn't bring us to account. But it didn't do any good, for all he would say was, "I would much rather any member of my flock would set aside church discipline than to set aside the spirit of God!"







# THE VAÇATION AND SOCIETY HUMBUGS

THERE'S no humbug about a vacation provided you use a little common sense, but as a rule most people who feel the need of rest, work harder during the two or three weeks that are allowed for their summer vacation than they do when at home and following their regular employment. To be sure the change is beneficial, but for the full benefit that is needed there must be some rest allowed for, and I've found the following formula an excellent one for health and comfort:

It doesn't matter whether you are a bookkeeper or a housekeeper, a merchant, mechanic or manufacturer, or a farmer, there comes a time (generally once a year), when you find yourself worn out, with your nervous energy laboring at a tremendously low ebb. Then's the time to stop work and go somewhere. Doesn't make much difference where it is, so long as you can git away from your customary environments—or in other words away from your best and dearest friends, who are foreverlastingly wanting you to strain up and go to some public gathering, take part in some festival or charity ball, or go with a crowd on a junketing tour to New York or Chicago, just when you feel so exhausted that you would like to git out-

side of the earth if only for a day, just to see how much comfort and peace there is in being alone.

Don't go to the doctor. Avoid him as you would a pestilence. Land sakes! he'll send you to bed and use up all the money you've laid aside for recuperation. 'Tain't medicine you need, but rest and a little good judgment. Of course, doctors are useful at times; I wouldn't be without my family physician for all the world, for the sake of family traditions if nothing more, any more than I would a watch dog. But goodness sakes! watchdogs are not wanted on all occasions! It's when real tramps and thieves are 'round that they are most needed.

In acute diseases the doctor ought to be encouraged, but in chronic diseases and the ordinary tired feeling brought on by overwork, I'd as soon take a brownbread pill of my own make as anybody elses.

A hundred doctors generally have a hundred different opinions more or less, and so I haven't consulted any of them for this little chapter of advice. As I said before, medicine isn't what you want, and you don't need some one to enlarge on your symptoms, nor a Christian Scientist to tell you that "nothing is the matter, and to go right back to work!" Nobody ever said "Presto" and made a new set of nerves all at once, I don't care what class of fanatics he belongs to.

Pack up your gripsack or trunk and go to the seashore or the mountains, or to both, or down to see your grandparents or Uncle James down on the farm if you live in the city. That's the first thing to do.

If you go to a hotel that some friend has recommended, you may feel satisfied with the place at once,



but if it has not been indorsed, in your despairing condition: you may not at first feel just pleased with all of your surroundings and accommodations. But that will be nothing strange, for you were not contented at home. These conditions will all right themselves as you begin to improve in health, and it will help you amazingly if you will only call to mind the hotel that Mr. Artemus Ward stopped at in Arizona, where they gave him a bag of oats for a pillow. Artemus said he wouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't given him the nightmare so all night long! In the morning the landlord said to him: "How do you feel old hoss, hay?" and all that Mr. Ward could say was that "he felt his oats!"



When you git settled down don't try to show the other guests how smart you are at playing whist, or cards of any kind. I knew a merchant of Boston, where their diet is supposed to be mostly literature and east winds, who went to the mountains of New Hampshire expressly to recover his health. First thing he did was to begin to play whist, and kept it up until ten or eleven o'clock every night. Every morning he would abuse himself with real strong language, and then he'd tell me that he must stop it, for it made him feel worse every time he played. But the next night he would be playing again, and so he kept it up until I finally got disgusted and told him I believed he would play cards if he thought he was going to be sent down to Perdition in the morning on account of it! And I guess I said some more things that I may have to answer for, but it was a wonderful relief for me to say something. I don't know as it's any worse to say what you think than to think what you dasn't say, if by speaking up it does some good!

That man's experience is the experience of ninetynine cases out of a hundred who go to hotels for rest.

The poor man is dead now, and I don't know but that card playing helped to shorten his days, because the game used up what little nervous energy he had left and deprived him of his rest.

If you go to a hotel, the best way is to make it your business to know nobody but the landlord, and follow it up for two weeks. If everybody wants to think you a recluse, so much the better, for then they will keep away.

Take your meals regular, and don't try to see how much but how little you can eat. Franklin says, "If you would live long, eat less," and there is a world of truth in it.

Don't ever comment on food that is placed on the table, nor joke about it, for it is a piece of bad manners. 'Tother day I heard a drummer say that he'd had hash for breakfast and he'd "felt like everything all day!" Now, while that ain't very bad, nevertheless it's comment.

I've known some folks to sit down to a table and find fault with the service and about everything that was brought on, until they found out that the other folks at the same table thought everything was about right, and then they'd all of a sudden change their minds and feel satisfied that they had got into such a good hotel. I suppose they did it to make folks think they'd traveled, but that's dreadful poor evidence in my opinion. If you've traveled you'll know when you are well cared for without watching other folks.





Select carefully the kind of food that fits vour stomach best and is the most nourishing-you are the best judge of that if you will use the brains that are in your head that were designed to be used in this line as well as in business. One person out of ten can drink pure Java coffee, but the other nine ought not to use it. It stimulates the nerves into such an abnormal condition, it will require months of fasting to cure. Of course you want a hot drink in the morning, and to satisfy this craving order cereal coffee, which is nothing but nourishing liquid food, doing no harm but a great deal of good. Postum, and other brands of good coffee have done more, during the past few years in my opinion, to make healthy men, women and children, than all the medicinal compounds in the universe.

If you have got run down from drinking liquor, of course you'll have to stop that, and if the habit has got a firm hold on you, there ain't no sure power on earth that can stop you from drinking. The only sure way is to git your spirit down on its knees before the Creator of your body and soul, and tell Him that you want Him to help you to stop the habit, and if you are in earnest, He'll do it.

I recommend pure milk in place of all liquors, but that isn't saying that pure spirits don't do some folks some good, for they do. But is was designed only for medicine, same as opium and other pizen drugs.

Don't be a slave to your appetite! I believe there is more intemperance in eating that there is in drinking liquors. Food was designed to supply the waste of the body, and you should eat just enough to supply that waste and no more. The air you breathe is the

real invigator; it's a mistake to think it's beefsteak. Eat moderately, and insist upon pure air, filling your lungs with good deep drawn breaths, and you'll be well.

Go to bed at nine o'clock every night, and sleep at least an hour every afternoon. After your daily nap, go out into the fields and forest and study nature. Don't try to study all there is all at once; it's too great an undertaking. Just sit down by some tree and learn a lesson of its make-up and staid and contented qualities, and notice that it doesn't worry because it can't walk all over the universe, but is satisfied to be just what it was designed to be by the Almighty, thrusting its roots deep down into the earth in one place where it can git the kind of nourishment that will make a giant oak or a stately pine as grand and substantial as the eternal hills. If you can't git profit out of such a study, you couldn't git health and happiness if it was dealt out to you in bucketfulls.

Not only from the trees do we git lessons in nature, but from the brooks and rocks, the flowers and leaves, and from the animal kingdom, and they all do us good. Last week I was telling my son what a lesson there was in a leaf, and after I'd got through and felt that I'd done my duty by making a good impression upon his receptive soul, he spoke up and says, "Mother, there may be great lessons in a leaf, but I think I've got bigger and more lasting lessons from a switch!" I told him to go right out to the barn and help his father thrash! How boys will pervert things.

Don't go to church until you get well rested. You go to build up your constitution instead of a country church. Not that a church isn't all right, for it's the



grandest institution on earth, but you can attend to that later. Everybody needs to have before them constantly the example and faith of Jesus Christ to keep them from stumbling into folly and waywardness by the contaminating influences of agnostics, atheists and infidels, which you are sure to meet more or less in all public places. It's my opinion, however, that all of them put together haven't got so much wisdom as an ordinary pismire. If it wasn't for Christian Society they couldn't carry on their business with security and safety. But they can't see that with their blind eyes.

An agnostic ain't any more like an infidel than an infidel is like an atheist, and the whole three bunched together and run through a thrashing machine would come out jest about the same kind of chaff, without real wheat germ enough to keep a hog alive more'n a week at the longest.

An agnostic is a man who is very enthusiastic over something that he doesn't know anything about.

An infidel is a being who hasn't got any religion of his own that's wuth anything and he doesn't believe anybody else has.

An atheist! Well, he's got the blackest countenance that you can imagine. He's worse than a pessimist, although not half so fretful and annoying. When a real atheist eats an apple he spits out the juice and swallows the core. After a time this gives him the dyspepsia, and then he says there isn't any God! He never gives any satisfactory reason, and generally repents before he dies—if he gits a chance.

I don't want to preach a sermon, but want to see if my orthodoxy is all right.



If you think your ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and feel that you have a little more of an honorable descent or pedigree than some folks, try to be charitable, and at the same time prove what you say, for of course you know that that old historical boat has got to be pretty heavily loaded now, and some people will be uncharitable enough to think you are mistaken. And then if your position in life tends to make you proud and vain even to affectation, if you want to be cured and happen to be at the seashore, just git up a party and hire some old fisherman to take you all out in his boat fishing, right after a southeast blow, or to help him pull up his lobster pots. After a little while you will naturally be seasick, and then your cure will begin. Mr. Billings says he never knew a man to put on airs when he wanted to vomit.

You can often convince yourself that you are not half as set in your way or as sincere as you think you are, if some little thing only comes up to prove it. Why, I've known of a good prayer meeting being broken up by the dinner bell! Which goes to show, as women have always said, that you can git at some men's hearts through their stomachs quicker than any other way.

Don't go fishing at your summer resort for sometime after you think you are well, for it's a dreadful nerve exhausting exercise, unless everything moves along smoothly. Then again, it gits you in the habit of exaggerating, and you can't afford to do that until you are strong enough to endure it.

I remember once when I was in Jackson, N. H., I went out trout fishing with my daughters in the Glen Ellis River. You needn't be astonished at this, for woman



has just as much right to go fishing as man has, and she's enough sight more skillful and patient, and she doesn't go round bragging about a lot of little fish as if nobody else could do such things.

Well, Toleration staid at the hotel, because I suppose he was ashamed to be seen fishing along with his wife, but time was when he thought 'twas the dreadfulest nicest kind of sport and comfort to go fishing along with me and Sister Jane. But that was before we were married. Matrimony seems to bring some folks to a sense of shame and discomfort for every sensible thing that they ever did or wanted to do.

We went down stream, catching quite a number of sizable fish, and when we had got about half way to Goodrich Falls, we found quite a sharp bend in the river, where there was an eddy and good deep water, filled with submerged rocks, which I calkerlated was a good place for trout to hide under.

So we sot to fishing, and the water made so much noise a running along, the fish couldn't hear us very well even if we didn't keep still. We had caught a half dozen out of this one hole, when I accidently broke my pole. But I didn't give up. I cut a birch rod, tied six feet of line to it, put on a good tempting bait, and, stepping on to a bowlder a little way from shore, I dropped my hook in just beyond a large rock a few feet farther out, just as the worm was wriggling and twisting to beat all, and it hadn't any more'n got settled down to the bottom before—snap, swish, whirr,—something caught hold of the end of that line that made me as nervous as a witch in a second!

Of course I dasn't let him run because I hadn't any reel, and so I gathered myself together and snaked



him out just as a boy pulls out a pickerel or a mud pout!

The way he struggled and held on was a caution, but, finally, I swung him over my head and landed him full ten feet up on the embankment, and when he struck he fell off the hook!

The bank was shelving, and every bound he made he got nearer the water, and seeing that I might lose him I called to Madalene to "stop the fish," but instead of stopping him she jest stood and looked perfectly bewildered! Then I says to Harriet, "for conscience sakes don't let that trout git into the river! I'd rather lose my pocketbook!"

And there she stood jest as unconcerned as if there wasn't anything uncommon happening, without budging an inch! Finally, I knew something must be done right off, so I threw my pole into the water and jumped to the shore, sprawling around as gracefully as a woman of fifty can, and landed in front of the trout jest in time to have him land in my hands at the water's edge, but he was so slippery he slid out of my fingers into the water and away he went.

Well, if ever I felt that life wasn't wuth livin' it was then! Seemed as if he weighed five pounds when I pulled him out, but probably he wouldn't weigh more'n two, but he looked as big as he felt; and to lose such a big trout as that would discourage most anybody. I sputtered and scolded, and, finally, sot down on a rock, and there I sot for more'n an hour jest a thinkin'.

When I finally came to again, I says, "We intended to stay all summer, but I guess we'd better go home in the mornin'."



In the morning I thought how foolish it was to let such a little thing upset me, and so decided to stay six weeks longer, and we did. But there is something dreadfully unnerving about fishing, so don't do it until you are strong. Such an experience is enough to give a run down constitution nervous prostration.



After you have ignored everybody, dieted, slept and communed with nature for two weeks, you will find you have stored up a whole reservoir of nervous energy that you can draw from for the next year to come if you don't git foolish the remainder of the summer, and let it all out again. You'll forgit all about how run down you felt when you came, and you'll keep gaining all the time. Then you can begin to notice folks and git acquainted if you feel like it. You can stay down in the parlor in the evening and enjoy the social life, and study human nature if you want to, but don't sit up later than nine thirty o'clock all summer long, no matter how well you feel.

If you are a young school girl, of course, you've brought along a lot of nice clothes, and you'll want to wear them. Well, there ain't no law agin it. You can wear three suits a day if you want to. And I know a lot of girls and young ladies that are not so very young, that like to wear a lot of nice clothes at summer hotels, too. Well, there ain't no law agin them wearing all they want to. Why, bless your souls it's enough sight better to have some ambition to look well than it is to be careless with your wardrobe!

There ain't anything that pleases me more than to see young ladies dressed up in all the most stylish ferbeloughs that their parents can afford, and to see them promenading through the stately hallways, up and down the broad piazzas, or along the seashore taking their constitutionals, or out riding in a carriage with a span of nice horses (provided the tails of the horses haven't been chopped off), with their ribbons flying and their faces a smiling; or sailing in a yacht, looking as pretty as a bouquet of flowers.

I say there ain't anything more beautiful, unless it is the girl who can't afford many changes, but still wants the benefits and the pleasures of the seashore or the mountains the same as other folks, whose cheeks have been touched by nature's rose tints, with a face full of an expression of kindness, and with such a glow of health that wherever she goes all are attracted by her loveliness, although she wears little else than a plain outing suit of white flannel the whole season through. Whenever she comes into our presence in the parlor, somehow there seems to be a whole apple tree full of blossoms shook out so that the whole room is filled by their fragrance. How I do like to see such girls and come under their beautiful influence. It helps old folks as well as young folks. She shows that she has been brought up by parents that have thrown around her that magic circle of love that nobody dast encroach upon, and that she has honored her father and mother enough to live up to the high ideal of womanhood that they have taught her to live. Such a daughter is wuth more'n all the titles of Europe, with their estates thrown in, and a far greater blessing.

There are a good many daughters and sons that do all in their power to make their dear old father and mother as comfortable and happy as they possibly can be—at the poorhouse. But the kind of children that



I have been telling you about will never allow any such thing to happen to their parents, thank the Lord.

The best society of most hotels is the elderly people who come every year as long as they have strength left to come with. If there is anything that interests me it is to listen to the counsel of an old gentleman or an old lady. Is there anything more beautiful? They have seen jest what there is in this world and know all about it, and if they are willing to impart their knowledge to others the young folks ought to listen with attentive ears, and profit by their experience. I always had the most profound respect and love for the aged.



There is another class in a summer hotel that can make things interesting, and that is the middle-aged folks. They are generally very social and want to make everybody happy, because by so doing they enjoy more real pleasure themselves. But once in a while you will meet some one who seems as distant and far away as a person does that you see through the wrong end of an opera glass. But it may not be all their fault, for you may be walking in the opposite direction as fast as they are walking their way! If you would both git right down to the Golden Rule the distance would be obliterated before you knew it. some one doesn't speak to you, if you stop to think you will probably remember that you didn't speak to them, and that's as broad as it is long, and a little broader.

People who can enjoy all kinds of society are the most happy of all mortals on this earth, and the one whose education is complete will enjoy all classes, from the rich to the poor. Money won't make any

difference. He will find wisdom wrapped up in little children, and among the people who toil for their daily bread, the same as our great Thomas Jefferson did, who never knew what false pride was, but who could write the greatest of State papers.

Where puffed up pride exists that being has not yet completed his educational course, although he may be able to speak lots of languages and is set down as a giant in the world of science. How anybody can sacrifice the honest, tried friendships of early life is more than I can understand, just because one has got a smattering of knowledge in one line and another and has been fortunate enough to accumulate a lot of money or has had some handed down to him by the kindness of some dead relative.

It was Diogenes who truthfully said, "When I behold people who can be inflated with pride on account of their riches or honors, I cannot help thinking them the most foolish of all animals." There isn't anybody who can deny that.

For my part I like to think of the hollyhocks down in the country and of the old-fashioned rosebush that grew over the old kitchen window down at the Marsh place in Canterbury, where an old-fashioned face peered through the window at folks as they drove by. 'Twas the face of old Mrs. Marsh. As simple in her life as the daylight, but as honest as the sun that gives us the light and warmth that we need. Bless her old soul, I always enjoyed meeting her, and all of the wisdom and knowledge of Solomon, and the riches of the earth couldn't have changed my estimate of that old lady of the common people.

Much learning doesn't as a rule make men mad, as





applied to St. Paul by the ancient judge of Israel, but much education that changes the natures of men and women so that they lose their natural amiability, jumping up to a plane whereby they can hold themselves aloof from the common people whose society they feign no longer to enjoy, makes them worse than mad. These are the *educated fools*; the real laughing stock of the world. For who but a foolish man can give up the associations of his early life among the honest common people of which he was a member until he found he had overreached this sphere in his imagination by much money and learning. I never could endure such folks.

Such characters make me think of the Hopkinses. Sylvanus Hopkins and his whole family were always thought to be the best kind of folks, and beloved by everybody in the community up to the time of the Civil War. Then all of a sudden he got hold of a lot of money as hundreds of other men did throughout New England who didn't go to war but who staid at home to see how much they could accumulate on the calamity that had burdened the nation. I tell you such men were not worth much to Uncle Sam in those days, any more'n they are at present.

Well, as I was a saying he made a lot of money and sot to buying up real estate here and there throughout the town until he was counted one of the biggest land owners hereabout. By the time the war was over Melinda Hopkins his wife, got to be so proud she wouldn't even notice her old friends, except to barely bow when she met them in certain places where she couldn't very well help it, to say nothing about associating with them! Well, of course, the whole family

followed suit, for it's the mother who sets the example that is followed by the children, and she's the one who will likely have the most to answer for in the development of their characters.

Time went on, and Mr. Hopkins went to speculating in one thing and another, and after he'd seen a lot of his money lost, he took to drinking strong liquor. 'Twasn't more'n ten years after that he found he wasn't the owner of a foot of land in the county, and, finally, died without a dollar to be left to his family.

Now, there's a true example that ought to be a lesson to anybody who knows about it. Before he died Melinda had changed back again to where she used to be. For when she hadn't got any money it made her feel dreadful lonely to think she hadn't got any friends to go and see and none to call at her house, for she found that her aristocratic friends disappeared gradually as her husband's property began. to grow less and less, until she found there were none left to visit her. Some of the women folks of the town wouldn't accept a renewal of her friendship, for they said "it serves her right." But there isn't any Christian spirit in such talk, and most all of the old neighbors took her back and used her just the same as before, and a little better if anything, because they knew she needed it. We used to have some real pleasant talks together after that, and she used to often say that she believed the loss of material wealth many times fitted one for receiving a blessing that shall be eternal. Then I knew what the woman was at heart. and I enjoyed her society more'n ever.

Talking about modern society, makes me think of





an anniversary event that was to take place at our home a few months ago upon the fortieth year of our marriage. Cornelia Wilberforce, Toleration's oldest sister, who has been an old maid all her life just because she was so stuck up and particular about pedigree that no man would have her, was visiting at our house from New York, where she's been a livin' for nigh about twenty years, doin' nothin' but teach school. Well, nothin' to do but she must arrange all of the business connected with the celebration, and Toleration and I both told her to go ahead and do as she wanted to, just to please her.

First of all she says, "Now, you must invite people who will lend dignity to the occasion. You know we are descended from William Wilberforce, who had so much to do with liberating the slaves of Great Britain, and, therefore, few families can show a more honorable descent. You must draw the line at people who can show no family history if you would have this an event to be remembered, and one worthy of the name you bear."

"Well," says Toleration' "Go ahead, Cornelia, and lay out the programme to suit yourself, and we'll see how it looks. Invite who you have a mind to, for you know pretty much everybody round about here."

"Now," says Cornelia, "there are the Howards. Of course you must invite them, for they have a history back of them that cannot be questioned, coming down through a line of governors, magistrates and ministers. And besides they represent the higher education."

So that was settled, and the Howards were invited then and there.

"Then there are the Waldos, descendants of the Waldenses of Lyons, France, who were compelled to escape to England from the Duke D'Alva, who was seeking to persecute them because of their advanced ideas and their independent bearing. They are entitled to come, because theirs is one of the most remarkable histories that is recorded, and they are of a very high literary class. For generations they have been preachers and teachers and writers of books."

So the Waldos were put down to be invited, and there are several families of them in the neighborhood. And the Clevelands were invited because they were of the Governor Cleveland strain, and, therefore, would be a credit to the name of Wilberforce.

"Then," says Cornelia, "there are the Greenes, descendants of the Hugenots, whose great-great-grand-father made such an honorable record in the American Revolution, and the Whipples, whose record is about the same. Of course they must come, for their girls are members of the Daughters of the Revolution."

And so that was settled, and they all got invitations. "But," says she, "I wouldn't have the Morrisons." "Why not?" says Toleration.

"Oh," says Cornelia, "they haven't got any history. They can't claim a descent from the Mayflower nor from much of anything else. They are not of your class. The recognized laws of society excludes them."

"Well," says Toleration, "they descend from Adam don't they? And I guess the Mayflower folks have got to boast of that common kind of lineage, notwithstanding it connects them with the first notorious sinner that we have any record of."



"I know," says Cornelia, "but they haven't cared for anything that is historical. They have too common a conception of what life is really for. Their presence would take away from the dignity of the occasion. What you want is people whose presence will lend eclat to the event."

"Well," says Toleration, "may be you're right, Cornelia, but you mustn't put in too many of your city notions. I don't want the folks who come here that night to *lend* too much to the occasion for fear sometime they'll want to *borrow* more'n we can return. The Morrisons are good honest folks, and are thought a lot of in the community.

"That all may be," says Cornelia, "but honesty doesn't make society qualifications. That is, not that alone. There must be some honorable descent, or in other words there must be blood qualifications."

"Well, Cornelia," says Toleration, "I calkerlate that anybody who tries to be honest and do unto others as he would like to have them do unto him, has got pretty good blood. Guess you'd better put the Morrisons down to be invited, hadn't she mother?" and he turned to me for an answer. Of course I said have them come by all means.

"Oh, dear," says Cornelia, "that's just like you Toleration. No sentiment. Just common-place idea of things. If everybody was like you there wouldn't be any dividing line, and, consequently, no society. What a loss to the world 'twould be. If you could once get into the real exclusive enjoyments of the higher life that modern fashion has shaped in its laws of etiquette is social events you'd never want to depart from its fascinating spell. But I suppose you'll never



change while you remain out here in the country. Oh, it's so exquisite to bask in the warm atmosphere that is developed in the presence of people who have a history, whose blood tells what they really are. Blood will tell, Toleration. It's an old saying, but, nevertheless, true."

"Yes," says Toleration, "I guess blood'll tell all right enough, but I've discovered that it'll tell lies sometimes without half trying. Makes me think of the Lords over in the joining town of Scotland. Jacob Lord was the leader of the crowd in all financial matters. Believe they claimed to be descended from Julius Cæsar or some such a family, and were hitched on to the Rothschilds in a collateral kind of a way, which seemed to give them the confidence that they had the right to play the role of financial vultures here in Windham County the same as the Rothschilds have for so many years in the European countries. Well, they were dreadfully stuck up and proud, and leaned on their family history with great desperation. Everybody hereabout got to bowing and scraping to them, and trying to get into their good graces, because they thought into the bargain they had a lot of money. Well, they pretty much swept the town clean with their elegance, and things were moving along pretty smooth like, until after a time they set up to do something pretty big in manufacturing that would make everybody in the county more or less rich, they said. They had established themselves so well, they borrowed money right and left among the farmers round about, giving their own personal note at the rate of ten per cent. While they were gathering the money they started in to build a dam down at Howard's Val-



monds and other precious stones upon their return to Venice after a sojourn of more than twenty years."

"The false life of one family," says Cornelia, "should not be set down as representing all families!"

"Of course not. Of course not," says Toleration, "but it goes to show that it's better to lean upon something besides pedigree if you want to be sure of the best there is that makes up the real and genuine society of this world. You know how he cut a swell here for a few years. Finally, went to New York, and got mixed up with some doubtful business undertaking there that came near putting him in jail. There he is to-day, living in luxury they say, in one of the best hotels in the city. Broke his poor old father's heart before he died, and his mother is living down at the poor farm! Now that's about the meanest honorable descent that I know of!



"Now, Cornelia," says he, "you'll please Mother and me just about right if you'll only invite folks to our celebration who have got a good honest everyday record for integrity. Don't stop to figure their pedigree nor look to their bank account. That's all a waste of time, and there's no sense in it. You see, Cornelia, we'd 'nough sight rather take chances of entertaining now and then an angel unawares in an old coat without any burdensome history back of him, than to be fooled by devils in satins and silks who carry a history under their arms explaining all about the blueness of their blood."

The result was all the neighbors came, no matter whether they were counted high or low, and we had a real wholesome time, everybody enjoying themselves. And when it was all over Toleration and I we sot down

together and felt thankful that we'd showed a spirit that made us feel happy and contented. I tell ye, when you've done right there's a something that tells ye so, and you git your reward. But if you don't do right, and are selfish and clannish, there's somethin' that tells you all about that, too. And the wust of it is, you find you're unhappy.



To git back to what I was a sayin', the more every-body tries to have everybody else enjoy all of the sports that are going on in a public hotel the better it is all 'round, and particularly for the landlord and the landlady. If I pay for my suite of rooms I am entitled to be as exclusive in them as I please, but if I try to git up some little stingy clannish circle of entertainment in the public parlors, inviting only my favorites to join in the sport, I am like the man that prayed for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. Amen." Riches and poverty are both so passing that it ain't wuth while to let either of them stand in the way of our happiness and that of those about us.

Everybody may not agree with these sentiments, for I am well aware, as one writer says that "people of good sense are those whose opinions agree with ours." But the truth will prove itself without anybody to defend it, and what I've said is the truth.

Every person who is trying to git benefit physically as well as mentally, at any summer resort, should make it a practice to take a ride every morning or afternoon along the seashore or among the hills and mountains, for by this pastime you are taking in oxygen faster than by any other means, and oxygen is life. A bicycle is all right for robust people, but for folks try-

ing to build up it is too violent exercise. If you haven't an automobile then a horse and buggy is the right thing.

But before you take your drive, you should take a good sponge bath all over the first thing after getting up in the morning. I know some folks don't approve of this but I do, and Toleration he does to, for he says:

"I can't see for my part why people want to preserve yesterday's sweat so that they'll smell around to-day like a contraband nigger!"

If after you git to feeling well and want to continue that way, try and not let little things trouble you, and always try to be contented, never allowing yourself to git into the habit of criticising things and conditions that you are sure to see all about you. "A contented mind is a joy forever." But you can't be contented if you criticise everything you see from Alpha to Omega. For sometimes you bring reproach upon yourself, and then you are all stirred up and git hystericky.

Why, I've known women before now to criticise the wardrobe of some other woman, and particularly their hat or bonnet, laughing and poking fun about it, when actually the woman that was alaughing had on a bonnet that must have made the Goddess of Fashion shed tears! Better remember that we don't see ourselves as others see us. When we want to poke fun we'd better ask some friend of ours to look us over critically before we begin.

If somebody wants to dress so that they'll look like all possess, let them go on with their notions! Can't you see that the contrast will be greater between your finer tastes and theirs? Comparisons are all that show



off well-dressed folks successfully. If we all had the same tastes we'd be miserable. But, after all, dress and beauty don't amount to everything. I've seen some of the homeliest and oddest mortals that you could find on top of the earth that could paint pictures and sing songs that would charm your soul.

But it's human nature to follow along in the same old rut that nine-tenths of the people are a traveling in so far as fashion is concerned. If fashion dictates a sugar scoop shape of a hat its got to be worn, and if it calls for a large bunch of lace and bugle trimmings, that must be worn too, no matter whether it's becoming or not.

I've always thought that when a woman puts on a lot of diamonds and bead trimming on her dresses to make her presentable, it's a dreadful humiliating confession that she hasn't got many natural charms! Did you ever think of it?

I guess a lily that we pick out of the flower garden wouldn't be very much improved if we should stick diamonds on to it. It would tend to destroy its beauty than otherwise.

If you are blessed with an attractive figure and a beautiful face, why try to improve upon what God has done for you by wearing jewels? Better spend your time in building your inner being so that it will be as divinely beautiful as the house in which your soul is dwelling, thereby making your individuality a blessing to the world. You was not made for this world merely to be looked at and admired. The tree that bears no fruit, be it ever so beautiful in its foliage, is of no real value to the keeper of the vineyard.

But men are just as bad as women! Sometimes I



think they're worse. I never could understand how rich men, some that call themselves real swells or dudes, young and old alike, bald-headed and those that part their hair in the middle—I say I never could understand how 'twas that they could order their tailors to iron a crease in the front and back side of their pantaloons so as to make them look for all the world as if they were ready-made right out of a Jew clothing house! Well, it goes to show, as Mr. Shakespeare says, "What fools these mortals be." I suppose if fashion called for paper collars, they'd wear them just as spruce as can be, and call themselves leaders of fashion.



You needn't be alarmed about the comfort that most summer hotels afford, for I've traveled all over the seashore and mountain resorts at houses charging all the way from eight dollars a week to thirty dollars a week, and among them all I never slept in a poor bed yet, and every one of them was neat and clean. I wouldn't sleep on feathers if they'd give me the feathers with the geese thrown in, but you are never afflicted with anything of that kind. They use mostly mattresses that are cool and comfortable, and, of course, good geese feathers are a luxury for pillows.

Now, what I've had to say about summer hotels doesn't apply to all commercial houses, for I've known of a numerous number of them to be afflicted with cimex lectularius, which, being interpreted, means that class of hemipterous insects vulgarly called "bedbugs." I like the scientific name the best, because it does away with that creeping sensation, and is just fatal to the bug. Where there's real cleanliness these nocturnal pests can't exist, and that's the reason they're

never seen at summer hotels. I don't like to talk about these filthy things, but I want you to start out with a clear understanding and an uncorrupted imagination.

There are hundreds of folks that think they can't go to summer resorts because they think it costs so much to stay there. Now, that isn't so. You haven't got to cover everything you want with a dollar bill half so much as you think you have. You can git board at nearly all watering places at a price to fit almost anybody's pocketbook. If you are a millionaire, of course, you will want to go to the larger hotels where they have an extensive service and all of the luxuries that money can buy, and you know that you can always find them everywhere.



If you are a person of moderate means you can find plenty of good hotels that will feed you on just as good food and just as well cooked for ten dollars and twelve dollars a week if you stay any length of time, as if you paid eighteen dollars and thirty dollars per week. And for the young lady clerks and school teachers there are good accommodations for them at good hotels for from seven dollars to nine dollars per week. And there are numerous boarding houses and farmhouses where one can git good home comforts with a good and well spread table for five dollars a week.

Goodness knows these prices are low enough. There is scarcely anybody who can't save up twenty-five dollars by which to take a vacation for their health's sake where travel is not very expensive. I could always hire a good turnout at a summer resort for less money than I always had to pay in the city. You can live as reasonable at summer resorts as you can

at home if you use judgment, outside of the expense of traveling. Most people go to summer resorts to git needed rest and recreation and some entertainment, and such folks are always benefited, but if ever you make up your mind, be you rich or poor, that you intend to lead a continual life of pleasure you won't git the thing you are looking for.

Don't try to rush matters in trying to enjoy yourself and to git well again. Making a lot of noise and cutting a great figure don't help matters, and they make other folks uncomfortable. I used to know a man in prayer meetin' who would say "amen" and "Glory to God" so often and so loud that he disturbed everybody else present. When he had got about so far. Brother Tames used to go round to his seat and ask him for a dollar for missions—no more "amens." he'd be as mum as could be all the rest of the evening. He was just a shouting to hear himself and have others listen. Be sincere when you say anything, and then you won't be put down so easy. But then, don't overdraw things when you talk, for that brings up comparisons that are sometimes not pleasant, and shows up things in a different light. I heard a young lady evangelist not long ago in Providence, who was a dreadful interesting preacher, but one evening she said that if she had not done just as God wanted her to, she might have been simply the wife of a man in a common sphere, and never risen above it. But when she said that, she couldn't have remembered the young lady who married a common farmer, and settled down in a log cabin on Nolin's Creek in Kentucky, and moving from there farther west, she lived in several other homes, but all of them log cabins, and some of



them had only mother earth for a floor. She had few household effects, but she had the same hope for better things as all girls have, but she never realized them. She was a Christian girl, and the mother of a son and daughter. When the son was nine years old she died and went to heaven, and that son when he became President of the United States said, "All that I am, and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

I want to know if that ain't a crown of glory as great as any girl in any sphere can ever hope for? To be honored with a son like Abraham Lincoln, who has written the name of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, on the pages of history so that it can never be erased, is a monument that few women can expect to have. No, it doesn't do to make too lucid comparisons, nor to ignore lowly conditions. Of course the girl didn't mean any harm, for she is one of the best Christian girls I ever heard talk.

### VI



#### THE VACATION

A FTER Toleration finished hayin' one summer, about three years ago, nothin' to do but we must all on us go to the seashore. He hadn't been for a good many years, and so he wanted to go, and we sot to thinkin' where would be the best place, and after a while Jonathan and Harriet persuaded their father to go to Newport down in Rhode Island, where they make such nice johnny-cakes and have such wonderful clam dinners. They were both interested in history and wanted to see that curious old fort, or old mill, or whatever they call that relic of antiquity that nobody knows nothin' about who built it. So I packed a big trunk and we started.

When we got to Providence the man who took us to the boat in his carriage charged fifty cents apiece for goin' about as far as 'tis from our house to the barn lot. I told Toleration then and there, that if we'd got to pay at that rate he might's well make up his mind to sell the farm soon's we got home.

But law, the sail down that great bay of water made me forgit all about the price, everything looked so beautiful. I couldn't help thinkin' about the promised land that Moses was goin' to take the Children of Israel to—don't believe it could a been any pleasanter than the shores of this bay that the Indians used

to live on. I thought how good the Lord is to give us poor unworthy mortals who are given to talk about our neighbors, sech blessings. When I see such sights of nature all about me, the green woods and the grassy fields, and the seabirds aflyin' overhead so graceful, and know that they are the gifts of God, I almost feel ashamed that I've talked so about the Bateses. But they're so stuck up over nothin' 'twould fret Job himself to hear them go on, so I don't believe I shall have anything to answer for.

We kept on sailin' by the islands and lighthouses 'till we come to Newport. Just as we was sailin' into the harbor a lot of boys in white suits were exercisin' on the shore. The captain said they belonged to the trainin' ship. They looked real nice and performed all alike jest like soldiers.

When the boat stopped, Jonathan he wanted to take the car that is run by electricity, and his father fell right in with the notion, and, finally, we all decided to go over in the street car.

Jonathan and Madalene and Dorothy Ann went in bathin' 'long with their father, but mercy, they couldn't git me to go in. Sech suits as some of the girls had on! They'd looked kinder pretty if the patterns hadn't been so scant. If they'd staid in the water 'twouldn't looked so bad, but seemed so they were possessed to keep out of the water so everybody could see them!

I thought to myself if the girls git into that water with sech a suit as that on I'll march them back agin pretty quick. I watched for 'um to come out, and pretty soon they all appeared Toleration comin' first.

It jest about stopped my breath. He'd got one arm





through the sleeve of his bathin' suit' and 'cause 'twan't big enough to let the other arm in without splitting it out in the back, he buttoned it down under the right arm instead of round the neck, and the pants didn't come half way to his knees. If he didn't look like a fright! Made me think of pictures I'd seen of Rip Van Winkle. Jonathan and Madalene and Dorothy Ann looked quite respectable.

I sot out to holler to Toleration, but I was so ashamed I didn't want the people to know I was with him, so I sot still and held my breath 'till he was decently clothed in the water. He seemed to be jest as unconcerned as if he'd had on his Sunday clothes.

After the bathin' we drove up and down the Bellevue Road, and around what they call the Ten Mile Drive, where we could see the ocean and all of the beautiful houses. Of all things alive I never saw such extravagance in my life! If things keep on they'll be worse than they was in Babylon!

Why, there were hundreds of carriages that cost a thousand dollars apiece with two and four horses hitched to them, and then there wouldn't be nobody but a woman and a poodle dog aridin' in more'n half, except the driver and the waiters on the back seat, who wore high hats with old-fashioned back combs stuck on the side, with short sheepskin pants that made 'em look like Continentals. I asked a young man who was standin' near by when we stopped what they wore such clothes for, and he said "that's English, you know!" I told him I didn't know anything about it, but I said to him, and I meant it, that if the American Society was follerin' Old England's customs of barbarity, with their lords and dukes, then that's

all I want to know about them. I hope the Lord will forgive such extravagance, but I don't believe he will.

There were barouches, cabriolets, calashes, coupés, britzkas, chariotees, coaches, Gladstones, stanhopes, dog-carts, jump-seats, landaus and land knows what else, and everybody seemed to try to have a better one than their neighbor's. Think of that great waste of money—how many starvin' children 'twould feed and clothe! 'Tain't no wonder a rich man can't git into Heaven any easier than a camel can crawl through the eve of a needle.

I don't blame Solomon for sayin' "all is vanity," if the rich folks of his city squandered their money in fine carriages and horses that they didn't need. But as Toleration said, it makes work for somebody, and keeps money circulatin', and, perhaps, it's all right after all, for the average rich man is so prodigious stingy that if he couldn't be persuaded by his proud wife to spend his money in carriages, fine dresses, and so on, most on 'um would bury it up somewhere in the earth like the man in the Bible with the one talent, so I guess it's better as it is.

I couldn't help noticin' what a lot of horses had their tails cut off short, so that some of them stuck right up straight as they went drivin' along Bellevue Avenue. I suppose that was because the cords had been cut so near the backbones of the poor animals they had lost all power of keeping their tails down where they were designed to be by nature.

Strange to me what tastes the rich women of America are developing in allowing their horses' tails to be chopped off in such a manner. I can't bring myself to believe it's the women's notion. I think it must



be the men's idea, for they're coarser in their makeup. To say nothing about the awful cruelty of the thing, there ain't a woman anywhere but can see that it's enough sight more refined and modest to ride behind a pair of horses that haven't been deprived of nature's clothes.

After we'd spent three days or so in Newport, nothing to do but we must go to Block Island. so as to "git a taste of the ocean," as Toleration said, so the next morning we took the steamer "New Shoreham," which is owned by the Islanders themselves, and sailed out by old Fort Adams where the United States Government is building some new forts, and along down in front of the grand array of hotels at Narragansett Pier, by "Wennanatoke Point" as the Indians called it, but now commonly known as Point Judith, one of the most dangerous places for sailing craft along the coast. We were now on our way to Manisses, the "Island of Little God," as the Indians were wont to call it, but now known as plain Block Island, one of the coolest spots to be found in summer along the Atlantic coast, from Hudson's Bay to the Chesapeake, so folks sav.

The boat pointed its nose directly towards the island, which is some ten or twelve miles away, the outline of which we could just discern. The captain told us that this stretch of water is where great yacht races are held, because the wind is most generally good at all times. We could see dolphins sporting in the water here, for all the world as if they were playing tag together. Some of the passengers git sick going over, particularly if they stay down in the cabin where it is close. When they get real seasick they always



puke up their breakfast, and if their supper hasn't digested that generally comes along, too. It's a dreadful feeling; I can't understand it; but the motion of going over those beautiful billows seems to take all of the poetry out of your nature along with everything else. You lay down on a seat, or on the floor,—anywhere, so long as you can lay down, but still you grow sicker and sicker, and begin to develop a sort of admiration for the capacity of your stomach, you've thrown up so much.

Well, somehow, I didn't git sick this time, although I've been through the experiences to my sorrow in days gone by. But Toleration he had an experience that I guess he'll never forgit.

We'd just got past the Point, and all of a sudden he began to look pale, and stopped talkin'! Pretty soon he went and looked over the side of the boat and puked like everything.

"Shan't I hold your head Toleration?" says I, as I stepped up to him.

"All I ask of you is to hold your tongue!" says he, and then he puked some more.

He was kinder wrought up, I could see, for he'd been a boasting how he wasn't ever seasick and wasn't goin' to be.

Finally, he kept on a vomitin' so much he got so sick he couldn't stand up and a deck hand brought him a pail, and he began to try and fill it up.

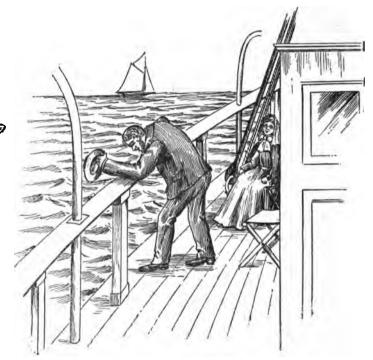
When we got about half way over to the island, he began to feel well enough to look around and recognize folks, and when he turned to me he says:

"You can laugh if you want to, but you may laugh



out of the other corner of your mouth before you get back."

"Why," says I, "I'm not laughing, I haven't thought of such a thing."



"Toleration was Dreadful Seasick."

"Well," says he, "you're a wearin' a kind of satisfied look that's just as bad, if not worse."

While I couldn't help pitying him, I must say it was amusin' to see him struggling over that pail so interested like.

Jonathan wasn't sick. That is he wasn't seasick,

but he was introduced to a Miss Putnam who was on the boat, from North Carolina, and I declare I don't know but what he got so smitten with her he developed a kind of sickness that ain't half so easy to git rid of. You can cure seasickness easy enough, but when you git love-sick you generally have to call a doctor before you get any better. Patent medicines won't do any good, and the old school-physician don't amount to much. It's got to be a doctor of divinity or a justice of the peace to make a real permanent cure.

She was a real bright girl. Descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam, who used to live over at Brooklyn, and was one of the leading citizens of the town. The wolf den where he went in and pulled out the wolf remains just as it was when he was alive, and hundreds of people go there every year to see it, and it's wuth seeing, too. 'Tain't only a five mile drive from our farm.

The girl's first name is Marion. Her mother was along with her. One of those real old-fashioned goodhearted New England women, although she had lived long enough in the city of Charlotte to give her the genuine air of a Southerner. We had a real pleasant talk together going over the rest of the way, for she was acquainted with lots of Connecticut folks that I knew. Said as how she was going to visit the wolf den so that her daughter could see the historical spot and other places of interest, and, of course, I invited them over to our place when they should make up their minds to come, and they accepted my invitation. That was three years ago.

Jonathan, when he found out I'd invited them to visit us, was pleased enough I can tell you, and the



girls were as delighted as he was for they had got real well acquainted with Marion and liked her ever so much.

The island is about four miles wide, and nine miles long, and seemed as we entered the harbor, to be somewhat barren. That isn't so. There are not many trees but the land is fertile, and the farmers are prosperous accordingly, keeping lots of cows, sheep, and so on. When Toleration took us all out to ride over the island, nothing to do but he must stop at one of the farmhouses the first thing, and inquire about the cattle. The farmer he came as far as the gate, and among other things Toleration says:

"I see you have a good many cattle for so small an island. How do you ever find water enough for them to drink?"

"Oh," says the farmer, "we have plenty of fresh water. Why, there are over two hundred little fresh water ponds and lakes on the island, nearly all of which are filled with water lilies."

"Well," says Toleration, "that's lucky, for if nature hadn't made such a provision, you'd be like the man on shipboard when they had run out of drinking water: 'Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.' If it wasn't for these ponds I guess you'd be better off in New York City, so far as your cattle are concerned, wouldn't you?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "I can't exactly see how that could be."

Then Toleration wore a kind of satisfied, wise expression, and said, "Of course you've heard about Wall Street being the greatest place in the world for watering stock?" Then they both laughed like school-



boys, and the farmer asked Toleration to come in and have some cider, after they'd both agreed that where there is so much stock there must be slaughter houses, for they'd both heard of the lambs that are driven to slaughter every year on Wall Street. Then they both laughed agin, but Toleration didn't drink any cider. I suppose it was because his family was along, and he wanted to set a good example. Although he's a temperate man, I've a notion he's dreadful fond of good cider, so if we hadn't been along things might have been different, for I noticed he said, "I guess I won't take any to-day," which, being interpreted, probably meant that he would be mighty glad to some other day when he was alone!

I do like truthfulness. The old saying, you know, is "Truth will bear its own weight anywhere." But the fact is, truth not only has to bear its own weight, but generally the weight of a lie at the same time. And it never breaks down under it, nuther. There ain't but one thing that's worse than a lie and that's an insinuation. You can generally nail a lie and a liar, but an insinuation gits all over a neighborhood before you realize it, and nobody knows from whence it came, and so it goes on doing somebody harm, because the public don't know but that there may be a shade of truth in the story, and so you see it's a greater boon companion of the devil than ever a lie ever thought of being.

There are two good harbors here at Block Island. The old one being protected by a Government breakwater, and the new one is almost entirely landlocked, making it a haven of safety for the numerous cruising vessels that sail along our coast.



Fishing is the principal year round industry. But summer boarders are with a good deal more to the people here about three months during the summer.

The inner basin of the old harbor is nearly filled with fishing boats, and parties are taken out daily to fish for swordfish, bluefish, cod and mackerel. Some of the swordfish will weigh over five hundred pounds, and it's a wonderful sight to see them caught.



### VII

# POLITICAL HUMBUGS AND JONATHAN'S COURTSHIP

SUPPOSE there's more sham in politics," says Toleration the other evening after he'd come in from doing the chores, "than there is in most anything else on top of the earth, under the earth, or above the earth."

"Well," says I, "I'm pretty sure there's more meanness and lying hitched up to it than to most anything else, judging from the way the newspapers berated Thomas Harris when he was a running on the Republican ticket for the Legislature."

"That's just what I was thinking of," says he. "Before election he was held up by the Democratic papers of the district as the meanest, stingiest, ugliest being in the town of Canterbury when everybody knows he's one of the best of men. But now that he's got elected they turn around and call him a likely kind of a man, and that he always has been."

"Yes," says I, "it seems to be a foregone conclusion that politicians can lie about the best man that ever lived when he's up for office, and then after he's elected or defeated they fix up a kind of sop that heals the wound that they have opened, so that they become reinstated as it were in the social circles that gossip and newspaper talk have endeavored to drag him out



of. But thank goodness the times are improving a little, for while they talk bad enough they don't git so drunk as they used to, and it doesn't devolve upon the candidate to invite all of his supposed supporters into the nearest barroom and there get them into a state where they'll take off their hats and swing them around their heads in a drunken frenzy a shoutin' for their man."



"For years." says Toleration. "the Red Cross Tayern never could have maintained an existence if it hadn't been for the votin' whiskey that was sold there before and after elections in the years gone by. But things are different now, as you say. The candidates are more respectable, and they won't pay for the whiskey. Result is, the old tavern has pretty nigh had to quit business. They keep out the sign, and care for the few travelers that come this way, but drunkenness has been reduced to a minimum, and liquor has lost its hold on the community so that the bar has long since been closed up. And now if a man wants to get drunk he's got to buy his rum pretty much all out of town, and then do his drinking at home, or lean over the bar of some dealer in the licensed places where the stuff is wanted; or perhaps where it isn't wanted, but where it is allowed to be sold."

"Well," says I, "that's so, and it's a credit to the town." I must say that I was surprised to hear him go on so sensible like, for usually he has some excuse for the shortcomings of men who have anything to do with politics. So I didn't say much only to affirm all of the good things that he was saying. If a man gets a streak of good sense now and then it's a good idea

to encourage him so that he'll say enough for you to refer to some time in the future when you want to remind him of the position that he stands in. Men are so apt to forgit, they need to be reminded where they are at times so that if anything important comes up they won't shirk their duty. But he went on to say:

"It's the history of the world, Malinda, whenever politics come into the argument. It made all of the trouble for Cicero and Julius Cæsar, and the rivers of blood that flowed during the French Revolution were pretty much all created I calkerlate by the political humbugs of those days more than a hundred years ago. If the members of the royal families had had a little more sense for a few centuries before so that the rank and file of the people could have lived without being burdened by so much extravagance, their heads would never have been chopped off in such a wholesale manner as they were. Political frenzy did it, and they thought they were doing the best thing they could for the relieving of the people of the burdens that had been heaped upon them."

"Yes," says I, "and see how many innocent, noble men and women were killed by the dreadful folly of those times. What humbuggery! What humbuggery! Think of it! More than sixty thousand innocent persons put to death because the political party in power recognized by their blind vision that it would not do to let anybody live who in any way stood opposed to their ideas. What a horrible, shocking, hideous record for a nation to be compelled to look at as long as it is in existence! How I pity the coming generations of France. If it was in America I should feel



like mourning my life away. And as it is I have days of sadness, when I think of it, that shuts out the sunshine of happiness, and a gloom comes over me so powerful that it requires all of my Christian fortitude to rally from it. I suppose it's because my antecedents were French, for we descended from a brother of Peter Waldo of Lyons, and how do I know but what some distant relatives of mine were among those martyrs? Sometimes I have the opposite impulse, and I feel that I'd like to put a dynamite cartridge under the political follies of these days and blow them sky high! And then I begin to realize that it was just that kind of sentiment carried into effect, that caused the Reign of Terror, and then I realize how weak we mortals are, and, turning to my Maker, I ask forgiveness."



"Well, Malinda," says Toleration, "we've got some things right here at home that we need to ask forgiveness for that politics are to blame for. I contend that if politics had minded its own business we'd never had the War of the Rebellion, which divided this great people."

"That wasn't wholly politics, Toleration," says I, "for the slavery questions came into that as the principal factor."

"I've always said that politics was at the bottom of it all, niggers or no niggers," said he. "If the political parties had done their honest duty from the start, the war would never have been developed, and the freedom of the blacks would have come about the same as it came about in New England by a gradual process. I ain't finding any fault with the results of the war in that line, but what hurts a man is to think

of how much blood had to be shed to bring it about. I tell you, politics have been as much of a humbug here in America in a way as they were in France or anywhere else. And then see the feeling that it left that it will take years to kill out between the North and South?"

When he spoke of the feeling between the North and the South, I felt it my duty to remind him that he hadn't noticed the signs of the times or he would never have said what he did about that. Savs I. "You can't appreciate Marion Putnam's 'Dual Goddess' that she's just painted, very much if you talk that way, and she's a Southern girl and you a Northern Yankee. It should rest with you to first acknowledge there isn't any feelin' existin' between the people of this section and the Southern States. You ought to be ashamed of such talk! Why, you couldn't find where the Mason and Dixon line is to-day any more than you can the war comet that appeared in the sky before the war broke out. Don't for goodness sake ever say anythink more about such feeling, for their ain't any such thing left since the Southern boys and the Northern boys fought shoulder to shoulder in the war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba and the advancement of civilization. I tell ye there ain't any such thing left!"

"Well," says he, "that picture of Marion's is certainly the most sentimental combination in that line that I have ever seen, and I hope it is true that it does really represent the existing feeling in the hearts of all Americans to-day. But you know the feeling in the hearts of the members of the old generations who



witnessed those times following sixty-one die hard. You know that."

"Well," says I, "if that is so, and it dies so hard that they can't let it give up the ghost, the quicker the members of the old generations are dead themselves the better!"

Upon that he seemed to think he's had about all he wanted to say, for he turned over the log in the fire-place, which sent a great shower of sparks up the chimney, and then put on his specs and picked up the Windham County Transcript, to read the news.

I must tell you about the wonderful picture that Marion Putnam made and presented to Jonathan after his last trip to Charlotte in North Carolina, which she named the "Dual Goddess": "Dixie and Yankee Doodle."

After our summer vacation in Newport and Block Island when we met the Putnams and got acquainted with them, as they had accepted our invitation for them to visit us in Canterbury before their return, we made full preparations to entertain them, and, of course, Jonathan he was as happy as the girls were to have them come, and did all in his power to have the horses unusually well groomed and the carriages all cleaned up ready for service, for we intended they should see the country round about and have a good time.

Well, they came the sixth of October, and remained two weeks, and they said they were charmed with the hill scenery of Connecticut, more especially I suppose because it was the land where their ancestors lived and died, although their branch of the Putnam family as descended from General Putnam had lived in North





MARION AND JONATHAN ON THE CANTERBURY TURNPIKE.

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Carolina for more than three generations, and, consequently, they were thoroughly imbued with the sentiments of the South.

Jonathan would hitch up the gray horses every pleasant day, and take them to drive along with Harriet and the other girls, and one long drive was made to the wolf den where Marion's paternal ancestor crawled in when he was a young man and shot the wolf that had destroyed so many sheep in different parts of Pomfret. This was the most interesting drive of all the trips that were taken, because of its historical significance.

Marion was a practicin' paintin' most every day, making sketches of the various beauty spots as she called them. The "Old Fordway," where we had to drive the cattle to pasture through the brook was especially interesting to her, and the "Shepard Lot," with its great trees was another, and the orchard and many more places about the farm together with Morse's old grist mill she said would make the finest of subjects. But she was continually telling us about another line of work that had a sentiment to it which she would explain to us when it was finished. While she enjoyed the landscape, she said there was no opportunity for the strength of sentiment as was wrapped up in the figures that she was working out for her "Dual Goddess."

That was the fall of 1899, the year after the war with Spain was begun and ended, when the political humbugs swarmed about the ears of our beloved President with more advice than was necessary to ruin a dozen nations if it had all been followed. But it wasn't followed, although some of the politicians got





red in the face and dreadful mad because they couldn't have their own way. President McKinley had a plan of his own, founded on the principles of right and justice which were carried out on lines as laid down by himself which he thought would be for the best good of the country. The result proved that his plan was the highest type of wisdom, and after peace was declared, then the political insects began to buzz 'round agin and try to make some folks think they'd had a tremendous lot to do about the successful outcome of the war themselves. Something like the "Copperheads" after the Rebellion was over. They wanted then to be considered good citizens who had tried to help President Lincoln all that they could during the entire war. They themselves and everybody else knew that they were lying, but for the sake of what they considered self-preservation they tried to crawl out of the hole they'd got into, but in doing so they left remnants enough of their clothing to show where they'd been.

Well, after the Putnams had spent two weeks in seeing the different places of the county, they departed for home, Jonathan driving them over to Danielson where they took the boat train for New York, and from there they went by rail to Charlotte, their home in North Carolina, which is about a hundred miles from Asheville, the noted summer resort way up among the mountains of the Blue Ridge range, where in years gone by the "moonshiners" used to make corn whiskey without paying the government any license. And they were quite successful in evading the revenue officers for years, because the natural fastnesses among those rugged hills were very difficult of approach.

But after a time they were so closely pursued by the Government the practice was pretty much abandoned, until now we seldom hear of an illicit still anywhere in the country.

Jonathan soon became unusually interested in the Southern States. Strange how quickly a young lady can turn the ambition of a young man into new channels. I suppose if I was only a story writer I could git up a dreadful good love story about my own son and his sweetheart from what developed by their meeting each other on the boat going from Newport to Block Island. It must have been what they call love at first sight. The postmaster says there has been more mail matter pass through Canterbury post office from the South than there has even been before. Well, they have kept up a regular correspondence enough to prove that there must be a sincerity in their acquaintance more than ordinary.

I'll say this much for Marion, there wasn't any breaking off of a previous engagement on her part from somebody she didn't want, which is generally the case in story books, and so for that reason she would probably not be considered as having dabbled in the folly of this world enough to make a good subject for a story. Well, 'tisn't necessary that she should. She's a good sensible daughter of the South, and I guess when Jonathan mustered up enough courage a year later to ask her to be his wife, she was probably ready to admit that there was nothing to prevent such a union when they should arrive at a proper age, for they both had the idea that they should pass beyond the age when the fostering care of their parents would not be necessary by law, Jonathan



having just reached his twentieth birthday and she a year younger.

Well the next summer Marion came to visit us again along with two young ladies by the name of Edwards, neighbors of her's whose brothers had come to New England a few years before, and one of them had married one of the brightest girls of Putnam, which is a small city named in honor of General Putnam, about fifteen miles from our house. The girls divided their time between Putnam and Canterbury, and if ever a trio of young ladies had a good time they did while they staid here in New England. They were out horseback ridin' about everyday, and some days Jonathan and Marion would take a spin down the Canterbury turnpike alone. For the Edwards girls would say, "there's no chance for sentiment when there's too many along," and so they insisted that Marion should enjoy the company of Jonathan without interruption on some occasions, and they and Harriet and the other girls would take afternoon drives in the family carriage.

. This time Marion had finished her picture of the Dual Goddess "Dixie and Yankee Doodle," as she called it. She explained that the recent war with Spain she had noticed had destroyed in her opinion every spark of feeling that remained between the North and the South as a result of the Rebellion, because the young men of the Southern States and the young men of the North had fought in the same brigades on the island of Cuba and on the war ships, winning victories together, thereby welding the ties of brotherly love so perfectly there can be no more feeling in the future which the old score can be said to



be responsible for. In explaining her picture she said:

"I wanted to make a picture that should be something enduring; a monument as you might say to mark the year in which the transformation took place, which is sure to be permanent. And so I want to introduce you all to my effort in that line." Here she brought out a large framed picture and presented it to Jonathan as a gift, and as a token of her regard for the people of the North that she had met.

"These figures in the centre of the picture," says she, "represent the North and the South as you can readily understand. The one upon the left the Yankee girl with her arm across the shoulder of the Southern girl, the latter wearing an expression of thoughtfulness as though she were thinking of years gone by with a feeling of sadness, and yet with a buoyant expression because of the final happy outcome that forty years have developed, and she places her arm lovingly around the waist of her Northern sister, whose face is radiant with pleasure as she looks upon the Southern girl as if she would cherish her forever. The folds of Old Glory are entwined about them in the background, and over the anchor, as symbols of hope and peace, unity and fidelity forevermore. The little suggestions of the army and navy above the heads of the central figures are for the purpose of commemorating the event, and to mark the instruments that welded together the ties of friendship, so that now 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle' will blend together in one song in perfect harmony. And, therefore, I have named the Dual Goddess 'Dixie and Yankee Doodle.' The Southern girl representing 'Dixie' and the Northern



girl representing 'Yankee Doodle.' Is the sentiment good, or is it bad?"

Toleration couldn't say a word, but he started out into the kitchen, and I could see him pulling out his handkerchief and pretending he was goin' to blow his nose. He ain't given to tears very much, but somehow the thought of a young girl from North Carolina a paintin' a picture like that was little more then he could stand, for he told me so afterwards. Well, it took him several minutes before he could come back and tell her that if that sentiment wasn't good there wasn't any such thing as good sentiment.

In the meantime the girls all flocked around her as if they'd eat her up, and after they'd got through I went up to her and says, "Marion!" and putting my arms around her I couldn't say any more but just hugged her and cried, and cried, that's all, for my heart was too full. Of course, Jonathan was delighted beyond expression, and had the picture hung up in the parlor where all visitors could see it, and the neighbors for miles around have been to our house to see the painting done by a Southern girl that represents that there is no North nor South, East or West so far as patriotic sentiment goes, and everybody was wonderfully well pleased with it.

As Marion says, "So far as our country is concerned to-day, if it were not for commercial convenience, it might just as well all be the State of Connecticut or the State of North Carolina. Its constitution would be just as well defended by one as the other. The same spirit of patriotism and love of country prevails in Louisiana as in Michigan, Maine or California. There are no dividing lines now."



MARION PUTNAM'S DUAL GODDESS, "DIXIE AND YANKEE DOODLE."

A Southern Girl's Conception of a United Country.



You might say she is an exception, because, being a descendant of General Putnam she feels a tingling of patriotic pride because of so honorable a descent, and, therefore, has advocated the ideas that she has. And further you may think she was a girl of Northern sentiment because her parents more than likely were, notwithstanding they lived among the mountains of North Carolina during the war. But that is not so. Her father enlisted in the Southern army and fought under Gen. Stonewall Tackson until that general was killed, and then he was with General Lee and others during the rest of the struggle. So you see she was educated and thoroughly imbued with the sentiments of the true Southerner. When Parson Holden came to see the picture he says, "Mrs. Wilberforce, I don't believe you have many misgivings about the possibilities of your son bringing another daughter into the family. Such unions will certainly not leave any avenues for discord. A grand picture, expressing a grander sentiment!"



Well, he told the truth. They intend to be married in a year come January, and when they are I shall be proud enough of our Southern connections, for there's nothing to be ashamed of.

I've tried to print the picture in this book in a small way, and I think it will do very well for displaying the general characteristics of the painting, although you will have to imagine the colors of Old Glory and the sky tints that she put into the original picture. If you'll call at our house sometime you can see the original paintin'.

There wouldn't be any such thing as a political humbug if the minds and hearts of all Americans were

bent upon rendering good for evil and doing unto others as they would like to be done by. But that's out of the question. A certain lot are born every year with such hoggish natures it almost requires a standing army to keep them within the limits of decency after they are grown up and begin to vote.

I expect Jonathan won't stay in these parts long after this year, for he and his father went down to Asheville last fall to try and buy a lot of land among the mountains there for a cattle range. He's got a dreadful fever for stock raisin', and as somebody was a telling him about the good soil for pasturage along the slopes of the Blue Ridge and Black Mountains, where the winters are mild, nothing to do but he and Toleration must go down and look it over, and so they did.

They would drive out every morning and stay all day, prospectin' here and there, and Toleration says it's the greatest country to travel in that he ever saw. Says that you can never tell how far you've got to go. for if you ask any of the Mountaineers how far it is to such a place they'll always say "it's a right smart distance," and that is as near as you can get at the number of miles you've got to travel. They, finally, found a section that suited them, and they have gone and paid several thousand dollars for seven hundred acres of land which are watered by the French Broad River, some of which extends way up to the tops of the mountains, and they've got a refusal on a thousand more acres of good pasturage land if they want it. Jonathan says he's going to begin business in the spring, so I expect there'll be great carryings on in

the beef raising line for years to come if he's success-



ful, and I do hope to goodness that he will be, so that the Bateses won't have a chance to say, "I told ye so!"

Toleration he kinder likes the place, and I guess if I'd say the word he'd sell out here and go down and live there in North Carolina. But I'm dreadful fond of old associations, and, therefore, we'll stay in old Windham County in the Land of Steady Habits a spell longer, cattle raisin' or no cattle raisin'. Money isn't everything. I'd give more for the real home life that has been built up around this old farm at Waldo Four Corners in Canterbury Centre, during the past six generations, than I would for the "Biltmore" palace that Mr. Vanderbilt has erected down there in Asheville, with all of the broad acres of land laid out in lawns that cost thousands of dollars every year to take care of. But for all that I wouldn't be selfish and discourage Ionathan from going there to try and make a start in life that will be creditable to himself and his family.

New England farms in general can be made as profitable in my opinion as our farm has been, but if Toleration had set 'round the kitchen fire all winter long like lots of other farmers, he never would have been able to have much more than paid the taxes and kept up the old stone walls. He believes in workin' winters as much as he does in the summer time. Cultivating the soil summers, and keeping a hundred cows in winter so that he can keep his hired help busy and have plenty of fertilizer for the spring planting. That's why he can buy land in North Carolina for his son, and pay cash down.



### VIII

### OLD AGE HUMBUGS, AND THE GRANGE

W E had just finished supper, and seated ourselves in front of the fireplace, father and I. while the girls were awashing up the dishes, and Jonathan was at the barn adoin' the chores. I tried to introduce the subject to Toleration of the Grange meetin' that was goin' to be held down at Howard's Valley the next week, when some important matters were to be considered in which he and all of the farmers were specially interested. But somehow he seemed to be in a different turn of mind, and not ready to talk on that line, for he broke right out with something that seemed to have been weighing on his mind about "growing old." And it seemed to be a great relief to unload his mind, so that he might git a little sympathy along his line of thought. But precious little sympathy did he git, for I don't believe in such nonsense. But he kept right on and says, savs he:



"Yes, Mother, we are growing older and older everyday we live, and I begin to feel it as the years go by with my rheumatiz and one thing and another."

Then he went in to say, "Well, we can't be young always. Time comes with everybody when they must give up the frivolity of youth and take on the frost

of the winter of our existence, when things begin to grow faded and dim."

"Yes," says I, "you've lived sixty years of the millions and millions of years that your soul has got to live in, and now you are beginning to complain about old age. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Of course you can't jump the farmyard fence as spry as you used to when you was a boy, but land of goodness I don't see why your soul should git shriveled up and infirm just because there's rheumatiz in your bones. Conscience, just stop and think of it! The idea of a human being's soul getting bald-headed and palsied at sixty. It's nonsense! My notion is that nobody's any right to grow old in the spirit, but to keep foreverlastingly young. Don't our church song book say:

"When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise than
When we fust begun?"

"Well, now, it ain't at all likely that we'll shine very bright in our natures after ten thousand years, if we are agoin' to git so crippled in our make-up at the age of sixty that we want to cheat our children and the young folks out of all the pleasures of life that we've grown out of and don't care anything about any longer. That sort of nature would spile our voices for singing praises long enough before ten thousand years go by. I should say:

"They'd be better tuned to sing harsh tones in criticising rhyme,

Ablaming everybody else for the sins of our time.



"The body will grow infirm, of course, but there ain't any more sense of the soul growing infirm than there is of the stars growing infirm and losing their lustre. Keep as young in your spirit as your children keep young in their bodies and you'll never grumble of the creeping on of old age."

Well, Toleration says that I'm always aheading him off whenever he has anything in his mind that borders on sentiment, and that I'm always trying to make him out a disconsolate mortal without any sunshine in his nature. But there's more truth than poetry in what I told him.

He ain't the worst husband that ever was, but he's dreadfully given to being of a shifting kind of mind; sort of pessimistic when things don't go to suit him in every way. But if there's a dollar in sight he's wonderfully fond of figuring how to get it, which seems to be his besetting sin.

Last week he was reading Swift & Company's annual report, and when he came to the place where they slaughtered almost 30,000 hogs in a single day, Toleration he figured out how the farmers of the United States could control the hog business of the country by subscribing two dollars a piece, buy out the hog departments of all the big slaughter houses of the country, and make millions of dollars. He figured that it was enough sight better than farming, and believed he'd try to start the syndicate.

Then I says to him, "Why under the sun is it that men are foreverlastingly trying to form syndicates to make more money by, but when it comes to church work they haven't got ambition enough to ask for a single donation!" Then I says, "Why don't you men folks try to form a syndicate for the purpose of trying to save men's souls from eternal damnation! Why don't you do that?"

"Well," says Toleration, "I suppose it's because mankind in general think more of a hog than they do of a man's soul!"

If he ever told the truth he told it then.

"Man as a rule," says I, "thinks about as much of human beings as he does of animals, as you say, for I remember how the man down at Naples, in the State of Maine, after he'd found a woman who thought she could endure him for the remainder of her life, after the marriage ceremony had been performed by the Justice of the Peace, he took the Justice one side and said to him, 'I ain't got any money, Squire, but I've got a pig over to the house that I paid four dollars for, and if you'll take that as pay, how much'll you give me ter boot?"

"Well," says Toleration, "that'll do for a yarn."

"There ain't no yarn about it," says I, "for the justice that married them told me about it himself."

"Wanted to say something probably," says he.

"Yes, and I think he did," says I, "and he said something that was awful close to the truth, and fits most men in one way or another. It goes to show that some men value their wives less than they do a fattin' hog, or else they wouldn't ask for somethin' ter boot."

Just then the door opened, and Jasper Corning, Abner Chesley and the Dunhams came in to talk over the Grange question along with Toleration. I saw then there was a chance to have the subject brought up so that he'd have to be interested, and lose sight



of his "old age" notion for a spell at least. Mr. Chesley he begun the subject by saying, "Well, Mr. Wilberforce, the Grange meetin' next week is going to bring out some pretty good arguments on the Administration I calculate from what I hear."

"Yes," says Toleration, "so I am told. But the introducin' of politics into farmers organizations ain't what it ought to be. We ought to stick to agricultural pursuits and leave politics to political parties."

"Yes, I know," says Abner, "that's true enough as a rule, but when the result of a political movement puts down the price of our farm products, and raises the price of the cloth that we must wear on our backs, and sugar and flour that we must eat, that's different, ain't it?"

"Well, if that's true," says Toleration, "may be it ought to be allowed. But how do we know that that condition prevails?"

Then Jasper Corning he broke in and says, says he, "It's easy enough to prove that. Look at the price of groceries. Gone way up, and the tariff is to blame for it. The whole thing is the outcome of the Mc-Kinley Bill notions and something ought to be done through the Grange to help place Windham County on record agin such things."

Well, they talked for more'n half an hour, and got well warmed up on the subject, Toleration agittin' more and more interested. I sot there with my knittin' work, and I guess I wouldn't have said anything if Toleration hadn't acted as if he was haltin' between two opinions. Then I thought it was time for me to speak up, and so I did.

All I've heard for months is "tariff, tariff, tariff!"



wherever I've been. The minister he has preached on it, the papers are filled with it, and the neighborhood folks are neglectin' their farm work just to talk about it, and Toleration has said so much about it that I've looked into the matter myself. I think Mr. Mc-Kinley helped to git up a bill for this government that was wuth more'n all the Democrats have done for half a century.

I begun in a mild kind of a way when I broke in upon their talk, and says, says I, "Jasper, you know jest about as much about Mr. McKinley's bill as you do about a dollar bill, and you know you've had so precious few of them that you couldn't tell whether the picture on it is Martha Washington's or Hannah Cook's!"

And then I showed them some city papers that said there wasn't a cent of tax on the groceries they were talkin' about.

"That doesn't make any difference," says Jasper, "we know what we know, and there can't nobody cheat us out of it. Free trade's the only thing for this country."

"Jasper," says I, "your wife ought to take you in hand and give you some good advice. That's what you need."

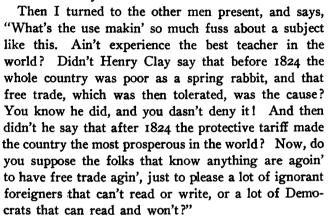
"Oh, Mrs. Wilberforce, you've no idea," says he, "she gives me barrels of advice. Barrels and barrels of it."

"Well, then," says I, "if what she says doesn't do you any good, she'd better turn you over to somebody else who can teach you something that will, for your kind of talk is an injury to the community."

Then he scratched his head and said, "I think I've

got an idea or two that'll count for something at the Grange meetin' next week if you don't think they carry much weight here to-night."

"If you keep on with such arguments," says I, "folks'll think you are demented."



Then Charles Dunham spoke up as a sort of sop to Toleration's feelings and says, "Mrs. Wilberforce means well, but, of course, being a woman, she doesn't understand all of the ins and outs of politics as we men folks do. But if she'll only come down to the Grange next week, she'll most likely hear some valuable ideas that will help her."

"Well," says I, "maybe the women folks don't understand about the 'ins' but they're pretty well posted on the 'outs,' for up to this time there hasn't been much else among the New England farmers but outgoes and no incomes, and now that the farmers' wives have got a chance to git an extra gingham dress they'd pretty much all like to see their husbands use a little good sense and let well enough alone."



He hitched a little under this remark, for he knew I meant Mrs. Dunham more than anybody else, and, finally after turning a little red in the face after the others had sot to grinnin', he said, "Well, I'm not goin' to argue with a woman. But come down to the Grange, Mrs. Wilberforce, and there you can hear both sides of the question."

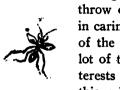
After they went home I told Toleration that I thought he had an excellent opportunity to do the town some good by appearin' at that Grange meetin' and aheading off any nonsensical resolutions that they might try to introduce. But he wouldn't say much about it, although I had an idea he intended to be prepared to say something.

Well, when the Grange meetin' night came around, pretty much all of the members were present, and after the business matters were finished the men folks sot to talkin' about politics, and findin' fault with the present conditions of things. After a time they called on Toleration to say something.

I'm glad enough that I went to the meetin'. I never heard Toleration talk so well before in my life. He was real common sense like and stood up for everything that had the best of principles. When he got through I felt as if I'd like to hug him. As a rule he generally has to say something that's good and then go to work and apologize because he's afraid somebody's feeling will be hurt; but this time he didn't, and I was glad. I've got some hopes for him now.

"I'm mighty glad," says he, "to see by the report that our organization is so prosperous, and I hope it will continue right along with the general prosperity of the country, for the farmers are entitled to their





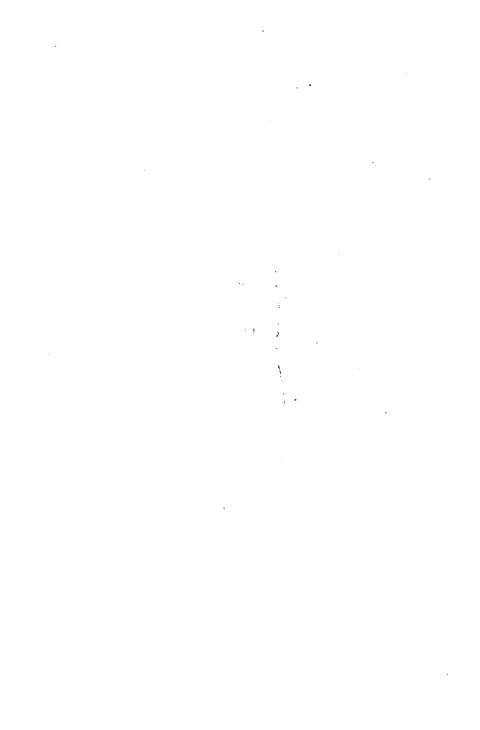
share of the good times. I see that there are a few conflicting opinions about the Administration, and finding fault with the 'Imperialists,' and trying to throw off the responsibility resting on us as a nation in caring for, educating and Christianizing the natives of the islands that have come into our hands; and a lot of them standing ready to desert the very best interests of our country. While they have been doing this, what was President McKinley adoin'? and what is President Roosevelt adoin' to-day? Is he a skulkin' and hiding'? Not a minute!

"When the talk first begun Mr. McKinley jest reached up and took down the old saw-buck, greased up the family saw, filed her teeth with his own hands so she'd cut keen, and ever since he's been a sawin' wood; and there wasn't any let up to it nuther, until he was killed by an assassin. He sawed jest enough pine and chestnut to make kindlings with, and then he lit into the oak, maple and birch, and about every other kind of wood that was sound, until now there's a pile in front of the old Yankee wood-shed so big that you can't git it under cover. The best that was ever grown in the best American forests, from timber that was cut in almost every State in the Union, from the spruce and hemlock of Maine and New Hampshire to the pines of Oregon.

"I tell ye, gentlemen, it's mighty interestin' to look at. Why, there's wood enough to keep the old Republican cook stove agoin' night and day for the next four years, and some to spare, without cuttin' another stick. They say the old range is 'black,' but every housewife in the country will tell you that that's the proper color, so you can shout 'black Republican' all you want to.



TOLERATION BEFORE THE GRANGE.



She's the best baker that was ever molded or ever had a fire put into her, and she's agoin' to turn out some of the best bread, and some of the biggest loaves that have ever been heard of since Pompeii, with her big ovens, was buried out of sight hundreds of years ago, by the lava from Mt. Vesuvius.

"Who's agoin' to be the cook? Why, Theodore of course. He's goin' to be the head Chef, and there ain't goin' to be no foreign title hitched on to his name nuther; and the bill of fare is goin' to be spelled in plain English, so you'll know what you're agittin'. The bread is goin' to be made of whole wheat, the best that can be raised in Minnesota, and the dough is goin' to be put together by Theodore himself. He's mighty perticular about the kind of bread his boys and girls have to eat, so there ain't agoin' to be no half dozen spoons in the bowl at the same time while he's adoin' the mixin'.

"You see he's studied into the chemical properties so much he knows jest the right proportions of cream of tartar and saleratus to put in to make good biscuits and good rolls, and knows all of the partisan adulterations so well they can't git any of their stuff into his dough, not while his eyes are open. So ladies and gentlemen, you needn't worry about what you're to be fed on for the next four years or so.

"You can count upon it, there ain't agoin' to be a mother in all America that will want for the kind of food that will nourish the child that is in her arms that God has given her, and there ain't goin' to be a red-haired urchin, nor a dirty faced bootblack but that will have all the tarts that he can eat, and a jar of jam all his own, so that he can run his fingers in



and lick them off as often as he chooses, and nobody to tell him that 'that jam was saved for company!' and then given a round spanking.

"No, sir. We've got a man that understands his business, and he ain't agoin' to back down and desert his administration family, nor any of their relations, not if every gol darn foreigner and disgruntled native in the country hollers back and pokes fun at him.

"Every laboring man, and every man that is out of a job but who honestly wants to work, Theodore is agoin' to see that they're fed on the fat of the land jest the same as *company* always should be. There ain't anybody goin' to be hungry as long as he's the boss cook.

"Now, you farmers haven't got you eyes half open if you can't see that you'll have to plant an extra acre or two to meet the demand that such a thrifty old-fashioned cook is bound to create. Corn's bound to be wuth more, wheat will be wuth more, vegetables will fetch a bigger price, and labor will be so much better paid the masses can stand the advance in prices. If your sheep could raise a second crop of wool in a year the chances will be good for selling every ounce of it at a good figure, because the people will have the money to buy good woolen clothes with, and your hog crop will be in equally good demand. There's no use in denying these facts.

"You can shout about your Bryans all you want to, and I'll shout with ye, for I believe he's one of the cleanest, best men I know of, but I don't believe we want to put him in boss cook, for he don't know enough about the chemical properties that brings out real good pastry, such as the epicurean tastes of the



American people are a calling for; and, being a novice at the business it would be natural for him to turn the culinary department over to some of his pupils, and, of course, they'd be true to his instructions and insist on putting in everything in the proportion of '16 to I,' and every woman in America knows that that ratio would spile everything from a loaf of cake to a pan of biscuit, and that would never do.

"Now, gentlemen, in closing my remarks, I want to say: Vote your convictions every time, but in my opinion, if you are on the right track, and know when you are well off, and that which is best for yourself and your country,—everyone of you farmers will go to the polls and vote for the man that understands the chemical properties and knows how to run the fires so that things won't spile."

After this there didn't seem to anybody want to talk on the subject.

Then the members discussed Jasper's Corning's proposition that "the Grange look into the advisability of heading off the hundred and one patent cereals that are being sold at the grocery stores, by getting up a new kind that I've got under way that will be an embodiment of all the principal grains by starting up Morse's grist mill and grinding up and mixing together corn, oats, wheat, and barley, and calling it the 'Great Wheat-Eared Barley-Corn Compound.' The most scientific discovery of the age, combining all of the food elements of the choicest grains in one Self-rising, appetizing, surprising, and package. minimizing the cost so that everybody can afford to buy it who is hungry and got time enough to eat. Greatest health food that was ever put together, be-





cause it has got all of the blood-making stuff in it that grows, and is put up by a lot of farmers who are honest and disposed to give you all you pay for. Cures indigestion, destroys nausea, and is death to germs. A germ can't live in it after it's cooked any more'n a hen can live under water. A brain food, nerve food, and helps the liver and kidnevs to be active and up and dewing, and helps rheumatism, gout and other things too numerous to mention. In short, it's the great panacea for all ills and other ailments that man is glad to be heir to, and never inherit, and I want you all to know that it ain't one of them goshdarned pre-digested git-ups that's spiled before it's cooked!

"I want the members of the Grange to know," says Jasper, "that I've been more'n six months agittin' this 'Barley-Corn' compound together so 'twould have the right flavor and at the same time retain all of the chemical properties, so that the folks that eat it will git all of the underlations of oxergin and hydergin. thereby fillin' their veins full of good red blood, and makin' them healthy as rabbits. I've got everything all fixed now to my satisfaction, and when it's put on the market in them red packages that I've got made up, I calkerlate they'll sell like hot cakes at ten cents a package. Now, all I want of the Grange is to endorse the thing and I'll go ahead and do the business, and win a name for Canterbury that she won't be ashamed of."

Then Caleb Carlton he got up and says: "Mr. Chairman, I can say for one that Mr. Corning has got up a food product that is bound to cut a swarth in the market when he gets it to going. I took home a sample of the stuff and had Mrs. Carlton cook some of it up for my supper about a week ago, and I must say that I never tasted anything like it before in all my life, and hope I never shall again! I've no doubt that it's got all of the chemical properties, and that there's oxygen and hydrogen enough in it, and that all of the grains on the list are represented in good proportions, but notwithstanding that I recommend that this body vote, if it votes at all, that Mr. Corning's 'Barley-Corn' would make the best chicken food that there is going!"



Upon that Tasper he got up, red in the face, and said "Cale Carlton knows jest about as much about food products as he does about mathematics, and everybody knows that he can't square the root of any given number any more'n he can square his store account. He talks about my great discovery being fit for hens to eat, as if he'd been in the habit of livin' so high there wasn't anything good enough for him. I'll bet a dollar my 'Barley-Corn' bread that Mrs. Carlton made for his supper that night was the first cereal bread of any kind that he'd had for a month. Two to one he came here to-night without any supper, and is just now trying to put on airs and make folks think he can afford ten cents a pound for chicken food without making him feel it a mite. Well, all I've got to say is, if he feeds his hens on the meal out of them red packages, they'll git enough sight better fare than he's been in the habit of having himself since he came into the world. I don't know what business 'tis to him, anyway. I guess the folks down at the Food Fair know about as much about what good stuff to eat is as he does! They agreed in committee that it

was the fittest kind of food, and that everybody ought to have it, and if the Windham County Grange don't want to endorse it, all I've got to say is—lay it on the table. But keep your philosophers' mouths closed so they won't comment about it."

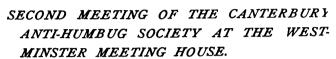
They had a real heated discussion about the Barley-Corn compound, but they finally decided to refer the matter to a committee to report at the next meeting. Mr. Carlton laughed in his sleeve after they'd got into so much argument. He's never satisfied unless he can git Jasper stirred up to a point where he's willin' to almost fight.

The meetin' was then adjourned to consider at their next gathering the subject of Cattle Raisin' on New England farms, and why beef cannot be produced here as well as on the plains of the West.



#### IX

#### HUMBUGS OF HYPNOTISM.





THE whole town had been fooled with circulars and booklets printed on all colors of paper, advising everybody to learn the "Science of Hypnotism." They said that anybody could learn, that the faculty was inherent in us all, and that with this power at one's command you can perform greater wonders than the oriental magicians of olden times! Parents can restrain their wayward children; husbands can control their wives and wives can control their husbands. Why, I do believe they'd claim that Jesus Christ performed his miracles by the power of hypnotism if they were not afraid of public sentiment putting it down as sacrilege.

They have the audacity in these circulars to claim that Mohammed, Napoleon Bonaparte, Peter the Great, Talleyrand, and Bismark, and I suppose by that that they mean most everybody that has ever succeeded, used hypnotism to succeed by, and if it hadn't been for that they'd a been ignominious failures, and have slunk away into a corner and sucked their thumbs.

To prove their claim, they use arguments like these:

"The man who has sold you a house, or even a box of cigars, or a book against your own inclinations, has plainly succeeded by control of mind."

Now that's a perversion of the truth. If you was not in need of a house, or a book, nobody could so far control your mind as to make you buy either of them. You sometimes purchase an article before you intend to because an agent shows you that it is to your advantage and profit to buy now, and you often do it. But the claim is a senseless one that it is done by the control of the mind. Your own brain reasons out the advantage in buying right away, and the agent has nothing to do with your decision beyond his representation of the bargain.

Then they go on to say: "The man who is promoted over your head in employment, who wins a position to which you aspired, who outdoes you in business enterprise, who captures the affections of the woman you love—in all these cases he has done so by possessing a superior control of mind to yours."

Now let us cut that up into pieces and see how much truth there is in it.

In the first place they don't give a woman any choice in selecting a husband. If you are the favored one; If you are the man whom she thinks she loves well enough to become your wife, why you can't have her and she can't have you, just because some ganderjointed man comes along with a strong mind and says, 'Young Lady, I want you.' and then she immediately puts on a satisfied smile and they go off to the minister's and git married, and she thanking her lucky stars all of the time and forever afterwards for having escaped the terrible fate of marrying the man of her



choice; the man she really loved. What do you think of that? Do you look upon your mother as that kind of a woman? Does your father resemble that gander-jointed robber? Well, if he does you can't have much respect for him. And that sister, whom you love so much, do you believe that any man under the sun can make her out the weakling that these teachers of hypnotism are claiming she is? You know better. If there is any occult power that man possesses that can destroy the sacredness of a woman's love, it's about time the law stepped in and put a stop to its use.

Then again, the "man who is promoted over your head in employment, who wins a position to which you aspired," you may rest assured he secured that position because he was best qualified to fill it. If you had possessed the greater ability, you would have secured the position, and all of the mind influence in the world could not have changed the result. We'll suppose, just for argument, that the man with less ability did secure the position through some fabulous claims that he may have presented to the heads of the firm. after he began to perform the duties of the office, do you for once suppose that he can keep up the deception and continue to make the business manager think he's fully qualified, when in reality he is not? His labor will show for itself, and the result will be that the manager will tell him that he hardly fills the place successfully, and you will be asked to take his place. Such arguments and proofs as they produce by which to maintain their positions are flimsy enough, if you'll only take the time to analyze them.

The long and short of their ambition is to git six or eight dollars out of our boys as a beginning and then





as much more as they can induce them to give afterwards to become honorable members of their colleges, or schools, or whatever they call them. By any name they're a humbug in my opinion, and one that should be stepped on as you would on a potato bug, for they ain't of any more account.

'Tain't to be wondered at that the boys of Canterbury got wild over the thing, when they made such fabulous claims about how much money they could make; and lots of them invested money, and used up about all of their time in trying to practice what they were trying to learn.

Well, the day came for the next meeting of the Canterbury Society, and after the Secretary read the records of the last meeting, Toleration got up as Chairman, and addressed them as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and members of the Canterbury Anti-Humbug Society. Two weeks ago we met here for the purpose of doing what we could to destroy the influence of a modern ism that was having a bad effect upon our community, and particularly upon the young people of the town. The result of the discussion was a most satisfactory one as a whole, and the good that the town has realized from the meeting cannot be overestimated.

"To-night we are called upon to attack another octopus that in some respects the chair believes to be even more hideous in its form than the subject that was disposed of at the last meeting. This insect is Hypnotism, and one of the most troublesome humbugs on the face of the earth.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, anything that possesses a power that enables another man to direct your thoughts, change your desires, and in short to dethrone your mind, is a dangerous substance to be allowed to be in circulation in any community.

"These modern professors who have sent so many circulars into our midst to bewitch our young people with, define hypnotism as 'the science of personal unfluence, the foundation of personal magnetism.' Mr. Webster says that Hypnotism is 'a kind of mesmeric sleep or somnambulism; a similar condition produced by gazing at a very bright object.'

"More than a hundred years ago an investigation made by our own great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, along with a French commission, to look into the subject of mesmerism or animal magnetism, convinced them that 'In regard to the existence and utility of animal magnetism, we have come to the unanimous conclusions that there is no proof of the existence of the animal magnetic fluid; that the violent effects, which are observed in the public practice of magnetism, are due to manipulations, or to the excitement of the imagination, and the impressions made upon the senses.'

"Prof. Scripture, of Yale College, says there ain't no occult power in the phenomena of hypnotism, but whether that's scriptural truth or not I'm not prepared to say.

"Then Mrs. Eddy of course denies the power of hypnotism, because it claims to do the same kind of marvellous things in curing diseases that her Christian Science notion does. She says in substance that the hypnotizer employs one error to destroy another. The greater error overcoming the lesser, it occupies the ground, leaving the case worse than before it was



grasped by the stronger error. This is her assertion, but she doesn't seem to bring any proof that this is really so. But of course she must head this ism off or folks will be ungenerous enough to believe that her science is nothing but hypnotism, or animal magnetism, which is more likely the truth than anything else.

"Now, whether the above declarations are true or not, here is one that we all agree on, although the source of its origin is unknown to me, except that it was printed in the daily papers: 'Mesmerism is a problem not lending itself to an easy explanation and development. It implies the exercise of despotic control, and is much more likely to be abused by its possessor, than otherwise employed, for the individual or society.'



"Now, there's the key note of this meeting. The evil that it can do should receive our careful consideration. There is no question about there being a power of some kind in hypnotism, but its modern application, and the endeavor to squeeze money out of the youth of the land by urging them to undertake something that they are more than likely unfitted for, is what makes it a humbug, and is the thing that we should discourage and oppose.

"In the main they are claiming that a man that has common sense enough to use the brains that the Maker of all things has given him to guide him through the affairs of this life, is nothing more than a user of hypnotism. Now that's a deliberate lie, and we don't propose to have it crowded down the throats of our children.

"There is such a thing as influence brought about by sensible reasoning, but when these modern preachers tell us that there is no such thing as influence except by dethroning the mind of the person you are dealing with, and taking possession of that mind yourself, we put that down as the blackest kind of black art; and worse than that,—it's the devil's own right hand. When they preach such stuff you can almost smell the brimstone, you're so near the brink of hell."

Then he gave the meeting up to general discussion. I must say I was powerful surprised to hear Toleration talk so sensible like. Where he got his knowledge is more'n I can find out, but he certainly held the attention of the audience every minute, and Parson Holden and Elder Morrison both said to me after the meetin' was over that Mr. Wilberforce gave one of the best introductory speeches on the subject that they had ever heard, and they were wonderfully well pleased with it. Elder Morrison said 'Amen' to it in a real old-fashioned Methodist way, right out in the meetin'

Well, the first speaker was Parson Holden, who didn't say much; but what he did say was to the point. Says he, "The youth of the town need protecting from the evil influences of hypnotism, as practiced and advertised to-day, as much as they should be from any other thing that tends to an unnatural and wasteful life. These so-called teachers who claim to have mastered this modern science, and who are following up the youth of the land like sleuth-hounds, make this astounding claim:

"'Every living mortal felt sure, until very lately, that he was a ruler in his own mental kingdom. But hypnotism shattered this belief like an earthquake. Here was a silent and mysterious force, awakened, as it were, by a mere wave of the hand, but which enabled





one man to sieze upon its very throne the will of another, or of several others, and to make them conform to his lightest wish in every act and feeling, even to the point of absurdity and against the known disposition of the hypnotized. For a time his subjects become his willing slaves. Their minds appeared to go out from them, and to be replaced by his. Their boasted will power was dethroned and inoperative!'

"Now," says the Parson, "this goes to show that the words of the poet, 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' can no longer stand as the truth if such a science produces a set of robbers that can break in upon the castle of the mind and carry off that which was ordained by God to be sovereign and independent and a sacred right of every mortal. Do we want such an influence spread broadcast here in the town of Canterbury among our young people? I know of nothing more dangerous, nothing more threatening to the security of the home and society. It should be stamped out or curbed by law so as to prevent its use in a general and open way.

"In civil matters," says he, "the government of every land grants to every individual an inalienable right to their home, which is commonly called a 'castle,' and any man who attempts to take from that castle any of its belongings, or to encroach upon the rights of its owner, lays himself liable to the most severe punishment under the law. Shall not the castle of the mind be equally well protected? That's the question for you to consider here to-night, and I trust that all here present will deem it a privilege to express yourselves in regard to this matter, because the subject is of common interest to us all, and the sooner we put this giant humbug in a safe place where it can do no more buz-

zing, the better off this community and the world a large will be."

When he took his seat, there seemed to be a ! waiting spell, because it took a little courage to f the minister. But finally Abner Chesley he and says:

"Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen go into the hypothesis of this question as ter can, but I've come to the conclusion t' or-science, or whatever you may call it, a sane man and make him think he's f kerel from the pulpit platform, and ' make him turn around and take a soda fountain, is the thing that no of decent society as soon as possi' cided to trade hosses, and have pi I want, I don't calkerlate that I ahanging round the neighborh me when the bargain is about ing me in the eye convinc enough for my part of the that kind of doctrine.

"I've made up my r hypnotism is the sam possesses. A little ' gaze of the snake, its distress and tri magnetic influer and unless ther he becomes a that's the en to make lif



meadow or the forest. Well, I happened to be around the other day when Mr. Snake was trying his powers on a meadow lark, and he'd pretty much succeeded when I came along, too. What did I do? I stepped to the side of the road and picked up a stick and clubbed the reptile to death, and then cut his head off and threw his carcass over the wall. I reckon that's about the best treatment that we can give this old hypnotic monster that's creeping around after our boys and girls. But I suppose the law is the cudgel that we'll have to use to beat its life out with.

"'Tain't to be wondered at that our boys are infatuated and carried away with the thing, when the authors of these thousand-and-one circulars are telling them that they can make a hundred dollars a day by use of hypnotism. No wonder my son John wants to quit the farm and go into the business. But it's ninetenths a lie and the other tenth isn't worth much more'n Colonel Seller's Eve Water.

"On the other hand we can't blame these teachers so much if they can find a million or so of credulous idiots who are willing to pay them over five or six dollars apiece as a starter, and the Lord only knows how much as a finish, for learning to do what probably only one out of a hundred has the capacity for performing successfully in making other people, who are willing to be their subjects, appear like silly know-nothings.

"After making a lot of claims about how great success any man can attain under this wonderful discovery, they go on to say that 'Hypnotism unfolds the secret law of the miraculous cures of all ages. It unveils the seeming miracles performed by the so-called prophets and seers of old-the divine healers and wonder workers of the present day. It stops the inroads of the dread destroyer, death, and strengthens and energizes the human body until all its old-time elasticity returns.'

"Now this last claim won't last a great while without spiling, unless it's kept on ice. For when I go
down to the cemetery and read on the tombstones that
this one and that one lived to be ninety-nine years old,
a hundred years back, without any hypnotism or Christian Science in their day to boost them along, and then
notice that in our day there are mighty few who reach
the honorable age of an octogenarian before they die,
there seems to be something out of gear with all of
these modern isms that claim to improve and prolong
life. The fact that folks are not living any longer than
our grandfathers did, is good evidence to me that they
are pretty much all humbugs, and the promoters of
them are simply talking them for all they'll fetch in
hard coin the same as I do my potato crop.

"Now I've summed the whole thing up to this point: The stronger mind can crush the weaker mind, if the weaker vessel stops to listen to the arguments of the stronger. But shall we stand by and allow any such thing to happen any more than we will allow a great double-fisted muscular man to crush a weaker man? Not by any means. The law must step in and protect the weaker man in both cases. The humming bird has as much right to live on this earth as the hen-hawk has, even if the hawk doesn't agree to it.

"Then they go on to say in their circulars that 'Every successful physician uses hypnotic suggestion in the treatment of his patients. He may not be conscious of its use. Certainly his patient is not aware of it. It



is a well-known fact that a physician in whom you have confidence, whom you trust intuitively, is the best physician to treat you. You help to cure yourself by your very confidence, by auto-suggestion.'

"Well, now," says Abner, "in a measure that's true, and in a larger measure it's not true. Why do we have confidence in a physician? Simply because we think he understands his business, the same as we do a tailor when we order him to make a suit of clothes. Did you ever know of a sick person having much confidence in a doctor with a little narrow head, narrow between the eyes, with no special indication of intelligence beaming out of his face? You never did. When folks are well they're not very particular, but when they've got down sick in real earnest, they send out for the doctor that's got a head that looks as if his brain was well developed enough to know whether he'd better give you calomel or ipecac. His diploma is a secondary consideration. What a sick man wants is a man who can reason and think. Hypnotism has just about as much to do with the case as Socialism has, and that's nothing. We do help the physician by being careful to employ a nurse who will follow instructions. and give the medicines as directed. When a fever tossed patient is out of his head for days at a time, how much auto-suggestion is there in his case? Tust about as much as there is in the man under the influence of ether in helping the doctor to cut off his leg.

"Now," says he, "all I've got to say further is this: If there's such a mountain of good that can be accomplished by this new method of treating disease by hypnotism, we don't want thes professors to keep on saying that ignorant boys can make just as good use of the



science as full grown educated men. And furthermore, because of the apparent evil that can be developed by this new system, I'm in favor of having it restricted by law to a mighty few persons in a community, and those persons held under bonds as a guarantee that they'll be honest with society in making use of the powers that are claimed for the thing that monopolizes other men's minds. I shall never give up my mind to another man of my own free will, and if another man can get possession of it without my consent, I want him put in jail same as any other thief."

When he sot down, Elder Morrison got up and said, after addressing the Chair, "Mr. Chesley has certainly expressed my views in the main, in what he said. Such sentiments well ventilated throughout the land will guarantee society against the evils of the application of this science of hypnotism. If all men were honest and could be trusted under all conditions and circumstances, then it is possible some good might result from its general use, but as a large percentage of the people of this world are unfit for any positions which involve a large degree of trust and confidence, it becomes a dangerous thing, and it should be proscribed enough to keep it out of the possession of those who would certainly make of it an evil, if there is no real evil in the science itself. It is our special duty at present to protect our boys here at home from the danger of forming ideas that they can become hypnotic healers, thereby spending their money for something that probably very few of them, if any, are fitted for, and which would be a waste of time as well as substance."

Then when he took his seat Jason Howard got up



and expressed himself. He's one of the oddest old characters of the town, and nobody was surprised to hear him say that he thought the dissemination of the knowledge of hypnotism was a good thing for the community. Says he:

"Mr. Chairman, I believe complicity in hypnotism. I've spent quite a lot of money in trying to master the mysteries of the science, and I can say that I'm well paid for my investigation. I've found out that I can hypnotize another man and that same man can under other circumstances turn and hypnotize me. And not only can it be done by men, but it can be done with animals as well. Why the other day I was down in the wood lot back of the meadow, where it's a little boggy, and when I got the team loaded and tried to start up, the wheels had settled so far down the horses couldn't start it a foot. Well, sir, I just squared off and swung my hands and arms in the air three times. and then stood still and looked both of those horses in the eye for about a minute. Then I gave them the mental suggestion that they were standing on something hot! What did they do? They snaked that load of wood out of that bog as easy as if it had been a load of feathers. And they didn't stop until they'd got to the barn, nuther. Then they came out of the hypnotic state of their own accord. Now that's the kind of trick that this new science will perform. Anything the matter with that?"

Then he says, "I've come to the conclusion that horses can hypnotize their owners, if you'll only gaze at them long enough. You can laugh all you have a mind to, but it's a fact." Then he went on to explain:





ABNER CHESLEY.

"If anybody gets possession of my mind agin my will, I want him put in jail, same as any other thief!"

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"Why, last week," said he, "towards evening one day I went out to the barn and filled a four quart measure with oats, and then went up in front of Old Ned, one of our work horses, and just looked him square in the eye for three minutes. He's got an eye like an eagle. Well, sir, if you'll believe me, after the three minutes were up I went over! Clean gone, hypnotized! Yes, sir, I couldn't help myself any more'n a child."



Then Squire Morse spoke up and says, "How do you know you was hypnotized, Jason? More likely you had a fit."

"Wal," says Jason, "I calkerlate I know I was hypnotized because I had the cleanest case of nightmare that you ever heard tell on. Yes, sir, and I couldn't get out of it nuther until I poured them oats into the manger. Then I came to as easy as nothing."

Then everybody in the meetin' house had to laugh, but he kept right on atalkin'.

"More'n all that," said he, "when I got out into the hen-yard with a quart measure of corn in my hand to feed the chickens with, a white duck came waddling up to me. Just then I struck an attitude that made the duck stop and look at me kind of worried and uncertain like, and after I'd looked three minutes—gone agin'."

"Now, see here, Jason," says Toleration, "this meeting was called for the purpose of discussing this question from a common sense basis, and we don't want any more nonsense. If you want to talk sense you can go on, but if you can't you can set down!"

"There ain't no nonsense about it. I guess what Mrs. Howard sees with her own eyes there can't no-

body cheat her out of, and she says she found me quacking 'round the hen-yard like a root doctor, and that I couldn't stop until I'd poured that corn on to the ground. Now I calkerlate there ain't no nonsense to that, for I had witnesses!"

Then the folks had to have another spasm of laughin,' but he didn't stop, for the more they laughed the more it seemed to incourage him.

"I've got," says Jason, "so that I can go down to Morse's Pond and catch all of the fish that I want most any day. How do you suppose I do it? With a hook and line? No, sir; just by hypnotism. I make a few passes over the water, and the fish get so sleepy I can pick up all I want and walk off home with them!"

Everybody knew that was a lie, but he didn't stop long enough for anybody to dispute with him, but went on and says:

"Now, here's the most remarkable thing of the whole science. I can make frogs hop 'round on their hind legs, turn summersaults, and lots of other tricks under the hypnotic spell. Of course you won't believe it, but it's a fact. And I can prove it if you'll only give me a chance. I tell ye, everything has got to bow down to hypnotism, whether it wants to or not, and your society resolutions won't make any difference!"

Then he took his seat and Caleb Carlton got up and says:

"Mr. Chairman, I understand from pretty good authority that Mr. Howard can hypnotize a turnip so that it'll come out a squash, or visus versus. Now, if that is a fact, the science becomes at once of immense



commercial importance. For can't you see, if turnips are scarce all you've got to do is to send for Jason and have him convert the whole crop of Hubbard squashes into rooterbagies. Same with potatoes and other vegetables. All he has to do is to look a potato in the eye, and presto it becomes a carrot! Greatest boon for the farmer that was ever heard of. You can put me down on the side of hypnotism every time!"



That brought out a laugh and Jason on to his feet at the same time, as mad as he could be, when he says: "You can poke fun all you have a mind to, and you can abuse this science all you please, but the phenomena that it produces will continue to be produced after you've all got through giggling, and are getting moldy under the sod! I don't say whether I can or cannot turn a turnip into a squash, but I know one thing. I can flop Cale Carlton on to his back so darn quick he won't know what's happened, if he'll only step out into the back yard for two minutes!"

"We must preserve order!" says Toleration, as he jumped up on to his feet. "Don't get excited, gentlemen!"

Then Mr. Carlton he spoke up from where he was astandin' and says: "I suppose Jason wants to get me outdoors and then practice his hypnotic spell on me, but I guess I won't accept. I think he'd better practice a little with the science on his own temper. 'Physician, heal thyself!'"

Then after sputterin' a spell longer the meetin' got quieted down, but not until Jason had swung his arms dreadful threatening like in the air for some minutes. He fit in the Rebellion for three years and has been afightin' about ever since.

Then Susanna Franklin got up and says, "It's too bad that the men folks can't discuss a question without gitting so stirred up and mad about it. It reflects discredit on the Society! It makes me think of what happened once over at the East District."

And that was all she had to say. She's a great hand to drive in a sentence in that way and then set down when everybody is awaiting for her to say something more. I think she does it on purpose to aggravate. I've known her to git up in prayer meetin' and begin tellin' what a "great blessing had come to the Joneses," and just when she'd got everybody worked up to a good pitch of excited interest and expectancy about what the remarkable blessing was, she'd start in to talk about something else and wouldn't say a blessed word more about it. That's what I call real irritating piety. This keeping folks awondering over something for weeks, when a word might have cleared it all upof course, it's her own business-I don't dispute thatbut why didn't she keep her everlasting mouth shut about it if she didn't intend to tell us? I don't like that kind of religion! It's too much like asking folks to take dinner, and then begin to clear off the vittles!

Just then Joseph Hooper got up and said, "I've been reading lately of another branch of this hypnotic giant that they claim is the greatest and most powerful of them all. A man down to New York has discovered, so he says, a new system of developing and imparting magnetic force, which we can learn right down here on the farm just as easy as if we were in New York a studying with him. He says we can know at a glance the secret natures, talents, weaknesses, strength, and vices of every person we meet. He says further



that we can read the thoughts of others and influence them even if they are a thousand miles away! Then he goes on to say that hypnotism isn't a drop in the bucket to the mighty force that this new discovery has brought out, which gives us a chance to tie anybody down just as we want to so that they can't even squint without our consent. Now, I've come to the conclusion that the next fellow will probably claim that he's helping the Lord out by giving him a vacation, and that he'll carry on the business of the universe on his own account for a spell, and that he can teach most anybody else how to do the thing if we'll only put down a five dollar note, and agree to not tell our next door neighbor any of the secrets that he gives us."

That brought out a burst of laughter and approval, and it brought to my mind how the

#### ABSENT TREATMENT INSECT

is kept alive, and how they keep fooling the people all over the world by their fabulous claims. So I thought I'd git up and tell them what I knew and thought about it.

"Mr. Hooper's remarks," says I, "reminds me of the work that a lot of quacks are a carrying on in different parts of the country so as to make a living and make folks think they are getting their money's worth in their claim for 'absent treatment.' Most likely this is the power that they claim to operate by, which Mr. Hooper has been telling us about. I'll tell you how they operate, so that you can git a good idea how much power they use in their business." And so I went on:

"You see a man claims to be a doctor who has started a college of medicine out West somewhere,



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and, for the sake of suffering humanity, he will condescend to prescribe some medicines for anybody who has been given up by other physicians, and to give them absent magnetic treatment for a merely nominal sum. And usually the sum is reasonable, not generally over four or five dollars for the first month, for if the price was high they are shrewd enough to know that nobody would patronize them, or at least not enough to make the business profitable. The advertising matter interested Mother Wilberforce, who has been afflicted with neuralgia for years, and she thought she'd try his medicine and absent treatment. Of course we didn't object, and she wrote a letter to him, and sent on the money. Back came a little parcel of medicine, with instructions for her to lie down one hour at eleven o'clock every forenoon and at four o'clock every afternoon, which were the times set for him to practice his absent treatment on her. Well. the result was she got better, and the old lady really thought that her new doctor had some marvelous magnetic powers that he was using in her behalf. She got so much better she stopped doctoring, although she was urged to keep up the treatment and pay in some more money, but she didn't. After a little while the pains began to come back, and I told her to practice lying down twice a day just as the doctor had advised her to do, and so she did, but this time there wasn't any understanding with the doctor, and he knew nothing about it. Well, the result was she got better again. So that proved that the secret of the absent treatment was that the doctor did give some good advice, by demanding that his patient should lie down for an hour twice a day at a time when she was



not in the habit of resting and the result was an improvement. It rested her body, and the nerves becoming rested they didn't pain her any more. But so far as his absent treatment was concerned, it had no more to do with it than as if he wasn't in existence. I'll give him credit, however, for giving good advice, but the humbug of the whole affair was his dishonest claim. For influence cannot be imparted from a distance in any such way through magnetism. The whole fabulous claim of all these isms is put forth for the purpose of making money out of the people who are foolish enough to believe in them, and the only returns they get is a little good advice now and then. If sick folks would use a little common sense now and then and rest their weary bodies when nature demands a rest, there wouldn't be so much chance for these quacks to make money and thrive, for there wouldn't be half so many ailments as there are at present. Nature can do more than all the medicines and a thousand and one so-called sciences, if you'll only give her a chance."

Well, after about a dozen more of the residents of the town had expressed themselves pro and con in regards to the goodness and the badness of the influence of hypnotism, a committee was appointed as was usual at these meetings, to draw up resolutions, which were very brief but to the point as follows:

WHEREAS, The dissemination of literature among our young people encouraging them to spend their money in a senseless endeavor to practice a science called hypnotism, and, which has a tendency to make them idle and to breed ideas that there's no need of



Humbugs and Canterbury Folks knee just as we do. Any religion that cannot do that I't wuth a cent a ton—it isn't rengion, did he tell her woman in sin, or a cent a ton—it isn't rengion, did he tell her church or a cent a ton—it isn't rengion, did he tell her church or a cent a ton—it isn't rengion. When Christ met the woman in sui, or a Catholic to go and join a Methodist Church or a control of the character of the charac isn't with a cent a ton—it isn't religion. to go and join a Methodist Church, or any other Church, or a Christian Science Church, He said and Church, or a Church, or Church, or a Christian Science Cnurch, UT any other He said nothing Church, or a Christian Science Cnurch, Go and sin no more imply said "Go and sin no mor 184

church, so that she might be saved? The said nothing of the kind. Increase hat a volume of meaning that the simply said wolume of meaning that the simply had a volume of meaning the said. of the kind. He simply said volume of meaning; to Very simple language, but a volume it means the Very simple language, our a volume of meaning; to that woman it meant eternal life,—it means the same Don't Worry

to you and I, "Go and sin no more!" out the foundation.

Toleration says, that any religion that is built on a limit the old-fachioned lim Toleration says, that any rengion wat is built on a kind, the old-fashioned kind, foundation different from this, the washed array has a foundation different shown he washed a strong that the shown he washed a strong that a foundation different shown he washed a strong that a foundation different shown he washed a strong that a foundation different shown he washed a strong that a foundation different shown he was shown he was a foundation different shown he was shown foundation different from this, the old-fashed away by the is nothing but sand, that'll be washed away his nothing is norning our sand, man in washed away by the foods of common sense, quicker than his son Jonathan about the foundation.

well, that doesn't matter; but the various claims that are being set forth by a class here and there, that they have a special hold upon heaven, and the means of reaching the celestial city, will have just about as can turn a handspring. much influence upon this old rock foundation as much influence upon this old rock about it foundation as the much influence upon this old rock in allowing the about it for the nuch innuence upon this old rock roundation as the electric lights of upon the electric lights of those lambs. Treflies and June bugs do upon the electric lights of those lambs. public streets. against them until their wings are burned off,

against the until until wings are burned our, the light burns the light burns that the light to the ground, but the light burns that they fall to the ground, but the light burns that see there is a power behind the lamp that ne agoin' that fireflies cannot affect. Aere at Canterbury Center, where folks iping in that old church more than where they have been wirty years, where ors and have done lots of good:

got up and condemned the ty avenues to perdition, and then sent forth an avalanche of language to settle forever the question of dancing upon the face of the earth, he invited a whole swarm of humbugs into our church that have been buzzing ever since more or less. The trouble with the churches now-days is, they are chasing a lot of will-o-the-wisps that are so much swifter than the churches, that hurry as much as they will, they are always in the distance far ahead of them.

Now, you take this theatre question, of course there are vile theatres and bad playhouses all over the world. but that doesn't prove that there are not some good theatres and some good playhouses, for there are. Why, we can even pick out some men in our own church societies, that prove to be veritable devils, but that doesn't prove that there isn't any good in the church, for the church itself will always remain good regardless of how many men may depart from that goodness. Now, I say to any minister, high or low, don't condemn the theatre until it ought to be condemned. You can hurl all the epithets that you please at the evils that are in the theatre or anywhere else, but don't condemn a profession which calls for labor that wins many millions of dollars a year for the feeding of little mouths, thousands of them, and these children just as dear to their actor parents as yours or mine are to us.

When I reach down in my strength and bigotry and take the bread away from a hungry child that was earned by simply acting a drama, it will be when I develop a different conception of my duty here on earth than I have yet.

Why, when Parson Holden went a pulling away at the theatres right and left, and spent a whole hour at it, he never once thought that he was depicting, in





trying to prove his point, a most excellent drama. He pictured the people in the upper chamber at Ierusalem. Paul's journey to Rome along the Appian Way, and portrayed the terrors of the arena in such glowing language that he held up before his audience a perfect ampitheatre of the olden time with their gladiatorial contests. Then he showed how those horrors had been done away with and better things had taken their It was a striking story, well told, and the drama was as complete as any ever portrayed upon the stage of any playhouse. The only difference was, he preached the drama and took the place of all the actors, while upon the stage they play the drama where there are individual actors for each part. Now, what is the real vital difference?

The latter makes it more attractive because you can see the actors, while in the sermon you imagine them. but the honesty of each is the same endeavor to entertain and picture real life. Did you ever think of that?

What we all need is a little more charity. If the Methodist, and Congregational, and Baptist, and every other denomination on top of the earth would spend more time in trying to improve every condition of society as they find it, instead of trying to bury it out of sight, they would find more converts than they have ever found before, and they would successfully perform their mission on earth.

Human nature has demanded from the time the world began, if history is honest, that entertainment in the way of the drama or something that may be put down under that name, must be had. We must be entertained even if it be by nothing more than listening to the music of the forest. If we can see, we are

sometimes satisfied by viewing the landscape, and seeing the clouds in their silent beauty. By these our souls are often filled with a satisfaction that is complete, while again we demand the thunder storm, something noisy to wake up our dormant natures. Variety we demand and variety we will have.

Church forms of worship came about largely, I believe, by a natural desire for the spectacular. People have always enjoyed, from time out of mind, seeing large parades of women and men—chariots and horses. To-day we enjoy the military parades upon our highways, and the trades processions as much as ever they enjoyed the chariot races of olden times. Because the church didn't believe in some of those things, they were determined to have something to look at, something to meet the vision, so forms of worship were adopted that approach the spectacular; men and boys wearing gowns and marching up and down before altars; something to see; it meant something to be sure, but it was mainly that something might be seen. It is always more interesting to listen to music rendered by a choir that we can look at, rather than to listen to the same music rendered from the pews, although the same singers may occupy some of the pews.

When folks condemn playhouses, it always reminds me of Deacon Lamson. He was always bitter agin' theatres and church entertainments. Forever avowin' that they were the "works of the devil," and, therefore, he never felt he'd done his duty until he'd exhorted every young person in the community about once a year to shun everything in that line as they would a pestilence. But his main argument used to



be put on the fact that it cost money, and, therefore, it was more especially a sin.

Well, what I was agoin' to say was, his Brother John invited him to New York City to make him a visit a few years ago, and Toleration he went along with him for company.

They had a real nice time, they said after they got home, avisiting the Aquarium where they saw pretty much all of the kinds of fish that swim in all the oceans, Grant's tomb on the Hudson River, Central Park, and they spoke very feelin' like of Trinity Church and old St. Stephen's, where they went in and sat down in the pews of those time-honored edifices, and as the Deacon said it made them feel "in touch with things divine."

They discovered a lot of sinful practices agoin' on in the city, especially down onto Wall Street where they said "nothing but gambling was indulged in." If he said it once he said it fifty times (so Toleration said), "How fortunate, Brother Wilberforce, that our boys and girls are far away from these degrading and soul destroying influences. Bless the Lord!" Well, I haven't said a word agin' such sentiments. But wait.

A few weeks after they'd got home, Squire Davis, one of our neighbors, came in of an evening, and was atalkin' along with Toleration, when in response to some remark that he made about being undecided or halting between two opinions about some kind of a transaction, Toleration spoke up in a kind of absent-minded sort of a way, and says, "Do as you think best Squire,— 'To be or not to be; that's the question!"

When he said that I couldn't help startin' a little, and I guess I dropped a stitch or two, for I'd been a



knittin' on some stockings. Where had I heard that before? said I to myself. For a few minutes I couldn't think—and then it came to me like a flash. 'Twas in Mr. Shakespeare's book in the Hamlet part. I remember readin' it when I was a girl and went to school at the Waldo District, when Sarah Walker was the teacher. Then I says to myself I think I've discovered why the Deacon and Toleration staid two weeks instead of one down to New York.

Well, I didn't say a word until after Squire Davis had gone, and then I says, just as pleasant like as I could, "What was it you meant, when you said, "To be or not to be," to the Squire?"

He seemed a little might flurried at first, but, finally, he quieted down, and in an unconcerned manner, with a far-off look in his eyes, he says, "Kind of an off-hand remark. Guess it didn't mean much of anything."

I knew then that he was hedging. "Where'd you git such an expression? I think it's real cute."

"You do," says he, "well, I can't say as I can see anything so very—so very cute about it."

"Yes, it is," says I, "it's so expressive. It means so much."

"Expressive!" says he, "I don't see as it expresses very much. Don't see as it conveys any more meaning than any other Scripture passage."

That's just what I was awaitin' to hear. For I thought he'd be just cowardly enough to lay it to the Bible, so as to try and mislead me if he could, and he did.

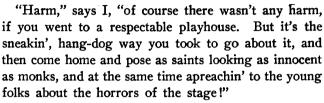
"Well," says I, "it does have a numerous number of times more meanin' than other passages of Scripture. Besides it didn't come from the Scripture. It



come from Mr. Shakespeare's book, and you went to a playhouse at the city along with the Deacon to see the play of Hamlet which he wrote?"

I never saw him look so shamefaced and red way back to his ears. Seems if he didn't know what to say, but, finally, he spoke up and says, says he:

"Well, what if we did? Was there any harm in it?"



"Well," he says, "I didn't tell ye about it, because the Deacon wanted to keep it quiet. He said he didn't believe in such things, and I guess he wouldn't agone if John hadn't paid for the tickets. Said he hated to have his brother lose so much money, so he went. Pleased the Deacon so well, we went every night while we staid and saw about everything from the 'Midnight Bell' to the 'Chimes of Normandy,' and some of Shakespeare's plays and others."

"I'm not surprised a mite," says I, "I always knew that you both were as fond of entertainment as the rest of mankind. It only needed an opportunity to bring you both out. Any man that can't stand the first simple temptation—but there, what's the use talkin'; they've always been so ever since Adam's time, and they probably always will be. I wonder if he'll lay it to his wife?"

"Don't know," says Toleration, "that there's any need of layin' it to anybody. I don't care a gosh darn



who knows it. You never heard me a cryin' agin playhouses that was decent."

And that's a fact. I'll give him credit for that. I could forgive Toleration if he hadn't been so mum about it, but the Deacon, *never*. It brands him as a hypocrite and a liar, and I never could endure a hypocrite.

I've found out since that time that quite a numerous number of church folks in our town go to theatres down to New York and Boston when they are there on business, who hold up their hands in holy horror if their children or their neighbor's children talk of goin' to the theatre here in Canterbury or over to Danielson and Brooklyn. Well, whoever you are you are branded as a hypocrite, and the only way for you to obliterate the marks is to be consistent and condemn nothin' that is decent, and then practice what you preach.

Toleration finally spoke up again and says, "I can't see how any good is coming by you talkin' about it all over creation. I hope you'll have a little feelin' for the Deacon's wife."

"Now, don't ask me," says I, "to hide my light under a bushel, for I shan't.

"I've got a duty to perform," I went on, "and I'm agoin' to do it. And I guess Mrs. Lamson will be as delighted as anybody else to see the Deacon brought down to a consistent foundation where his influence will be more enduring, where he will be willing to set aside his humbug piety."

There are a lot of beliefs that have really got a kernal of good in them, and yet they have done a lot of harm, one example of which is a lot of beings calling



themselves "Holiness" bands, setting the pace that you and I must follow in religious matters. Who gave them the authority? Now, there is such a thing as Holiness; anybody who reads the Bible knows that, but God Almighty never gave anybody the right to tell his neighbor that he is going to perdition because he has not made a declaration that "Holiness," or any other religion, is the means by which each one is to git to Heaven.

They will tell you that Sanctification is a requirement of the Almighty. Of course it is: everybody will admit that, but when did the Almighty leave the definition of "Sanctification" to any one set of beings? You can hunt the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations, and you will find no authority for any individual, or set of individuals, with smiles on their faces, or with faces drawn out as long as your arm in pretended sanctimonious expression, who are entitled to any such right. Yet it is easy enough for the youngest or the oldest of mankind, if they read the Holy Book, to find out just when they are in a sanctified state. It is so simple that nobody can mistake the condition, for the result will be simply this, if you have arrived at the point of perfection, you will delight in obeying the Scriptural injunction: "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you; Love thy neighbor as thyself and the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Now, we want no mortals to assume the authority that they have a definition for a state of holiness better than this.

Coming back to the old "Bed Rock" again, we find the first strata is charity, and "Charity suffereth long and is kind." Is it kind to tell your neighbor that he



is on the road to hell because there is a halt in his step? Though he may be lame, how do you know that he has not climbed to the very summit of God's love? Let him question who dare! I dare not.

There wouldn't be so much folly in the world if it wasn't for so much erratic piet, hunting about for something new and novel, so as to make the pioneer of the new enterprise a little more popular and prominent for a time.

Toleration he's given to that sort of shifting sand way of worshiping, so much so I have often told him that he makes me think of our old hall clock, because he has so many ups and downs in his religious experience. Sometimes it runs and sometimes it doesn't. Then again it'll run and keep pretty good time but it won't strike a stroke, and you have to look pretty hard at it to tell what time of day it is, because it is in a dark corner. Just like him for all the world. Sometimes when the Spirit moves he'll shout "amen" and "glory to God" to beat all; sometimes I think he shouts so loud he intereferes with the minister's preaching.

I do believe, when he gits to praying at the conference meetings down at our church in Westminster, warm evenings when the windows are up, that you can hear him down at Howard's Valley, and that's three miles!

When he is in that mood he's a powerful hand to speak in meetin' too, and he's dreadfully given, along with a dozen other members of the church, to set the pace that other folks should live by. Then first you know he'll be as glum as an oyster, and won't have anything to say for a month at a time.

Now, the Spirit may be all right; there may be an



undercurrent of goodness to such actions, but they seem to be very much like those of a balky horse, which can pull if he wants to, but he won't.

For my part I like the kind of religion that has the same countenance every day alike, and that doesn't go up and down like railroad stocks. First so low that they ain't wuth much and then so high that they're counted awful rich.

But Toleration has had an experience in setting the pace for other people, and one that I guess he'll never forget. He and the rest of them that every little while git a special kind of religion that they think is a little better than the kind our forefathers had, who went up to glory from the old foundation rock that has stood the test for centuries, for a number of years kept telling Brother Morse that he was on the wrong track, and unless he got hold of more of the Spirit he'd go down to perdition in spite of everything.

Now Brother Morse was counted a good man, but he never was very demonstrative, and he wouldn't always attend the week-day means of grace, although he did occasionally, and always was at church on Sunday. In fact the Morses were all counted good folks. This little band all gathered around him time and again and prayed that his soul might be saved, and that he might get more of the love of God in his heart. Then they'd ask if he didn't feel a greater manifestation of the Spirit, and all they could ever git out of him was that he thought there was room for improvement in his soul, and that he was trying to do God's will everyday as he understood it.

Then Toleration he'd shake his head in a discouraging sort of a way, and the rest of them would wag



their heads in the same manner, and he'd say, "Brother Morse, you've got the wrong understanding."

Well, time went on, and after a while it leaked out that many a prayer meetin' night Brother Morse was wheeling a bushel or two of coal or wood to some poor family that hadn't got any fuel to keep the children of the household warm with. Somehow he'd got the idea that that was a good way to warm up the spirit and a house full of shivering children at the same time.

Better than shouting "amen," although that's all right enough in the proper place and at the right time.

Then it comes out that bushels of potatoes had gone out of his cellar to feed the hungry of the neighborhood along with corn meal of his own raising, besides strips of salt pork and other things. And this man of God didn't let his left hand know what his right hand was adoin' all of the time, although this work had been carried on for a number of years, and he'd helped to pay off the church debt more'n his share into the bargain.

When this came to Toleration, he became a changed man right away, for it reflected the true natures of this little band of perfectionists that he belonged to, which had made it their business to point this good man along with others down towards the road that leads to destruction.

Well, Toleration called them together one night and they represented some from most all of the churches, and he talked to them in a way that made me feel proud of him for once at least.

He told them that "We've been setting ourselves up as sort of judges of other men, which we all know is in direct opposition to the will of God. We've been



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atelling Brother Morse that he was on the downward road for a long time, and now just look and see where he is and then look at ourselves. Here we are down here at the bottom of the foothills, grumbling about other folks and their shortcomings, and there he is way up there almost at the summit of the mountain of God's love. Can't you see him; he's beckoning to us, by the kind deeds he has done, to 'come up higher.' Can't you see now what a lot of fanatics we have been? Seems as if I can just hear his voice. He says 'Come, come up higher,' there's plenty of room up here for everybody that loves his Maker. No time for faultfinding; too much to see. Grand spectacles in every direction. Perfectly sublime. Come up. Come up. The broad landscape takes in almost everything that is beautiful. Myriads of mountain tops; White Mountain scenery; the Himalays and Pyrenees of the earth; our own Sierras and the Rockies stretching away in almost endless view. Come up. Come up higher. Beautiful landscapes everywhere. Valleys of the Connecticut and the Mississippis of the universe, and the Amazons. Words can't describe them. Perfectly enchanting. All of the tints of nature are to be seen here from the brush in the hands of the greatest of all painters. And the song birds of all nations have gathered here to make one grand symphony, the equal of which I have never heard before. Come up brothers. Come up. Room enough for all. up and listen to music that is akin to the harmony of heaven.

"Here's another broad river that extends way on beyond the vision. This is a beautiful river. No drouth can make the volume of water any less. Its



always full to the edge of the embankments, as it moves along gracefully, and there's a gentle ripple to these waters which are no more nor no less than the water of life, flowing on for the saving of the nations. Come up brothers. Here's where you can love the Lord with all our heart, and your neighbor as yourself. Come. Come up higher!"

Well, since Toleration opened up that vision to them and gave them a good talking to, and they got down on their knees and asked God and Brother Morse to forgive them, they've been enough sight more of a blessing to the neighborhood.

'Twon't do to tell the folks that they're going down to perdition for we don't know anything about it. The mind and the heart is the standard of the man, and there ain't anybody but God that fully understands its make up.

One of the most striking instances of self-conceit among Christians that I ever heard of, who had got to a point where they thought they had got an outpouring of the spirit of God more than anybody else, was in John Wesley's time. When he was in London some pretended prophets, who didn't call themselves "Holiness" folks, although their ideas were what would be put down now as real dyed-in-the-wool Holiness notions, called upon him in a body and told him that they had been "divinely commissioned to inform him that he had not been born again, but the work would soon be done, and they would remain, unless he turned them out of doors, till it was accomplished!"

Now, I don't know whether Mr. Wesley thanked them or not, but he showed them into the preaching room and told them that they might remain there. It



was a tremendous cold day, and there wasn't a mite of fire in the room. Well, if you'll believe me, those fanatics grinned and bore the cold from morning till night. But hearing no more of Mr. Wesley, they began to comprehend their position, and, finally, they went away, a sadder but wiser lot of folks, leaving him to get along with the new birth without any of their assistance. Now, if there was a lot of such kind of people around annoying the greatest of the Methodist divines way back in the days of the Wesleys, 'tain't to be wondered at that the same stripe of fanatics are in existence to-day, trying to make it out that they are the special agents of the Lord, with the only definition of the *new birth* that anybody on earth has any right to.



Now, Mr. Wesley was a believer in sanctification, but he never believed that it came through human agency, and, therefore, his advice for such people to be prophets unto themselves, and to let other folks deal directly with the Almighty on that topic, ought to have a salutary effect upon such self-appointed prophets.

Now, to be charitable, you will say that all of these people, representing the "Christian Scientists," the "Holiness bands," the "Theosophists," "Mormanism," "Talapathy," and a thousand and one isms, are sincere and believe they are doing what is best and right, and we should be easy with them and not attach any blame to their folly.

Well, now, it may be so, but I don't believe it. The servant who buried his talent in the earth, no doubt thought that he was doing the best thing possible; but did that excuse him? You know it didn't. The talent

that he had was given to another and he was made an outcast, simply because he might have known what the right thing to do really was if he had opened his eyes and looked about him, but he refused and suffered the consequences. We should be liberal and easy with every person who is trying to do good in this world, but the man or set of men who are trying to destroy the better things of this life should be dealt with in a manner that shall destroy their evil influence.

There's another kind of religious humbug that goes buzzing around agittin its nourishment out of halfhearted church members and from those that are not members of any church society, but who think they are about as well posted up on genuine piety as anybody who has ever stood behind a pulpit. They are generally pessimistic in their natures, and are jest about as comforting and interesting to listen to as the moaning of the wind around the northeast gable when a real hard storm has set in. But land of goodness, what's the use of arguing with such insects. Let them alone and they'll tune it up so much that everybody with any common sense will recognize their ignorance so that their notions will pass by and out of mind so quickly there won't be any harm done. But it's dreadful annoying sometimes. I had an experience the other day in just this line and it worked me up dreadfully. It happened this way:

Toleration and I were discussin' the Scriptures and the importance of secret prayer. Now, I've always held that prayer is the most effective when you ask for what you really want and need, and do it with an eye single to the fact that you can help the Almighty





answer your prayer by doing yourself all of the work necessary to bring about the results you are asking for. No answer ever comes to a lazy man's prayer. Never! And it never ought to! Whoever heard of a man gitting out of debt by praying for it, unless he kept at work with renewed energy? Nobody! What would you think of a farmer asking for a season of prosperity, and then goes out and plants only half an acre? What has he done to merit it? Nothing.

When you pray and you don't git an answer, you can rest assured that something's the matter with yourself. Don't ever be so mean as to lay it to the Lord, for you've received all you're entitled to and probably more. A prayer that isn't wuth following up with hard work, isn't wuth enough for the Lord to take notice of. When Parson Holden put the question at the prayer meeting last week down at the meetin' house vestry, as to "what the greatest waste consisted of in this life," I spoke up after a long pause, seeing nobody else had answered, and says, "It's my opinion there's more wasted prayers than most anything else I can think of!"

Well, the Parson he seemed a little set back at first, for I calculate he expected that somebody would say 'twas in the liquor habit, or in bowin' down to fashion, or carryin' on wars, or something of the kind, and he wasn't quite ready for my kind of an answer. But after he said, "Well," about a half dozen times, he finally said:

"I never looked at it in just that way before. But taking into consideration the immense number of prayers that go up daily from the millions of worshipers throughout the world in all denominations that are evidenly mere words, and, therefore, insincere— I declare, Sister Wilberforce, the preponderence of evidence seems to be your way."

Well, I was glad to have him agree with me. But I shouldn't have changed my mind if he hadn't.

But what he said about worshipers throughout the world seemed to be dreadful consoling to Jane Bates, Samantha Williams, and two or three other sisters of the church, who turned and looked at me for all the world as if I meant them when I first spoke up. They seemed dreadfully agitated. But land of goodness, I'd no idea of any local application. I couldn't help thinking afterwards that perhaps quite a percentage of the wastefulness could be pointed to right in our own church—but there, I'll try to be charitable. But still, I can't for the life of me see why folks should take offence and git real angry if things don't fit their case? But there I'll try to forgit it, for when the Parson said what he did they all seemed real comforted.

But as I was asayin', Toleration and I was discussin' the importance of prayer, and after I'd finished, he spoke up and says:

"I've been athinkin' that man's born with wisdom enough to carry him along successfully without appealin' so much to any higher power, although there's no harm in asking God for more."

"Toleration," says I, "you are jest like the majority of mankind. Always aboastin' of your wisdom and understanding, when, with all of your boasted knowledge, you are now and then foreverlastingly turning to a goose for information!"



"What do you mean by such nonsense as that?" said he.



"Well," said I, "you and most every other man in the neighborhood can't fully decide that spring and fall has really set in until you see flocks of geese begin to fly north or south. Then you always say that the season has fully opened. Now, a woman prides herself on gittin' ordinary information without goin' to a goose, so you can't lay that notion to her."

Well, he didn't say a word, but put on his hat and went out to the barn and begun to thrash. That's a way he has when he gits riled up. Seems to git satisfaction by mauling the barn floor. "Well," I says to myself, "let him thrash. We'll have more oats in the spring." But I was glad the children had gone to an afternoon bee so that they couldn't see their father's temper displayed. It's a dreadful weakness to lose your temper at any time, but it's enough sight wus to do it right before your children.

He hadn't been there long before Squire Howard drove up and came into the house, and as Toleration saw him it wasn't necessary for me to call him in, for he and the Squire are great friends, and I knew his spirits would rise to a normal pitch right off, and they did.

To my surprise Toleration sot to talking on the same subject that we had been discussin' before he went to the barn, and that sot the Squire to tellin' him a long chapter about "Man's environments aholdin' him down," and that "prayer couldn't git him out of his condition." He went on to say that the Bateses had a better chance to expand their natures than the common folks, because they live up there on the hill where



the Backus Mansion has stood for generations, with great lawns spread out all around the house, and with associations that go along with the place that prominent people from the cities have helped to make, from the Governor down to the Sheriff, that are friends of the family.

Then he went on to say as how a "Man living in the little State of Rhode Island can't possibly have the width and magnanimity of soul as the man who lives in the grand old State of New York. Narrow surroundings tend to make a narrow man."

Toleration sot there with his mouth wide open as though he was a swallowin' jewels, listening to every word the Squire said as if he thought they were jest as good as God's own sentiments.

I listened for a time, as I generally do, and then I broke in and says, "Squire Howard, you're jest like the man that wanted to sail down to South America so that he might see the Equator when the captain should report he'd run against it. Anyone would think from alistening to you that the state line dividing Rhode Island from Massachusetts and Connecticut was a hundred feet high, and that the lines that the surveyors make dividing one piece of property from another was as high as a Chinese wall, and the mountains and hills that the Creator has made to beautify the landscape were not visible to the naked eye unless a bank account aided the vision. I've heard nonsense at a circus, and I can put up with that, but when a civilized man talks so ridiculous right out in everyday life I must say he's the greatest clown I've ever heard make a speech,"



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He began to grow red in the face, for he ain't used to bein' contradicted—his wife dasn't say her soul's her own when he's talkin'—but I ain't afraid of his law books!

Then I says, "Squire Howard, you've had your eyes on the ground so long you don't know that there's anything on top of the earth but gravel and grass! If you'd only go out at midday and look up at the sun or on a clear evening and look up at the stars and planets with all their beauty, and consider the immensity of space in which they move, and then say to yourself, 'What is to prevent man expanding in that direction, no matter what his surroundings may be? Then you'd begin to live and have a being such as God Almighty intended you to have. But you've perverted your nature, and so all of the beauties of heaven and earth have gone to grass, so far as your conception is concerned. Rhode Island, of course, has small territorial limits, but a calf in a pasture of Rhode Island can get as much free air to breathe as a Texas steer can, and a man can expand heavenward is as limitless a territory as can a resident of New York The humble occupant of a cottage has as much monopoly of the atmosphere as a Vanderbilt, and can soar in his spirit to the third heaven with as much velocity and satisfaction as the German Emperor, and without making half so much fuss and feathers about it. Squire Howard, I've no doubt you render a good deal of justice in the courts because you've studied and practiced law all of your life, and, as a consequence, you are looked up to by society, and what you say you are held more responsible for than most folks, because your listeners are apt to believe



what you are talkin' about—but I want to tell you now that you ought to have found out by this time that the way of eternal life ain't found in the ordinary statutes, and if you want to talk intelligently and consistently on that line, go home and read your Bible."

Toleration broke in and tried to apologize for what I said, and walked half way home with him so as to make him feel more comfortable. But I've come to the conclusion the more we are made uncomfortable at times the better and more generous beings we become.

There has been a good deal of complaint of late years because there has been such small attendance at the various houses of worship throughout the country, the reason being largely ascribed to a growing custom that approaches Sabbath breaking in the way of attending outdoor picnics, excursion parties, driving for pleasure, bicycle riding taking a ride on excursion steamers, and so on.

But these are not the only reasons. They are the reasons why some folks don't go to church, for Sunday is the only day that many of them have an hour to themselves in that they can use for expanding their lungs and for enjoying the open air and the sunshine, and for viewing the beautiful pictures that God has painted here and there on the hillsides and in the valleys. Pictures that were made for them as much as they were made for anybody else to see, who may have ample time during the week to look at them. But there is no particular reason why they should not attend some place of worship in the evening, where they can congregate and offer thanksgiving for the blessings that they have enjoyed during the day.

Why don't they go in the evening? I'll tell you



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why. It's my opinion it's because there are so many lazy ministers. Now, that sounds awful harsh, doesn't it? But after all, a minister of the gospel who neglects to perform the duties that are assigned him to perform is just as much entitled to be called lazy as anybody else is who neglects his work.

What do I mean by such talk? Well, I'll tell you what I mean. I don't mean to say that any minister neglects to perform marriage ceremonies, to visit his parishioners occasionally, and to attend to the social business of the society. He does all that because it's easy. These are what might be called the play part of his duties; they are all enjoyable pastimes as a rule, requiring no special effort to perform them. But when he goes into the pulpit and gives his hearers a Bible reading and allows it to be put down as a sermon, that marks him as a lazy minister!

Now, Mr. Webster says that a sermon is a "public discourse for religious instruction, grounded on some passage of Scripture," and if he had never said so the people would have understood that a sermon should be that kind of a discourse. Grounded on Scripture. But that doesn't mean that it shall be all ground work. There must be a superstructure. There's the trouble with lots of ministers, they've got a tremendous lot of foundations, but they have never even laid the sills of the superstructure that is necessary to the completion of a good sermon. Why don't they? Simply because the man who is a little inclined to shirk will find it comparatively easy to take Paul's journey to Rome, for instance, as a topic, and in following him along put in a little emphatic gesture here and there, and key his voice up and strike a dramatic atti-



tude where he can make them effective in certain places, and because he has used up a little nervous energy in his discourse, he can temporarily impress his hearers that they have listened to a pretty good sermon.

But when John and his wife git home and begin to analyze the sermon they come to the agreement that there was a tremendous lot of fuss without any feathers. They argue that they both learned that story by heart when they were children and went to Sunday School, and besides it was the same chapter that was read at the breakfast table that very Sunday morning. Now, they are both fond of Bible readings, but they object to have their minister palm that story off on them as a sermon, for they know as well as he does that it is nothing but ground work.

Now, that kind of a discourse is easy. You will never be sent to a sanitorium on account of nervous prostration, if you make a practice of delivering such kind of sermons, and I can tell you now that if you keep it up you'll find plenty of seats in your church to accommodate your hearers every Sunday, and some to spare.

But the minister who lays the foundation and then builds a superstructure right before his audience so that they can all enjoy the style of architecture and be profited thereby, he's a hard working man, and never entitled to be classed with lazy preachers. Of course he's got to do a lot of reading, and a lot of studying of human nature. He's got to dig down where there's gold if it's gold he's after, and he's got to listen to the song of a little bird now and then, and to stop long enough to see the bird that is singing in order to tell



you and I all about it. His diploma and college experience don't amount to anything unless he's willing to roll up his sleeves and then delve and delve until every week he finds some new things to give to his hearers when they come to listen to a sermon. Preach sermons that are sermons and you won't have any trouble in filling your churches, but don't for goodness sakes keep on trying to palm off Scripture readings for the real article, for your followers know better.

If theatre actors should put as little labor into their profession as a great percentage of ministers do, the theatres would have to shut up their doors for want of patronage. The same rule should apply to the churches, but because the cause is an elevated one, we overlook laziness in preachers and continue to employ them year after year because they make a respectable appearing figurehead, but all the while they are allowing the church membership to dwindle because they don't propose to do any very hard work.

Every minister of the Gospel is simply a servant of God who can aid his fellowmen by his example of a God-like life, and by talking to his hearers in simple language laden with thoughts so intensely interesting that everybody will want to listen and thereby receive a blessing. In politics it's the office that counts, but in religion the office counts for but little unless the heart of the man and the soul is imbued with the Spirit of the Master. A Bishop of the Methodist church becomes a power in the community if he is in touch with God, otherwise he is a useless figurehead. The same with all other church officers. But you who are a parishioner, and aim for no higher position, if you are a devout person you are also a power among men

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and you have an equal power with God with the highest church officer in the Christian World. The Almighty allows no one man monopoly in divine things. There is this difference: A high church officer can speak to more people than a laymen can and he may be a better teacher, but God recognizes the great and lowly alike if their faith and obedience be equal. The Scriptures tell us this very plainly. That's why there's no humbuggery about them. Religious humbugs are bred by man after he gets to the point where he pretends to monopolize the saving grace.



#### ΧI

#### THE CHARITY HUMBUGS.

THE old and common saying is that "Charity begins at home." Now, that's true enough, but the kind of charity that begins at home and hasn't got vitality enough to end with your neighbor isn't wuth much.

If there'd been more charity in the world there wouldn't have been half so many religious denominations, and, consequently, a good deal less bigotry.

Things are better than they used to be, but time was, and not so very far back nuther, when the hardshell Baptists would no more think of communing with one of his fellow mortals who belonged to some other church that he'd think of asking Satan for a blessing. I don't wonder they were called "hardshell." Charity! It wasn't within a million miles of them! It has taken fifty years for them to find out the full meaning of that word, and now they have comprehended it in a pretty general way, and are real generous folks.

'Twasn't long ago over to the East District, where Elder Clark is preaching, that old Mother Robinson's son, William, was converted. Now, she's an old-time Methodist, but because her boy was going to be admitted to the Baptists one communion Sunday, the old lady went over to winess the services and see him



taken into the church as a full member. Well, after the ceremony was over they made preparations for the communion service, and the old lady was so deeply impressed with the idea of her son being a member, thereby providing for himself a greater opportunity for a useful life, she felt that she'd like to stay to the communion service, so she didn't git up and go out with the rest of the congregation who were not members. When Deacon Hamilton saw that she was going to stay, he got dreadfully stirred up about it, and went up to the minister and says:

"Brother Clark, I believe the old lady is going to stay and try and commune with us! What shall I do with her?"

"Do you really think she's going to stay," says Mr. Clark, looking over where the dear old soul was a setting, with her face all radiant with love and thanksgiving.

"Yes," says he, "I'm sure of it. We've given her several hints to go, but she seems bound to stay. What to do I don't know."

"Here!" says the minister, "take my cane and go down and hit her on the head!"

Well, there! That minister had some good sense, and that little incident was the thing that made a dent in the hard-shell of that society, so that after Mrs. Robinson partook of communion along with the rest of the Baptists that day, in less than a month they adopted the Freewill notion and have stuck to it ever since.

You may think that the members of other denominations are more charitable than the Baptists, but they are not. Or at least they were not until very recently.



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What use had a Methodist or a Congregationalist for Universalists in the years gone by? Did they waste much time in lavishing any brotherly love upon them? No. But they spent a lot of time and words condemning them because they were bound to destroy hell with all of its hideous nightmares, by which the old-time preachers brought sinners to the mercy seat through a feeling of fear—the same as man to-day is induced to become a law-abiding citizen, not from choice or a desire, but because he is afraid he'll be sent to jail. Such converts are saved in appearance only. It's all on the surface like a whitewashed fence. As long as it's pleasant and sunshiny weather it looks as well as can be, but the first hard storm of temptation brings out the old weather-beaten and sin-worn faces, and then the same process must be gone all over with again in order to keep up any kind of an appearance. They are generally ready for the process, however, as often as you have the patience to administer it. day most of the Methodist and orthodox folks are glad enough to take off their hats and bow real respectful like to the Universalists because they had wisdom enough to throw overbroad all of the old ballast that had become so cumbersome there was more danger of sinking the ship than of keeping her trimmed right for good service on the sea of life.

Here's an excellent example that came right under my own observation. What your eyes witness your soul must believe:

I am a Waldo by birth, and a dreadful good descent it is, too. We all came down from Deacon Cornelius Waldo, who settled in Ipswich, in Massachusetts in 1654. His wife was Hannah Coggswell, and this



union resulted in starting quite a numerous number of lines of noted divines and literary characters. They were not much given to mechanics, but mostly to literature, mercantile and agricultural pursuits. I don't say it to boast, but their daughter, Rebecca Waldo, was the great-great-grandmother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose middle name was given to him in honor of her.

Well, as I was going to say, the Rev. Josiah Waldo, a relative of mine who had been brought up as I was in the Presbyterian faith, real genuine orthodox, had always questioned some of the rigid notions that the ministers of that denomination had always insisted in hanging on to, but he clung to the faith with all of its creed barriers until the death of his mother. In speaking of her, he said, "My mother, though one of the best of that hallowed name, and universally beloved, had never made a profession of religion, and for that cause, the Presbyterian minister who attended her funeral, very charitably consigned her to perdition. This day's work settled the fate of orthodoxy for me.

"It was standing by her grave that day," said he, "while the wound the priest had inflicted was fresh and bleeding, that I made a vow to be revenged by devoting my life to blowing the obnoxious creed sky high."

And he kept his word. He went and studied under the Rev. Hosea Ballou, and finally married one of his daughters. He probably did as much as any other man in helping to make the obnoxious portions of the orthodox creeds of churches a dead letter, if they were not wiped off of the church books. I don't believe there's anybody to-day that blames him for his de-



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cision, or who do not respect him in his new faith in Universalism.

Of course the Presbyterian folks are different now, and under the light of a new century they ought to be, but this thing happened only a few years ago, although it was only worthy of the dark ages.

It was the want of charity that sent Roger Williams away into exile, and it was the same want that permitted the witches of Salem to be put to death.

Other religious denominations have overlooked this divine privilege, much preferring to embrace bigotry as the most fascinating and the most natural thing for the human mind to grasp with its natural bent towards willfulness and a domineering spirit. How much love and charity does the Roman Catholic Church have for other churches? They're better than they used to be, but yet I have never seen her embracing any of the others very affectionately. Willful and stubborn like the rest, with charity for her own, but for others how much?

I know it's hard to decide sometimes how to be real charitable, specially when it pertains to everyday life. It's the worst thing you can do oftentimes to give money broadcast to those you think are deserving, for it too many times makes vagrants of them if it's kept up. But it's simple enough when we find a hungry person. The only thing to do then is to fill his stomach. You can give him advice afterwards. You can convert a tramp better after he's been fed, unless there's a wood pile in sight.

Speaking of tramps makes me think of the experience I had last summer. Toleration he was at work out in the Shepard lot along with the hired



men, and there was nobody at home but Mother Wilberforce and myself. Along about ten o'clock a dreadful rusty looking individiual came to the door and asked for something to eat. Now, I never turn anybody away hungry, it don't make any difference who they are or whether they are drunk or sober. So I told him I'd git him something, and started into the house to bring him out a piece of bread and butter and some pie. But when I started he followed me right in. I didn't say anything, for I saw he'd been drinking. Well, he sot down in a chair, and when I brought on the vittles, he says:

"Madame, I want you to understand I'm a gentleman—a gentle—a gentleman; and a gentleman objects to eat with his fingers. Der ye see! I wants the stuff put on the table, and I wants a cup of tea along with the rest."

He was evidently pretty intoxicated, but not so bad but what he could see there were no men folks about, and that was what made him so domineering. I says to him, "I'm pretty busy this morning," for 'twas Tuesday and I was ironing, but I says, "I'll give you some milk to drink." Upon that he says:

"I was weaned when I was a kid, and I don't want to begin on chalk water the second time. What I want is tea. I was always in favor—in favor—of the heathen Chinee and all their relations, so gimme some gold old monsoon tea right from the Orient, and have it hot. Der ye see! I said tea—t-e-a tea! And pretty midlin' quick, too, and have it hot."

Well, I says to myself, I guess 'twill be pretty midlin' hot enough when he gits it. I begun to be a little stirred up, for he was growing dreadful im-

pudent. But I laid it all to liquor, and so I said just as mild as if he hadn't said anything. "If you want these vittles you can have them, but as for making tea I'm not agoing to do it. So you can take it or leave it."



Then he says, "Old woman, you're about the stuffiest old girl I've met this season. I'll have to give—to give—the boys your record so they'll be posted—posted up—when they come this way." Then taking up a piece of the custard pie he says, "Well, here's luck to ye!"

And if you'll believe me he threw that pie up against the mirror and spattered it all over everything. Then I says to myself what's the use of having a talent unless you can use it, so I turned, mad's I could be, and took hold of the loose part of his trousers and by the collar of his coat, and I lifted him bodily off of the floor, carried him out of doors and across the road and dropped him into the goose pond.

You can imagine what kind of a looking critter he was when he fished himself out. I expected he'd swear, and make a great fuss and noise, but he didn't. He straightened up and kinder shook himself like a dog, and then after giving a kind of bewildered look around him, he seemed to come to a realizing sense of what had happened, and then he struck a straight line for Howard's Valley, and that's the last I've seen of him. I guess he must have kept his word about telling "the boys my record," for we haven't been bothered with a single tramp for more'n six months.

When I was a girl I never thought anything of taking a barrel of cider off of the ox team and setting it onto the ground. Used to help father a lot in that

way. Jane Bates says that's why Toleration is so peaceable, is because I'm so given to strength, but that ain't for her to say, for the truth ain't to be spoken at all times, besides I like to see people mind their own business! Of course I know that when Toleration and I get into an argument and it begins to look serious, he's always the first to give in-but what's that to her! It only shows a mark of consideration for his wife, that's all, the same as any husband should show! She's bound to have it, though, that he does it in self-defence—but that's an everlastin' lie! There. I won't allow myself to get worked up over what she says, for I know she says it just to irritate. She's been an old maid all of her life and envies everybody else that's married and seems to be prosperin'. I suppose that's human nature with some folks. But I don't know who'd marry her, unless they wanted to bargain for a lot of false teeth, false hair and so on, for of all the manufactured mortals under the sun she's the wust.





#### XII

#### PESSIMISTIC HUMBUGS

I CAN'T help having a lot of pity for you, young man, when you git through with your schooling and start out in the world to make your own living, because I know of the disappointments that will face you in ever direction that you try to labor in, simply because mankind as a whole is so mean and penurious.

You'll find lots of men that won't admit that you've got any talent, not even if you've always been at the head of your class. They will take a kind of fiendish delight in making you feel bad. If they can jab a sharp knife into your sensitive nature by anything that they can say they're always ready to say just that thing.

My opinion is that more young men have been disheartened and sent down the incline of a bad life by the stingy meanness of men in business life who call themselves honorable, than the liquor habit has ever sent there. And these men will have something to answer for when the day of reckoning comes, I imagine, and they are generally the men that strap up their hearts just about as tight as they do their wallets, and they let go of their contents with just about the same degree of liberality.

You'll go home to your boarding place, young man, many a time, and set down by yourself and think over

the possibilities of life, and you'll wonder if it's wuth the struggle, everything seems so set against you. But you must always remember that *it is* wuth the struggle.

Never try to git comfort out a pessismistic idea of things, nor let any of these unscrupulous men turn you aside from the path of duty and the high ideal of life that you have formed.

Why, if it wasn't for these obstacles that you will have to meet in every direction, you'd never become a strong man, such as you want to be come.

It takes a crucible to bring out fine gold, you know. Well, these obstacles and discouragements that sometimes tear your heartstrings, is the crucible for the refining of your nature into a noble manhood. So you see, from all of these troubles in life there is a blessing at the end of it all.

If you have determined to be temperate in everything that you do, and you have some high purpose in life that you are determined to work to attain, you'll reach it if you are true, and all of the phalanx of selfish and evil-minded men of the universe can't interfere with you.

When you git ready to go into business and you want to hire another thousand dollars, then you'll find out why the world calls charity so cold.

You'll probably be advised to go to the bank, and the cashier he'll want an endorsement, and he'll look you up. That means, by "looking you up," that when they git through with the process there won't be much left of you, unless the looking up process finds that you are possessed of some real estate somewhere on the earth. I think that Toleration tells the truth when he



says, "The ordinary banking institution has got about as much heart and real warm blood in its veins as a rooterbagy turnip has." If you haven't got much money to begin with don't ever lean on banks to help you out.

What you need most of anything is courage. That's the best capital that any young man can have. Without it you'll never git very far in the commercial world. The most successful men we've ever had succeeded because they had courage.

Just see what Cyrus W. Field accomplished when he laid the Atlantic cable. He'd been successful as a merchant, and had retired with a snug fortune. Then it came to him that he should do something for mankind besides spending a lot of money that he had laid up, and he set to work. His first attempt lost 200 miles of cable, and \$500,000. Sunk most of his own fortune. Tried again; lost 200 miles more of cable along with lots of money. His friends got discouraged, but he kept on. They called him a visionary mortal. Finally, the cable was successfully laid in 1858 and a message sent across the water to England. All of a sudden the current of electricity stopped and it wouldn't work any more. All lost; the entire line abandoned. Started again, and lost 1,200 more miles of cable.

Probably you and I would have given up there, but he didn't. In 1866, after thirteen years of comparative failure, a cable was made sufficiently strong and laid across the Atlantic Ocean so that it worked, and worked permanently. To-day we are talking to our friends and neighbors across the seas as a result of this man's courage For there was no other thing



that had so much to do in bringing about the Trans-Atlantic cable as courage, and it took a lot of it.

Mr. Field said that all that troubled him most was the thought that he might not live to see his undertaking carried through, and so he prayed to his Maker that he might be spared to finish the work, and he was.

I wonder if any pessimists or infidels have ever done more for mankind than this man of God has done. And I wonder what they think about him praying to God in his time of trouble. Something for them to ponder over. Don't ever forget, young man, that there's a God behind every good undertaking, be it great or small, and the man who recognizes that power will find himself more in accord with the work of this world.

Whenever a pessimist tries to discourage you in any undertaking, always remember that as a rule they are an insincere and selfish lot of folks. When everything moves along smoothly they are content enough with this world, but when things jar a little and chafe, then they begin to whimper and cry out about fate and the grinding condition of this life.

You'll never be troubled very much with their notions if you will always bear in mind that most all pessimists would become optimists if you could only give them one more stomach and throw in a gizzard.

I never knew of a pessimist ever producing much for the good of this old world. If Charles Goodyear had been of that kind of a make-up, we would more than likely be going round still with wet feet every time there's a spell of wet weather. He would probably have worked one year in his endeavor to dis-



cover the process by which crude rubber could be vulcanized and thereby made of commercial value, and then have given it up in despair.



But he believed any great blessing was worth a lifetime of labor and patience if need be, and so he kept at work until people looked upon him as a harmless lunatic, and accused him of neglecting his family because they many times knew what extreme want But he worked on, and after ten years of comparative failure, he at last made the discovery that has proven so much of a blessing to humanity throughout the world, thereby giving us a preventative against sickness that has proven more substantial than all of the mind cures and Christian Science safeguards that have ever been invented. The Banigans and others could make millions of dollars by the use of his invention, but they had no hand in the creating of it.

What could our great Franklin have accomplished with a pessimistic nature tied to him? He was the grandest example of patience as developed through a confidence in the divine plan of the universe that we find anywhere.

If Eli Whitney had been a pessimist we might be paying forty cents a yard to-day for cotton cloth instead of ten cents. But he was an optimist, and that enabled him to produce the cotton gin, which was the main factor that paid off the indebtedness of the Southern States, and gave millions of wealth to our nation. He never as a boy was ever found whining about the condition of things. He accepted all conditions and made the most of them.

Fulton might have completed his steamboat if he had been a pessimist, but it is more than likely that another man would have received the honors that were his. He had the right kind of courage, and succeeded.

The poor women who earn their living by the use of the needle might still be working under the old style by the midnight oil, if Elias Howe had not possessed the right kind of determination to back up his genius when he invented the sewing machine. He must have had his patience tried some when the poor women that he tried to help cried out against his invention because they thought it would deprive them of work. Poor deluded mortals! But his courage pushed it, finally, to the front, and now we all know what a blessing it was and is.



How much of a pessimist can a man be after reading about Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., who revolutionized the process of manufacturing lenses for great telescopes, so that you can see stars to beat all. Why, the one for the Spence Observatory at Los Angeles, California, required two years of grinding and polishing before it was completed, and its size was forty-one inches. What an example of patience and confidence.

Could Richard M. Hoe have been a pessimist, who nearly despaired before he succeeded in completing his printing press that now supplies thousands of people with the daily news all in the same hour; turning them off like leaves blown from an autumnal forest?

It was the master mind of an optimist who invented the air brake for the railroads so that we might ride as fast as we want to and yet be reasonably safe, because the train can be stopped so soon. This in some ways is a greater blessing to mankind than we

give it credit for. See what a lot of lives it saves every year. Mr. Westinghouse never grumbled at fate, but kept busy with matters that he had in hand and let fate take care of itself.



Mr. Philip Armour with his five brothers would long since have thrown overboard their packing business if they had been bred-in-the-bone pessimists. But they weren't, and they are still at the old stand, putting up into tin cans meat enough for the millions.

Probably if Horace B. Claffin, of New York, had had a narrow conception of life he would have stuck to measuring off cloth by the yard down in Milford, Mass., all of his life, but he didn't have a narrow idea of things. When a schoolboy he told his teacher that he wanted to be a merchant, and, therefore, he couldn't see how Greek and Latin could benefit him. So he threw the dead languages overboard, and stuck to the studies that helped him in the line of business that he had made up his mind to follow, and he became the greatest merchant of his day. It's my notion that it's a good thing for a schoolboy to choose his profession while he is attending school, and then apply himself to the studies that will make him well-fitted for his calling. There's danger of the ordinary boy trying to know too much and too many things. The old saying is, "Beware of the person with one book," or something like that, and Abraham Lincoln was one of that kind of men.

#### XIII

# SPIRIT AND SUPERSTITION HUMBUGS. THE THIRD MEETING OF THE CANTER-

BURY ANTI-HUMBUG SOCIETY



W HEN Toleration called the meetin' to order which had been called for the purpose of dicussin' spiritualism and superstition, and everything of a kindred nature that pertained to spirits, or spooks, or ghosts, or whatever they may be called, along with the chain of humbugs that go with them, he got up and said in the way of introduction:

"As you probably all know, this meeting was called for the purpose of showing the folly and cussedness that are wrapped up in what some folks call spirits, that disturb the peace of mind of so many people in our town and the towns that join us.

"Now, the kind of spirits that we are to talk about are not the kind that made the Red Cross Tavern so fiendishly popular for so many years, for if that kind didn't make it popular in a line that pleased Satan then nothing ever did. No, that's not the question, for there's no question about the genuineness of spirits fermenti. There's no sham about them. They'll do all that they advertise to do every time, and they never make any mistake; and that is to first damn the soul and then to destroy and pitch it headlong into hell,

and that's the end, unless a merciful Father will devise some means of purification in the world to come.

"All you've got to do is to stick and hang, and as sure as you live it'll use up everything that's useful and good for anything in your nature, and will make the cleanest kind of a job of it.

"No, that's not the kind. The kind of spirits that we are going to show up as frauds here to-night is the kind that used to make us pull the bedclothes up over our heads of winter nights when we were boys and sent up into the garret to go to bed in the dark without any light, so that we wouldn't see any of the hobgoblins that our imaginations had pictured were the inhabitants of about every place in the world where boys didn't always mind their parents and the school marm.

"I want to tell you right here before you begin your arguments that it's my belief there's been more little lives dwarfed by telling them that old threadbare story about the 'bear that would come out of the woods and eat up the boy that didn't mind his mother,' or some ghost story that pointed to him as the subject to be punished because of some little childish willfulness, than ever came from all the birch floggings that were ever administered. I don't believe in either one. but if you've got to thrash your boy or your little girl, you'd better switch their little tender limbs than to nip off all of the buds that were destined to blossom and give forth a fragrance that only such little God-given plants can give, by telling them stories of ghosts and hobgoblins that at once populate their little brains with demons that require years to destroy. Of course you didn't know that you was making a hell on earth



for your child to live in, but you did. So you see it isn't always necessary for the devil to do everything that's evil, although it's very convenient to lay the blame all to him. Some folks never really get over these kind of impressions of childhood, for we have examples all about us here in Canterbury among the fathers and mothers who seem to believe that they can talk with the departed spirits, and who pretend to know pretty much all about heaven and what is going on there, notwithstanding the Almighty Father has told us that no man knoweth anything about it this side of the dividing line.

"Well, of course, such talk is nothing but the expression of a deluded mind, and it's therefore all summed up in one word 'humbug.' All a sham; and that's why we're here to-night to try and help some poor soul who has wasted a good part of his life hunting for water in a desert, to turn around and see that there are whole continents of refreshing nourishment to both body and soul, if he'll only quit the hot sands of Sahara, which generally costs him about a dollar a week to stay in for some trance medium to tell him the 'secrets of life,' which you probably possess in a much greater degree than the old sauceress who paws the air for ideas, and who deals in incantations so that she can tell you where that missing shovel is which cost sixty cents when it was new.

"Better buy a new shovel, and then begin to use the brains that the Creator gave you for a purpose; for a purpose remember! And do you suppose that God Almighty would make a joke of your existence enough to give you a brain with reasoning powers simply for the purpose of having you turn your affairs



over to some other human being who claims to possess occult powers which are God-given, under the name of an astrologer, necromancer, clairvoyant, or fortune-teller?



"The Father of the Universe could never do such a thing. He never would belittle the subjects of his handiwork in any such way, and you know it! But, nevertheless, there are thousands of people who turn to these modern witches with the belief that they can help them in their worldly affairs, and are willing to pay them most any price that they are pleased to name. I tell you every time I think of it, it makes me hot! But there's this about it, if you are the person who practices that sort of thing you are the man or woman who has buried your talent in the earth, and it will be one, of the principal things that you will have to answer for in the hereafter! Now, the meeting is open to you. See what you can prove."

Old Mrs. Nye got right up as soon as Toleration took his seat, she that's always talkin' spiritualism from mornin' till night, and making more disturbance among the young folks than is necessary, by scaring them about to death with her stories of rappings and material hobgoblins, and so on. Well, as I was agoin' to say, she got up onto her feet, and she says, "For my part I can't see how any intelligent man can deny the fact of spiritualism. And especially that part of the belief that gives us tangible proof in the way of rappings and materialized spirits that our own eyes can behold. Why, it's as real as the air we breathe is real. Why, we've had a demonstration of the thing right here in Canterbury. You that are of the older generation remember hearing our fathers and mothers

tell of the Scotland Devil? Of course you have. Now, that something wasn't a devil at all, nor anything evil. It was simply a materialized spirit that was permitted to walk the earth for a time like Hamlet's father's ghost. Folks were scared—awfully scared. But they no need to have been, for whatever or whoever it was wouldn't have harmed a hair of their heads.

"Why, Mr. Chairman," says she, "how dare you introduce a subject so sacred in the language that you did, when you know that even that great preacher, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of England, way back there so many years ago was visited with signals from the other world. How do you explain away such facts as these? First along Mr. Wesley wouldn't believe there was any such thing when his good wife told him how she and the children had heard loud rappings in their hedchamber. He told her he was ashamed to think she would be frightened with any such manifestations, for he had not heard them. But the next night he was aroused by nine distinct and loud knocks, and raps and thumps were heard all over the house. They continued so long Mr. Wesley was compelled to believe they were supernatural, and addressing himself to whatever it might be he asked what it was, and why it disturbed innocent children and did not come to him in his study. There was no response, but the next evening, as Mr. Wesley opened the door of the study it was thrust back with such violence as to nearly throw him down, and then there was a knocking first on one side, then on the other!

"He stepped into an adjoining room, where his daughter Anne was sitting, and as the noises still con-



tinued, he said to her, 'Spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak.'

"She did so, and he asked the mysterious personage to speak. No answer came, but the knocking continued. Nothing more was heard for about a month, and then while at family prayer, the usual knocks were heard when he prayed for King George, and a thundering thump at the amen! The noises continued, latches were uplifted, doors flew open, the house shook from top to bottom, the Rector's trencher danced upon the table at a Sunday dinner, beds were uplifted, and many other mysterious manifestations of occult power were indulged in that must have been made by spirits of departed mortals. Now, if anybody here can explain away these wonderful manifestations, and can prove that there is nothing but folly in such like phenomena, I'd like to have them do it."



Well, when she sot down I got up, for I wanted the privilege of answering that statement myself. I calkerlate I've read more or less about the Wesleys, and, therefore, it was my privilege to say something, and so I did. After I'd addressed the Chairman, I says, "Every member of the Association will agree that there is such a thing as a spirit. But when the spirits of our loved ones go to heaven we are told they cannot come back again to communicate with us, but that we can go to them after we get through our pilgrimage here. And that was a wise provision, for we were not made with sufficient mental capacity to carry on the affairs of this busy, selfish world, and at the same time keep up a correspondence with forty generations of our antecedents who have gone on before us.

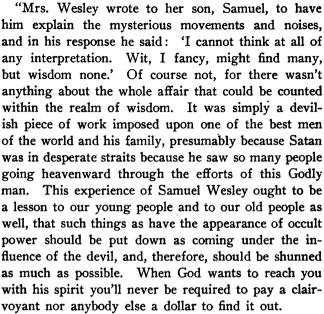
"I tell ye it was a mighty wise provision. We love

them all, of course, with an unspeakable love, but there are limitations within which we must live in this world, and when we have crossed over the River we will still find that there are limitations within which we must live, which will prevent us from meddling with the affairs of the old world of sin and trouble that we have just left, and we will be kept busy enjoying the wonders of the God-given higher life with all of its unspeakable wonders, and in getting ready for a glorious reunion when the friends and loved ones we left behind get ready to enter the realms of bliss along with us, never more to be separated, and where we can study the mightiness of God and his works without suffering the cramped condition that prevailed upon the earth.

"Now, when there is a familiar spirit comes around your house or mine, we should put it down as the work of the devil, for no honest spirit will ever annoy innocent children by pounding on headboards and making doors swing unnaturally on their hinges, and by groanings and other mysterious noises. Now, what Mrs. Nye says is true enough, but she didn't tell it She didn't say that Mr. Wesley believed it was the work of the devil when the rappings appeared at his Epworth Rectory, but that is what he thought it was, for when he failed to git a response when in the room with his daughter Anne, he said to her, 'Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil; go down stairs, and it may be when I am left alone it will have courage enough to speak.' But no response came to his inquiry. Several of the clergymen and others advised Mr. Wesley to leave the old parsonage, but



his answer was, 'No; let the devil flee from me. I will not flee from him.'



"Now, as to the 'Scotland Devil,' everybody knows that from the first time the thing appeared it was counted the work of the evil one, for if it hadn't been they never would have given it so descriptive a name. It was more than likely the work of some practical joker, but even then it would be put down under the heading of evil, for all such work has no good in it.

"Modern spiritualism that fosters all of the train of spirit doctors, clairvoyants, mediums, etc., may well be put down as one of the most destructive of modern humbugs, and which has drawn into its mighty whirlpool of folly some of the best people of our land.



"Why, Paul knew what he was sayin' when he wrote his first epistle to Timothy. He knew the natural drift of things, and what the final outcome would be, as he said: 'Now, the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron!'

"Now, if that doesn't refer to modern spiritualism, I'd like to know what it can fit any better. Since John Fox and his family of Hydesville, in the State of New York, began to hear mysterious noises something like the kind that annoyed the Wesleys, in the form of rappings which they thought were spirit manifestations way back in 1847, and, afterwards, many of the people have paid no attention to the Scriptural injunctions, but have patronized the thousand and one soothsayers who have gone into business for the money they can git out of it, until millions of dollars are paid them yearly for what their patrons try to make themselves believe are messages from the other world, and quite a number of Canterbury folks are humbugged by this so-called religion along with the rest of them."

Then Mrs. Nye's husband, Jacob, who had been trying to break in on what I was saying for some minutes, got real mad and says: "Mr. Chairman, this kind of talk has gone far enough. I can stand the truth, but when it comes to comparing familiar spirits to the devil I tell ye it's too much, for there ain't a word of truth in it.

"I want you to understand," says he, "that spiritualism aims at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the

relation of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. Now, that has nothing to do with Satan! That kind of talk is an insult to every believer in spiritualism, and I for one don't propose to put up with it!



"Why," says he, "one of the greatest writers that we spiritualists have ever had has proven that this is the only sound and rational belief that there is for man to follow. Talk about the devil's work, listen to this:

"'The spiritual body is a substance; and, yet it is not what you term matter. Spirit bears the same relation to earthly matter that light sustains to the element of water—the same as the form to the ground which enlivens it. The spiritual body is matter spiritualized; as the flower is the earth refined.' Now, that is what Andrew Jackson Davis gives us, and then he goes on to say that it will stand the test of investigation by analysis. He says, 'If the spirit body is matter spiritualized, then what follows? Why, that what you call matter is spirit materialized. Action and reaction are equal and correlative in the dynamics of the universe.' Now, Mr. Chairman, ain't that as plain as the air you breathe?"

"So far as the wording goes," says Toleration, "it may be just as easy to take in as the air, but for invigorating qualities it lacks the oxygen, and, therefore, it will hardly go for a satisfying portion. You see your philosophy is a little might foggy. There is a certain law which your writer has evidently lost sight of that provides for the replenishing of the earth, with material beings, possessing a soul which is a trifle more than 'spirit materialized.' God breathes into that little newcomer the breath of life, and he has

been permitted to come to this earth to remain a few years to prepare for an eternity, and when he gets through with his temporal existence he is not permitted to return, for his work here is finished. And when he goes, if it is after he has become decripit by old age, he is mighty glad to reach a realm where rheumatism and infirmity never hampers him in the work that he finds there to do, and you couldn't get him back to the old condition again by your materializing process if you wanted to. Now, Mr. Nye, when you look at it that way you'll find there's more oxygen when you try to breathe it in."

"I don't think," says Mr. Nye, "that the Chairman has any business to influence the sentiment of this meeting: It ain't according to good parliamentary law, and I object."

"Well," says Toleration, "you asked the Chair a question, and the Chair responded according to his convictions. If you don't want an expression of sentiment, don't ask questions."

Then Jasper Corning got up and said, "I am satisfied that there is something of importance in this idea of spiritualism, and that no harm ever comes to those that believe in it. I have had ocular demonstration of the power of spirit manifestations time and time again, and I've had advice from mediums plenty of times when I know they told me the truth, and I never had to pay but fifty cents and a dollar at a time for their advice nuther."

"What did they ever tell you?" says Toleration.

"Well," says Jasper, "the last one that I visited, I paid her a dollar and she told me who my father was and the place and time that I was born in, and more'n



all that she said I was goin' to get a letter on the first day of July with money in it, and, by gosh, the letter came just as she said, only it was four days later, but that was what she meant, of course, and there was money in it just as she predicted."

"You had been expecting the money," says Toleration, "hadn't you?"

"Yes," says Jasper, "of course I had, but the remarkable part of it was, how did she know it?"

"You knew who your father was," says Toleration, "before she told you, and you knew when and where you was born, didn't you, before she said anything about it?"

"Of course I did," says Jasper. "Of course I did, but the funny part of it was she never saw me before, and yet she could tell me all of those things and more, too."

"Paid a dollar for having somebody tell you something that you have known all about ever since you was a boy!" says Toleration. "Well, Jasper, I've never yet seen a man who has ever got very much more information for his money than you got for yours out of any of them mediums. They'll tell you some things that make you wonder how they found it out, but when you want to find out something that would be really valuable to you, that's the thing they can't tell."

"Oh, well," says Jasper, "there's evidence outside of mediums that prove there's something in it. I've seen material forms come right into my bedroom and set down in a chair and begin answering questions after I'd asked them a few. Then they'd disappear as quick as scat,



"I tell ye there's something in it. If there wasn't why did Saul go to the witch of Endor to find out whether he was going to win or lose the battle agin the Philistines, after he had put away all of those with familiar spirits and the wizards out of the land. Why was it that he called for a woman with a familiar spirit? It was because he knew that she could tell him just what was to happen. What have you got to say to that?"

Then Parson Holden addressed the chair and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, that matter pertaining to the woman of Endor with a familiar spirit is a true account, but the fact that Saul went to the woman for such information was an acknowledgment of his shortcomings, and when she told him that he would lose the battle his courage all left him, and he became a ready victim of the Philistines. Had he ignored the familiar spirit, and had gone into battle with the ordinary conviction that he would win, while because of God's displeasure, he might not have won the battle, he would not have been so ignominiously defeated. In short the witch was the instrument that aided in his overthrow, and it should serve as an example that we should abide in the Lord continually and remember the injunction, 'Beware of familiar spirits,' if we would make the most of this life and the life hereafter."

Then Caleb Carlton addressed the meeting and said, "I'm satisfied that Mr. Corning is correct about one thing, and that is 'ocular demonstration' that he speaks of. I've had an experience in that line myself, and there can't anybody beat me out of the fact that some material being entered my room last week. I'll tell you how it was:"



Everybody was all ears to hear Caleb's ghost story. You could hear a pin drop, the room was so still.

"Well," says he, "it was about twelve o'clock, and I guess I'd been asleep about two hours, when all of a sudden I was awakened by the glare of the light from a lantern shining in my face. I was kinder dazed at first, and didn't hardly know where I was, or whether I was awake or dreaming. But when I came to my senses, I could see the figure of a man standing in the doorway, with a common kind of a lantern in his hand, and he was beckoning me to look out of the window. He looked kinder faded like, and I can tell you I was scat so that my hair fairly stood on end. Finally, I mustered up courage enough to say 'whence and what art thou!' and then a human voice, or what sounded like a human voice, spoke up and says, 'Caleb, I was out looking for a stray horse, and discovered your cattle had got out of the barnyard, and was into Parkses cornfield doing some destructive work, and finding your front door open I walked in to let you know you'd better git up and tend to them.'

"Now, there's ocular demonstration for you that proves something. It was Deacon Allen's hired man, and as soon as I heard his voice I swallowed a lump that had gathered in my throat as big as a turnip. Well, that kind of spirit manifestation saved Parkses corn from being pretty well destroyed, and helped me out of a mighty expensive combination, and convinced me at the same time that real genuine spirit manifestations are just about as common as blue-eyed niggers."

Well, everybody laughed when he'd got through talking, and there was quite a murmur went through



#### Spirits and Superstition

the audience pretty much to the effect that a ghosts were of that kind—human as human but some folks git so scared they don't stop out whether it's flesh and blood or not, and so things are put down for mysteries when real isn't any mystery at all.

George Rhody, our colored neighbor, he got and says:

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I jes want ter ax or tion. How does de spiritual manifestation foll but what dey am mistaken an done gone see when de ole spooks come?

"De reason why I ax dis yah question is I done hab a spirit manifestation maself! Yowan't one ob dem nocular demonstrations li Brodder Carlton say he see. No, sah! for i mighty sight more skeery, and pert and pa And it come hurrying 'long, 'zif he hadn't got wait for nobody. It war de old debil heself, in a red wagon! My de Lord, but I was nigh 'bout ter def!

"Ye see, dis is how it happen'. I was goinde Westminster Pike 'long wid ma grandson Washington Rhody, an we had got jest over ledat runs so quiet like along through de mead: Morse's Pond, and when we got opposite disyard de sun was jes agoin' down. Now, if caplace in de world where spirits come out a demselves it is where de burying ground am I didn't think nuthin' 'bout de graveyard, for bein' one ob dem perfect kind dat ye see in cap de year, I felt kinder spiritual-minded like and to praise de Lord for all ob de blessins dat le

poor mortals. An so I was kinder singin' to maself about de 'Gospel Train.' And when I was afinishin' up wid

'Git on board, git on board, dar's room for-'

And den I stops, for I hear suffin' acomin', and George Washington he done hear it, too, and I begin to git skeered. Well, sah; when I looks up I sees Ole Zip Coon a comin' down de Kinsley Hill as if Ole Satan was after him. An when I looks agin' I says to maself, 'My de Lord of heavens, but de ole devil is after him dis time sure,' for when I looks back towards the Backuses, if dar he wan't acomin' akerflukin' 'long in a red wagon, wid he ole cloven hoofs doubled up behind de dashboard and a little rubber dog in his hand was barkin' and a barkin', and de steam and fire was a streamin' out behind for more'n a hundred yards. My de Lord, but I was skeered!

"Well, suh; George Washington he done jumps over de fence, and gits down onto his knees and begins promisin' de Lord dat he won't steal no more watermel'ns, and I jumps over de wall mighty quick, too, and I hadn't any more'n got over before ole Mr. Coon he reins his ole gray hoss towards de wall, an over he jumps wid one bound, an de ole man aslidin' off his back an onto his marrow-bones so quick you couldn't tell about it. An den he begin to pray:

"'Good Lord,'" he say, "'if you forgib me dis time I'll trow away de ole fiddle; I won't play no more dance jigs, and I won't do nuthin' agin de law, if you'll only let de ole devil go by dis time. I'll obey ebrybody and ebrything. Deed I will, Lord, if you'll only spare me dis one time. De ole woman couldn't git a





"Old Zip Coon a Runnin' from de Devil."



livin' widout dis ole man. Now, good Lord, let de ole devil go by. I won't claim my forfadder's got up de ole Zip Coon song. I jest won't claim nuthin'. Take away his ole power to destroy, Lord, I'll—I'll—I'll.'

"And den he discovered dat Ole Satan had gone by widout stoppin', an was hurryin' up de hill at de Waldo Four Corners. De las' we see was a stream o' fire runnin' out behind, and heard de rubber dog abarkin'. But when he went by I could see de devil maself wid gorgles on his eyes, wid a black cap, and a iron poker in he hand for pokin' up de fires. My, but he looked wicked. And I done stood so still I couldn't move! Den ole Zip he speaks up and says:

"'Do ye see what efficacious power dar is in prayer, Broder Rhody. My, but I prayed powerful hard and powerful earnest. And if I'd been worldly-minded my notion now is dat we'd all been pitched into de fiery furnace of perdition. De Lord be praised!' An dare he stood a tremblin' like a raspin leaf, while his ole hoss was a browsin' over on de hill, happy and contented.

"Well, sah, when we found out dat night dat he was nuthin' but a human bein' a ridin' along in a steam wagon dat they call an automobilum, or somethin' like dat, I done make up my mind dat dare ain't no sech thing as spirits acomin' out onto dis world an mingling wid human bein's. I say, it am mighty easy to be mistaken, an ye generally is. I jes say to maself, it am jes superstition dat makes de folks along wif maself see phenominums dat ain't no phenominums at all.

"When Ole Zip Coon he done gone an find out how he fooled heself a runnin' away from de devil, and a



gittin' scared nigh 'bout to def by a red steam wagon, he jes go home an he stay dare for more'n a month so nobody wouldn't see him to make him laughin' stock for de neighborhood. He done have no more to say 'bout what efficacious power dar am in prayah.

"I done come to de conclusion dat de sooner de ole spirit doctrines and de ole superstition notions is put into de fiery furnace of universal condemntion and destroyed off de face of de earth, de better off ebrybody will be, sah. Yes, sah!"

As soon as Mr. Rhody sot down, old Mrs. Howe got up to express her opinion on the subject. She's dreadful peculiar. Has a way of her own when it comes to talkin'. When old Doctor Cooper called on her a few months ago he felt of her pulse and looked at her tongue, and then looking into her face in a puzzled kind of a way he said, "Why, Mrs. Howe, you've got the droppin' of the nerves. Why, when you try to get up out of your chair and walk around the room, your head goes tizzer-iz-erum, tizzer-iz-erum!" "Why, doctor," says she, "you express my feelings prezactly." Well, that's the kind of a woman she is.

"It's my notion," says she, "that every mortal being has a right to believe in spiritualism, and if they see strange sights and experience strange sensations, no-body else has got any right to call them the outcome of suspicion, for it ain't anything of the kind. The Bible speaks of signs and wonders, and for man to say anything against the powerful arguments of the Scriptures is simply prezosperous. Now, for my part I don't believe anybody in Canterbury has ever been injured by spirit manifestations nor by feelings of



perspiration. If the young folks are spending their money for such like things it goes to show they are woke up to the importance of learning something about the hereafter that may do them some good. For my part I've been helped physically time and again when I've been on the verge of nervous prosperation, and have been brought back to a really abnormal condition again through the soothing effects of spirit power. Don't ever condemn such a blessed reality.

"Now, there was Hannah Hubbard," says she, "who was a dreadful strong believer in spirit power. She suffered for years with guitar and rheumatiz. All of a sudden an Indian guide told her of some kind of roots to dig up and put in a pot to steep and then to drink some of it for two moons, and that she'd get well. Sure enough, she did. Got to be as rigerous now as anybody you ever see. After that she got cured of a dreadful attack of ammonia. Only think! Now, what's the use of trying to make folks think it is the work of the devil, when such things are such a comfort to old folks in their declining years?"

Then Susanna Franklin said, "Hannah Hubbard has been cured of about all of the ills of the universe with more simple things than root medicines. She's always on the sick list so as to be offered as a sacrifice in the field of medicine at any and all times, but her ailments are of the healthy kind that can be set aside whenever occasion requires. So I don't see as her miraculous cure in the hands of the clairvoyants carries much weight with it.

"For my part," says Susan, "I think we've had evidence enough here in our town of the evils that come out of patronizing trance mediums and that kind of



things, with all of the separations and divorce proceedings that have been brought before Judge Howard's court just because it is claimed some spirit from the other world has left a message that certain married folks were not properly mated when they were married, and, as they are, therefore, living lives that are not congenial they had better separate and find new partners. And this in lots of cases where there are little children that need the fostering care of both mother and father, no matter whether they are agreeable to each other or not.



"What sin and folly! I hope Judge Howard will compel every one of them to go back to their homes and wait until their children arrive at an age where they will not suffer through any such separation. there is any thing that will help the people of Canterbury to have a clear record in the book of life in the hereafter, it is this endeavor to blot out of existence the blighting influence of this thing called Modern Spiritualism among our young people. To the older ones who are stereotyped in their belief, it is not so harmful. It is more of an amusing farce to them, but to lives that are just unfolding, and are susceptible to good and evil influences, may God deliver them from these destructive teachings, out of which no good thing has ever come. I'll give many a believer credit for being honest, but their judgment is nevertheless bad, and they can offer no reasonable excuse for their folly in trying to draw water from a dry well."

Parson Holden said he thought that what Miss Franklin had just said carried a volume of truth. That it covered the greatest of the evils that can be summed up under that so-called religion. "For," says he, "any

belief, be it religious, or any other kind, that in any way affects the sanctity of the home becomes a curse of the blackest kind, and there can be no defence for its existence."

Iason Howard, who had been listenin' to the arguments with a good deal of interest and patience, finally got up and said: "I've heard so much about the devil in these meetin's, I've come to the conclusion it's about time somebody explained away that old mythological lie, which was good enough to frighten the heathen into decent behavior in the dark ages, but in these times for the intelligent Christian to keep on talking about a personal devil is a discredit to their enlightenment. There is, in my opinion, such a thing as Mysticism, which doctrine maintains that it is possible to have direct intercourse with the divine spirit. and which acquires a knowledge of spiritual things that cannot be attained by the natural intellect. that is no more nor less than Modern Spiritualism. But to talk about its doings being the work of the devil is the silliest thing I've ever heard mentioned.

"Talk about the devil," says he, "there isn't any such thing as a personal devil! The best of ye can't prove it, although you are always talking about him as if you knew all about his kingdom, and just where it is located. It's an insult to every believer in spiritualism to call them followers of Satan, which signifies an evil condition that doesn't exist. Spiritualists are a good lot of people who want to do as much good in this world as the orthodox people do, and in doing their work they don't want to be hammered with the cudgels of an age of ignorance, nor besmeared with the mud of modern bigotry. We pro-



pose to stand up for our rights, and in standing up for them we propose to demand the respect from other denominations that is due us as human beings."

"Well," says I, breakin' right in on what he was a sayin' "why don't you show some record of goodness; something that will convince folks that what you are tryin' to do is wuth somethin', so that your friends won't put it down as a lot of nonsense and humbuggery? Show me one thing that a dved-in-the-wool spiritualist ever did that ever amounted to anything since the world begun, in this community or any other? You know you can't do it. But I can point you to a lot of bad work that they have done, and as the Scripture says, 'By their works ye shall know them,' I've picked you folks out as just the body of worshipers that that passage refers to. If you don't want your works put down as the work of the devil, you must cover your trail so that his old cloven hoof can't be seen so plainly. What folks see with their naked eyes they must talk more or less about."

"Work of the devil!" says Iason. "You're bound to cling to that old fossil, I see, just as persistently as the heathen. If you are bound to keep talking about him, why don't you bring forward some evidence of his existence? Quote some authority that is worth something, so that we'll think you are working on lines that possess some intelligence. Evidence is what we want. We are heartily tired of simply hearing so much of this devil talk. Give us the evidence."

"I don't suppose," says I, "that you believe much in Tesus Christ as an authority?"

"Yes, I do," says Jason, "I believe there's no better authority. But if you refer to his statement, 'Get



thee behind me Satan,'he simply put aside an evil temptation, and the word 'Satan,' simply meant that, and nothing more. It didn't mean a personal devil. Christ is the only great authority."

"Then you are willing to accept our Saviour's word as good authority?" says I.

"Of course I'll accept it," says Jason, "if you don't tangle up what he says and try to make it mean what he doesn't say."

"Then," says I, "you jest listen: What did Jesus Christ mean when he said to his disciples: 'Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil!' meant Judas Iscariot, of course, and he said he was a devil; not the devil, but a devil. Which goes to prove that there may be a numerous number of devils, here. there and everywhere. That any man or woman who does and says evil things becomes a devil, and remains one, with all of the pomp and glitter of his satanic majesty, until they repent of their evil doings, and their souls become purified, and are lifted into a higher life where they now enjoy doing good as much as then they seemed to enjoy doing evil. Then there is one less devil. Are you satisfied now that the greatest authority that the world has ever known says there are devils?"

Well, Jason he hitched and hemmed, and the rest of the spiritualists they hitched, too, and, finally, he said he guessed that it "must have been a misinterpretation, which was brought about by a wrong translation."

Of course that was all they could say.

"There's no use," says I, "of trying to chain down the devil, for as soon as you git one chained down





there are thousands of more that need the same thing done to them, and they are bred so fast you can't keep up with the growth. The only thing to do is to head off and destroy the contagion that devils are made out of, which I think is the work carried on by the folks calling themselves Modern Spiritualists, and by persons who are foreverlastingly carried away with superstition, and who are always atalkin' about the unlucky things that follow in the train of such beliefs, both of which have a mountain of influence that is pestilential in the extreme.

"Spiritualists and superstitious folks are pretty much all of one family, for about all they can see is moldy sepulchres and graveyards, and ghosts, and hobgoblins, and such like things. And when the sun is shining real bright and warm, 'tain't nuthin' but moonlight to them, and half the time 'tain't as much as that, for they seem to enjoy groping around in the dark, feeling their way along dreadful slow, terrorstricken all of the way, while if they'd only open their eyes they'd git along ten times as fast and have a real good time into the bargain. There's nobody so blind as those that won't see."

Then old Mrs. Nye got up and says: "Nobody in this audience dares to challenge the fates by not heeding the warnings of signs and wonders as they have been handed down to us from our forefathers and mothers. Mrs. Wilberforce can pretend to be very brave by poking fun at these things, but when it comes to opposing them she knows herself she dasn't do it! She can't deny it! Folks that heed the signs and wonders, and give them credit for all that they mean, are put down by some people as superstitious

beings. Now, they are simply obeying a certain law which is very mysterious, which to do otherwise would be showing a lack of wisdom, and anybody that can reason will never try to challenge the right of any of the mysteries that are locked up in unlucky days, unlucky numbers, seeing of the new moon over the right shoulder, breaking of a looking-glass, rocking of empty chairs, and so on. She knows what they signify, and she knows she dasn't deny their mighty influence among the people of all nations."

"Well," says I, "I don't feel very much alarmed about the effects of signs and wonders, for I'm not given to superstition. Now, I have no doubt that Mrs. Nye is honest enough in her belief that signs have a lot to do with the success and failures of her life and those of other lives, and so for the sake of her and others I propose to unravel this old ball of yarn that has made so much trouble for folks for so many years, and which has been so snarled up nobody seems to have ever got it reeled off so as to amount to anything yet. Now, I propose to do it right here before your face and eyes so you'll all see there isn't any foundation for any of the old signs and notions that have scat folks nigh about to death for more'n a thousand years.

"Now, to begin with what makes an unlucky day? There's no such thing. You may have misfortune befall you any day, but there's no such thing as an unlucky day, which on account of its inherited ill-luck makes it dangerous for you or I to undertake anything of consequence on that day. Friday has always been the day set apart as the unlucky one. How many people there are to-day who never will



undertake to start a new enterprise, or move into another house, or go on a journey on Friday. That fateful Friday! What gave it the name? For years it was the day set apart for hanging people. The day for execution! That is what gave it its hideous name. If Monday had been chosen as the day for hanging, why Friday would have been splendid and Monday would have been dreadful. So dreadful I guess we women folks wouldn't dare to do our washings until Tuesday, for fear of something, and nobody knows what.

"Talk about seeing the moon over the right shoulder for good luck," says I. "What sense is there in that. Why, it's the same old moon all of the time, only you see more or less of it as it approaches and recedes from the sun. And what has your right shoulder or your left shoulder got to do with it? Nothing! It's the most senseless claim of all of the lucky and unlucky talk that I've ever heard of. The belief in such a thing invites calamity. For if you think such an incident will help you in your business you naturally ease up in your endeavor to accomplish a given end, thereby making a failure of it. Whereas if you had continued as you began, you would have succeeded.

"Then," says I, "there's the breaking of a lookingglass. Horrible! That always means death to somebody in the family or some near relative or friend, or some friend's relative. There is such a long string to what it means that you can almost always figure it out as coming true in most every instance. What gave it the significance? This is it: When you look into an unbroken mirror the full form is there in all of its perfection, but when it is smashed that perfect form disappears, hence the belief that somebody is goin to die and disappear as the form disappeared in the broken mirror. Simple and foolish enough. But that is the way it came about. Going to take any more stock in it?

"'Comb your hair after dark will bring sorrow to your heart.' Now, there's another senseless saying. Most girls that work for a living must comb their hair in the dark long enough before it comes light, if they expect to have their hair combed at all, for most of them in the winter time get to work pretty soon after sunrise. Now, I guess there won't much sorrow come to folks that try to keep neat and clean no matter whether they comb their hair after dark or before the sun goes down."

Then Mrs. Nye says, "Now, there's the luck of a horseshoe. Thousands of people believe in that, and there is no use in denying its powers in keeping away the witches and evil influences. I keep one hung over my kitchen door all of the time."

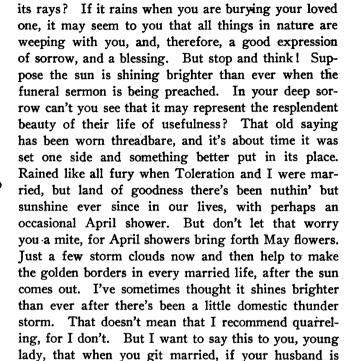
"Well," says I, "that's about as sensible as the making of a cross every time one yawns, so that the devil can't git in. As though the mouth was the door to the soul! Did you ever hear of such foolishness?"

"Well," says Mrs. Nye again, "there's one thing that you can't deny, and that is that there is something in the old saying that 'Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on, and blessed is the dead that the rain rains on!"

"Well," says I, "I don't deny that the young bride is happier if the sun is shining when she is married, but she will be equally blessed no matter whether it



rains or shines. Why, don't you know that the sun is shining just as brightly on the other side of the mist as it ever shines when there isn't any cloud to shut out



The argument was kept up until about ten o'clock. about everybody in the meetin' house having something to say one way or another, and about all of the

possessed of ordinary intelligence he won't agree with all of your plans, and then there is liable to be a little disturbance of the domestic elements. But don't git discouraged, it will all blow over. 'Twon't be because the sun did or didn't shine on your wedding day."



## Spirits and Superstition

old sayings and signs were raked over and over until the worst of their influences were pretty clear to all that were present, when a ( tee was appointed to retire and bring in a reso be voted upon, which in substance declared of the modern signs and wonders so-called w outcome of folly and ignorance, and that the e people of the present time were just foolish to fall in with the sentiments of these super savings, and furthermore Modern Spiritualis an ism without any foundation of truth, that also a belief that fostered superstition, and was a detriment to any community that had to live for truth and the higher Christian li course it was voted that all such things sh avoided as you would a pestilence, and that it c upon every man and woman in the community to destroy the evil influence of spiritualism and many other things that follow in its train, the outcome of ignorance. Of course a lot of the town were pretty mad, but our young f enough sight better off since the meetin' that up so much of the folly of wastin' time on su ish things.

#### XIV

### RENTING OF THE PEWS. AND THE CANTATA.



W ELL, I must say we've had a pretty interesting time this season in trying to settle the pew question. You see we've always had our pews in the Westminster Meetin' House rented, and the result has been that the same seats at our church have been occupied by the same families or their descendants for years and years, and as they have been handed down generation to generation they almost seemed the personal property of the holders. Under such circumstances it's easy enough to propose a change in the system, but it ain't so easy to carry it into effect.

The matter was called to the attention of the church members a few weeks ago, and the minister called a special meeting for the purpose of disposing of the question one way or another, and said he wanted all of the members to be present who could, because the subject of free seats as against rented pews was the question to be settled, first of all, and then the matter of the Cantata of "Ruth," to be rendered by the church choir at the time of the harvest moon festival was to be voted upon.

When Wednesday came, which was the day set for the meeting, the church folks came from far and near. for it had been pretty well talked up about having free

seats, and a lot of the old-time members didn't like the new notion of things, so they came out in large numbers.

After Parson Holden had called the meeting to order, offered prayer, and asked God to guide the affairs of the meeting into the right channel, so that there'd be no friction or discord, he read the call of the meetin' and then said:

"It has been thought by some of the members of the Society, that to adopt the system more or less in use in the larger towns and cities, which provides for free seats, would be a good thing for the church. course, if this idea should be carried out it would be necessary to adopt a system of weekly offerings to meet the church expenses, which have been paid heretofore largely by the pew rentals. The reason for this change lies principally in the fact that Backusville and Howard's Valley have developed into quite busy centres of trade, calling into this section an increased population, and as this Society desires to make all of the provisions that it can in behalf of the new families which are moving into this neighborhood, it is believed they will feel more at home and will be more readily attracted to our house of worship if the seats be all declared free. Now, I shall leave the matter wholly in your hands to decide as you deem the most wise thing to do."

When he took his seat, Squire Howard got up and delivered a speech as set and firm as if he was instructing a jury, for he was dreadfully given to having the seats free. Said he, "The older members of the church will undoubtedly want to retain the pews that they have occupied so long, but as the best good of



the church and community will be served by adopting this new system, it should devolve upon them to waive their wants and submit to this new system of providing free seats for all persons who desire to worship in the Westminster Church. I trust there will be not a dissenting voice; that all will be united upon this plan which, if carried into effect, will mark a step forward in the line of religious worship that will tend to influence other churches to do likewise, thereby making the plan a still wider blessing."

There were three members on their feet at once as the Squire sot down, but Deacon Lamson he begun first to talk, and so he was allowed to go on. Says he, "I'm agin free pews. First I'm agin' them out of principle, and, secondly, I'm agin them because our folks have set in the same pew on the east side of the house as long as I can remember, and for certainly one or more generations back the Lamsons have had this same pew which is numbered 20. Now, I wouldn't feel at home anywhere else and my folks wouldn't. and so I stand opposed to this new system. When I come to church I want to make sure that I'm going to set somewhere, and I want to know where that somewhere is. Anybody that ain't willing to pay for the pew they set in ain't going to be worth much to the Society, in my opinion. Now, as I said, I want to know where I am to set, and I stand willing to pay for all the setting that I can do. I want to set in a seat that's paid for."

Then he sot down and Caleb Carlton got up onto his feet, and says: "I've noticed that a common barn-yard hen has got the same ambition to set that Deacon Lamson has. But you'll notice this, that she always



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goes to show that the Almighty intended all things pertaining to the welfare of mankind should be as free as water. The man who has been blessed with an abundance of this world's goods should pay the largest amount of the expenses that are connected with the church where he worships, thereby letting his light shine without it being hid by a bushel basket. I've come to the conclusion that some folks want to retain the old system because they were never known to give a cent to the Society beyond the amount of the rental of their pews. That's the kind of bushel they like to crawl under, the same as a boy crawls under a circus tent to see the show, so that he won't have to pay the price that is charged at the front door; the only difference is the boy hasn't got any money and he does it out of necessity, while the other is amply able to go in at the main entrance and see the side show into the bargain. Now, let us act wisely and have free seats."



Then Susanna Franklin got up and said, "It's running a good deal of risk to introduce new methods into our church. We've had an experience in that line that ought to make us tremble to think of making changes without giving them our careful and prayful consideration. I refer to the introduction of string music into the church some years ago. It would be disgraceful to have any such thing happen again."

Sure enough we did have a little trouble when the young folks tried to introduce a base viol and a fiddle into the choir years ago, when Toleration and I first got married, and both of us were singing regularly every Sunday. I was singing treble and he sung bass. He was a powerful good hand at bass singin', so everybody said. Why, when he felt like lettin' his voice out to its full size it would drown out everything in the choir and the church combined. But he generally had sense enough to sing in good accord with the other voices, and we made tolerable good music for those days.

I'll tell you how the trouble came about:

The choir had met to have their monthly rehearsal, and things got pretty well mixed up before we got through rehearsing. Jacob Allen's youngest boy, Enoch, had just been elected into the choir, and so he had fixed it up with the Parks girls to improve the music by having a fiddle and bass viol played right in church along with the choir.

Now, our singers were pretty much all of the old Puritan sort, a good deal like those that sent Roger Williams out into the wilderness in the winter time. away from his wife and children, to look up a place somewhere on the face of the earth where he could worship God with all of the freedom of soul that he wanted to. And thank God he found that place among the Indians down in what is now Rhode Island, where he was amazed to find more brotherly love among the so-called savages than he had found among the enlightened whites of Massachusetts. act helped to break down the creed barriers of the world more than anything alse that had ever happened, and we are to-day worshiping God with more fulness of heart, in all Christian denominations throughout this country, and I may say the world, because we are not bound down by the old-fashioned chains of religious bigotry. And so you see there was an ex-



ample of God making the "wrath of man to praise him!" Well, as I was going to tell you:

They were pretty much Puritan in their opinions, 'specially the Hodges and the Clevelands. 'Though they were past sixty, they thought they had some rights, and the minute Enoch Allen spoke of the fiddle the whole choir got onto their feet, and all of them tried to talk at once. Finally, Thomas Hodge he carried the day, cause he had the biggest voice, and sot right to condemning "artificial" music in the meetin' house.



"I've been in this 'ere choir," says he, "for more'n thirty year, and a member of the church society for nigh on to fifty—ever since Elder Burleigh begun to preach till Parson Todd became our minister four year ago—and I never knowed of sech an ongodly thing abein' worked into the church before! God has smiled on us continually, but the minute this bass viol and squeaking fiddle is put into the meetin' house we'll be put under his frownin' wrath, and there's no knowin' what'll become of the community in Canterbury Centre!"

He spoke real wise like, kinder as though he was inspired, and I sort of felt like sayin' amen to what he said. Then before he got done Judge Cleveland broke right in as if he was the maddest kind. The poor man he's dead now, but he spoke right up and says:

"It's nothing but boy's nonsense the idea of bringing the devil's own symbols of prosperity right into a Christian body. But there's no use in wasting words about it, the church law prohibits every kind of a musical instrument except a melodeon, and that ends it."

Before he sot down I could see that Susanna Franklin was getting red in the face, and I knew something was agoin' to happen, for she's a monstrous talker, and if she can't have the first word so as to take the lead in everything that is goin' on it affects her nerves dreadful. And sure enough, all of a sudden she got hystericky, and after saying something about the Lord destroying the while Society, she rolled off on to the floor and fainted dead away.

Brother Wheelock picked her up, and the singers all gathered around to bring her to. Jane Bates who had a bottle of camphor which she was holding to her nose trying to revive her said, "I guess she'll die!"

Just then Toleration spoke up and says, "Guess' twould be a blessing to the church rather than a damage!"

Of all things alive. If there'd been an earthquake big enough to split the belfry and turn the pulpit upside down it couldn't have had a worse effect on the choir.

They all turned on Toleration, and such a scene I blush when I think on't. I'd never heard him any such speech before, and what to think know. I told them all to set down. Then a got quieted down a little I turned and so

"Toleration Wilberforce, what or mean by such talk? What has ever done, the good Christian make any such speech as always been one of the pil'

"Why," says Tolerati



"I don't care what you meant," says I, "I want to know what good it can do by trying to bring discord into the church in this manner!"

I was real worked up, and I felt like using real strong language. Why, it flashed through my mind that just as likely as not he'd blackslid, after living a real good life up to the time we got married. I'd heard of such things; and to think on't! I determined I wouldn't give him up without a struggle, and so I sot to talking to him for nigh on to half an hour, the members of the choir a helping me bear down on him for such ongodliness every time they could git in a word. Finally, Toleration got up as if he was going to call her something worse, for he'd tried more'n a dozen times to say something back, and then he broke right in on the whole gabbling lot, and says:

"If you women of the Westminster choir have blistered your tongues enough, I'd like to have you stop long enough for me to say that I was referrin' to the bass fiddle, and that my remarks didn't have any reference to Susanna Franklin!" And he said it loud enough to be heard down to Canterbury Green.

But it took some time before all the members of the choir would be reconciled. To think I'd talked so to husband kinder affected me—but he'd no business to have been so careless—don't think I'll have anything to answer for. But he kept right on atalkin' after Susanna come tew.

"It's all nonsense," says he, "talkin' about it being sacrilegious having stringed music in church! Don't the Bible tell us about musical instruments all through it? How they used to play on timbrels and harps? Is there anything more cussed about a bass fiddle than



there is about a harp or tambourine? If there is I've never heard about it. The idea that the Almighty is going to be mad because we can introduce more harmonious sounds into the church by the use of catguts strained up to a concert pitch, is all folly. To my mind it'll please him a good deal better than the moaning of a hymn through a squeaky or horse human windpipe."

He was kinder hittin' Susanna then, for she's got a liftin' high voice, and rather slender; and Brother Hodge to, whose bass voice sounds more like the fog horn down at Block Island than anything else. I begun to feel real proud of Toleration, for I could see he had the best of the argument. I don't like to acknowledge it, but I had to this time, for he carried the day and the bass viol and fiddle were used in the church the next Sunday, as they have been ever since whenever they wanted any extra music.

The debate on the free pews kept up for an hour or more, and when the matter was settled that the pews should be rented as before, it was voted to have the choir give the cantata of "Ruth" at the annual Harvest Moon Festival in September, in the body part of the church, after which the meeting adjourned.

We've given a cantata through the help of the choir nearly every year, and it's generally a financial success, and more or less a success in other ways. Toleration says the ordinary country cantata makes him think of a country horse trot where the horses break about every other stretch. Well, of course, one can't expect as much from singers in the country. There will be thin spots in the music here and there, and some passages will almost run aground on account of



a lack of confidence in the singer who is trying to render them. But there's lots of good passages even though there are no professional singers to help us out in our efforts. I wouldn't give much for a church choir that hasn't got ambition enough to undertake, sometime or other, to render a cantata of some kind. It sort of establishes their reputation in the adjoining communities.



#### XV

#### HUMBUGS OF AGNOSTICISM

ON'T talk to me about not believing anything that you don't fully understand and can't put your hand on!" says I to Toleration the other day. "Such talk is a disgrace to your family and an insult to all the generations that have gone before and have handed down a good name to you. Don't you know that you are responsible to your children for such language? You garned your wheat last fall and put it into the barn without a murmur. Yet you don't know any more about that little secret that operates down there in the soil that makes the seed germinate than you know what makes the planet Mars float around in space without any of your assistance. If you think the Creator of your body and soul is going to give you all of his secrets you are mistaken. knows as well as I do that if you knew very much more about some things that there would be no such thing as living with you."

We've lived together more'n thirty years now, and brought up a sizable family, and we've tried to make them an ornament to society under a religious training. But now Toleration, their father, who has been a member of the Congregational Church at Westminster ever since we was married, he don't know whether it's best to know something or nothin' during the rest of



his life. Just simply because he likes the sound of the word Agnostic, and having his neighbors know that he is a real liberal thinker. He's got into this notion by listening to arguments and taking them for granted without looking into the real truth that underlies them. But it doesn't make any difference what he thinks, I've got a duty to perform to our children, and I'm goin' to perform it if I have to encounter Satan himself.

Yesterday I says to Toleration, says I, "A man might tell you that there wasn't any such planet afloatin' round in space as Venus, because the Devil had got mad and kicked it out of the Solar system, and you might be fool enough to believe it if you was too stubborn to look up into the heavens some bright night, when you could see it as plain as the nose on your face."

It's a man's muleishness that makes an agnostic out of him, when he can't see any longer the beauties of nature, and the grandeur of the handiwork of the Almighty, and refuses to recognize his own capacity to read the possibilities of the future life,-in short forgets that he's a human being endowed with an immortal soul, which is within his being as much as his heart is; then it is when he embraces agnosticism, which is loaded with caustic so powerful that it burns out the eyes of every other man's soul who listens long enough to hear what he believes to be the song of some enchanting siren, but in reality is the rumblings of a discordant life, which some kind of a steam piano is playing under the manipulation of the devil himself. It's the easiest way to hell that I know of, and I'm not talking of fire and brimstone now. Don't take everything for granted, for if you do you won't know where you are.

A few days ago one of our neighbors was talking about Jacob gettin' all of the ring, streaked and striped cattle that should be born that year, and that nearly all were striped because he put colored boughs in the water where the cattle drank, thereby causing the strange result. 'Twas Mandy Jenkins and she was tellin' it to Ruth Heminway. When she got through, Ruth said she didn't believe there was any such story in the Bible. She knew there wasn't. But Mandy knew better, and said she'd find it for her. But Ruth was stubborn and said she knew she got it all out of a comic almanac, and that was all there was to it.



Suppose Mandy had take it for granted that Ruth was right without trying to prove her side of the argument? Then the comic almanac would have been the instrument in the hands of Satan to work out another of his nefarious lies. But the chapter was found, and he had to crawl away into the dark.

I was telling Toleration about it in the way of an illustration, and I says to him, says I, "The fact that Ruth didn't believe there was any such narrative in the Bible didn't alter the fact, and her confidence in somebody's else statement would have shown that she had a kernel of faith in her make up that would prove of value to her when subjects of greater importance should be brought up."

"Well," says he, "it's pretty hard work to believe implicity everything that is told and written down in books. I want something tangible. When I buy a horse I want to see the animal in my barn before I'm satisfied that I'm the owner of him, nothwithstanding I've paid down the money."

"In other words," says I, "you don't believe you've been elected to the General Assembly, and won't believe it until you find yourself arguing before the House of Representatives down at Hartford next January in that marble building on the hill."

"O, well, that's different," says he. "Of course I know I'm elected."

"I'd like to know how you know it?" says I.

"Why, because the town authorities have notified me of my election," says he.

"Well," says I, "you've got to take their word for it the same as you have the word of God that you're to have eternal life, if you are fit for it. Now, do you suppose you can afford to have more confidence in the Town Clerk than you should have in the word of the Almighty Father of the Universe?"

"Now, if you'll stick to the question," says he, "as they say in the House of Representatives, I can talk with ye, but if you're going to mix religion and politics up together I ain't got anything more to say."

"I ain't a mixin' up nothing," says I. "Any rule that won't work both ways ain't wuth following. Why don't you practice your agnostic nonsense on town and other temporal affairs, which you can't swear to and don't know any more about than you do the hereafter, until you have entered into the actual experience. This having a mountain of faith about earthly affairs that are simply controlled by man, and then turning round and in the next breath declare that you don't know whether there's a God or a hereafter or not, with scientific evidence of the existence of



planetary systems that must have been in existence for millions of years to help prop up our faith with, to say nothing about God's promises, is enough to distract any ordinary mortal. It's one of the best examples of swallowing a camel and straining at a gnat that I know of."

"O, well," says he, "don't go into such a stew. I never said there wasn't any God. All I've ever said was that I couldn't swear to it that there was a God, although I believe there is. How can you swear to what you haven't seen?"

"Nobody wants you to swear," says I, "but if you insist on swearin', you can't swear that you're elected because the Town Clerk has told you so, for you've got to take his word for it, and his word ain't wuth nothin' compared to the word as laid down in the Scriptures."

"I can swear to it," says he, "because I've got the documents to show right there in the bureau draw, all written, down on a whole page of paper. Signed and sealed. That's why I can swear to it."

"Yes," says I, "and right on top of the bureau is the Bible, with more'n a thousand pages of documentary evidence of the existence of a God and a provision for the hereafter, with its 'Peace on earth, Goodwill to men,' and telling us about how we can inherit eternal life, and yet you say you can't swear to it. Don't talk to me about your agnostic folly! If you can't swear to a thousand pages signed and sealed by the Almighty himself, you can't swear to anything without perjuring yourself!"

"Well," says he, "I know one thing that I can swear to, and that is that I ain't agoing to have anything



more to say about it, and you can go to grass!" And then he got up and put on his hat and went out into the shed and begun to chop wood.

Isn't that just like a man? If he can't have his own way he gits out of temper and wants to abuse somebody! Well, I felt thankful that he was industriously mad, for he kept splitting wood for more'n an hour before he stopped. I never could endure a man setting down in the chimney corner and pouting just because he couldn't have his own way. I noticed before supper that he came in and apologized for his recommendation, and hasn't had anything more to say about agnosticism since.



It's good wisdom sometimes to keep still and not open your mouth, but when you do talk it's a good idea to say something.

#### XVI

## THE NOMINATING AND SCHOOL COMMIT-TEES.— HUMBUGS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



THE other evening Jasper Corning, who is the Chairman of the School Committe, and who has been chosen a member of the nominating committee of the Republican party, was over to see Toleration, and as the meeting for the examination of the school teachers was to be held at our house that night, he was kept pretty busy I can tell ye.

The School Committee always make it a practice to have a meeting of the teachers once a year, 'long about election time in the spring, so as to give instructions as to what will be expected of them for the coming terms, and to examine any new applicants whenever there is a vacancy to be filled. It's as good as a circus to listen to Jasper's questions and answers. If the teacher doesn't happen to know just what he is agittin' at it is rather better for her than otherwise, for if he can apparently show them that he knows something that they don't, why that seems to set him up a notch or two in his own estimation, and it doesn't weigh anything against their chances of gittin' the position. The committee always elect Jasper the Chairman because it makes him so proud and consequential, and,

because the other members git a whole lot of amusement out of what he has to say.

Well, first along he had to talk about Toleration arunnin' on the ticket for the Legislature, and I don't know but he's persuaded him to consent, after I put in a little argument in his favor, for he's always given to holding back whenever there's anything offered him in political lines. That's why I always have to encourage him real strong sometimes.

"'Twon't do to have it go so," says Jasper. "We want you, Mr. Wilberforce, to run on the ticket, and ve must, or let the town go to the dogs."

"Wal, I dunno," says Toleration. "Guess there's enough good stock left to choose from without worrying about the country agoin' to ruin right off."

"But I tell ye jest as 'tis," says Jasper, "the town's goin' tew run mighty close this year, and we want a man that'll be sure ter win. Now, there ain't no certainty about any on 'um but you. The Committee won't hear a word tew any different arrangement, so you might as well consent."

"Now, there's Squire Adams," says Toleration.

"Good a man as ever lived. He'd make one of the best representatives we've ever had; or Deacon Allen, he's another, and they could either of them be elected. I don't think I can accept the honor, as much as I appreciate your goodwill in the matter."

"Why," says Jasper, "what's the use of disappointion"—"

Then I broke right in on what he was asayin', and I says, "He won't disappoint nobody!" Then I turns to Toleration and says, "What's the sense of hedgin'? If the Committee want yo to go to Hartford to repre-



sent the town of Canterbury in the General Court, why under the sun don't you go. Law sakes, the time's come when folks don't wait to be asked the second time. There's too many anxious to be looked up to, and glad to take just such positions. Of course you'll accept."

"My time's so occupied," says Toleration, "I can't see how I can do it nohow. Here I am already crowded with office—Deputy Sheriff, Justice of the Peace, on the School Committee, auctioneer, and so on, and now ye want me to go to Hartford to neglect everything here, and help make laws that I don't no nothin' about. I tell ye I can't do it."

"Anybody can make laws now-a-days," says I, "the way things are goin' on; it's 'nough sight easier'n patchwork that the women folks have to fret over. If a man can read and write that's enough. He won't have to do much thinkin', there's so many others that are willing to do that for him. Tell the Committee, Jasper, that, of course, he'll accept. I never heard of anybody refusin' such an offer. It's all nonsense. Why, it's no more nor less than hidin' your light under a bushel."

Then I bore down on him pretty hard so as to convince him of his duty to himself and mankind. "Why," says I, "Toleration, didn't I hear you tell the Parkses only day before yesterday that you'd like a chance to introduce the new railroad project into the Legislature, so it might run through the town of Canterbury?"

"Yes," says he, "I know all about that. But sometimes a man says a good deal more than he has any idea of ever carrying out."



"Well," says I, "if you are wasting your time atalkin' about things that ought to be done, and at the same time you don't intend to lift your voice nor your hands in a place where it will help bring about the results, you ought to be made to. Seems so your mind shifts like a weather-vane!"

Men folks are a good deal like the measles. They can be depended upon about once in a lifetime, and that's when they're about to git married, but afterwards they try to shrink from every duty that's liable to make anything of them. Oh, how such talk riles me up! Of all things! Well, there, what's the use!

Jasper he spoke up then and says, "Aunt Malinda, you're just about right. There's no use in talkin' Mr. Wilberforce, you've got to ter run, for we want the railroad, and you are jest the man to stand up in the General Court and carry the thing through. I swon you can do it if anybody can, for the man that can knock down more goods at auction than any man in the county is jest the representative we want, and by gosh, I'll tell the Committee to go ahead."

"But see here, Jasper," says Toleration, "I don't care a whit for the popularity of the thing, and these—"

"Don't talk about popularity," says I, "you are just as conceited as most men, and everybody knows that that is considerable. In my opinion the reason why you men folks don't talk about your neighbors as the women do, is because you're so taken up with talkin' about yourselves you haven't got time to express yourselves about other people. If there's anybody or anything that represents the pronoun I any better than a man I'd like to see it."



"Seems to me, Malinda," says he, "you're dreadfully stirred up to-night. Wal, Jasper, get the Squire to run if he will, but if he won't then I suppose I'll try to do the best I can."

"By gosh," says Jasper, "that's a settler! I'll go and report to the Committee and be back in time to examine the teachers. You know there's a vacancy to be filled for this term, and we've got to find out whether the new applicant is posted up or not. I tell ye, things got ter go now!"

After he went out, I says to Toleration, "This idea of waitin' to have greatness thrust upon you is all nonsense. It sounds very good in stories and poetry, but 'tain't practical. Why, there was David, way back in Bible times, he didn't wait for a second invitation when the people said they wanted him to take office. He didn't say they'd better take one of Saul's descendants, but jest told them right out that he'd take the place, and he did what a man of good sense ought to do."

Then Andrew Hubbard, who was stopping with us during vacation time to help around and do chores, broke in and said, "But David killed a giant and a lion, and make hisself so popular they dasen't elect anybody else. Mr. Wilberforce won't have to do nothin' like that will he?"

"Andrew," says I, "have you got in your wood?"
"No'm," says he' "but I was just agoin' to," and as
he went out the door I could hear him mumbling to
himself that he wished he'd had sense enough to have
kept quiet.

"Andrew must be studying philosophy," says Toleration. And then he went on to say that, "This elec-

tion hasn't got anything to do with the Bible, nor Bible characters. They didn't have town meetin's in them days, with everybody a buyin' up votes to make corruption in politics thicker'n straws in a rye field. I tell ye, there ain't no honor in the business. If society and politics were as honest and decent as they used to be when Governor Buckingham was first elected, then there'd be some pleasure in runnin' for office, but now about all ye get out of it is a reputation for lyin' and stealin'! And for a prominent member of the church—how am I going to face such slander that's bound to come? That's the most that worries me, for the young men of the town are lookin' at the leaders in the church for good examples."



"Don't be so sensitive," says I, "I guess your reputation will stand agin' all the lies they can manufacture for electioneering purposes. A real Christian can stand up before all the falsehoods that can be invented without any danger of injury to society. The more they talk down an honest man the more he stays on top. It's always been so and always will be. Land sakes, if what they say worries you so very much I shall begin to think there's some truth in 't."

Just then Andrew came in with an armful of wood, and after he'd thrown it into the wood-box with noise enough to start your nerves on edge, Toleration spoke up and says:

"Well, lies or no lies, I'm goin' to face the music, and show the rising generations that Canterbury Centre has got to stand where it has always stood as the home of integrity, which has helped to establish the reputation of Connecticut as the 'Land of steady habits!'

"Now, Toleration," says I, "you're talkin' like your-self."

"I tell ye, Malinda," says he, "when I git stirred up on the subject of politics I guess I can hold my own with any on 'um, but I kinder hate to start in."

"Of course, ye can," says I, kinder encouraging like.
"By election day," says he, "I'll be ready to face the whole crowd, and durin' the campaign I'll git some speeches writ up that'll astonish some of 'um I guess!"

"I don't worry a mite," says I, "about your speechifying, and everybody knows you'll git elected, because there hasn't been a Democrat sent to the Legislature from Canterbury for more years than I can remember."

"If 'twasn't for the School Committee to-night," said he, "I'd start right in now. I wish they'd selected some other place for it than our house, but then it's too late now to find fault. Hope they'll come pretty quick and get through with it."

"'Tain't quite 7 o'clock yet," says I, "but they'll be here pretty soon."

Then Andrew spoke up and says, "Mr. Chesley said as how he couldn't be here very early to-night because he'd got a horse trade to make, but told me to tell ye not to wait for him."

"Where'd you see him," says Toleration.

"Down on the Shepard road," says Andrew, "below the grist mill, when I was drivin' home with the load of meal."

"He always says he'll most likely be late," says I, "but he generally gits round ahead of the rest of the Committee." Then turning to Toleration I says, "They say Agnes Howard has got back from Phila-



delphy, and she's coming over to-night to try for the position that was made vacant by Mary Stetson going back home to New Hampshire, where she come from. She wants to git the school so she can stay at home this winter, on account of her mother being so low. Now, that's just like Agnes, and I hope she'll git the school."

"Guess there won't be much doubt about her getting the school," says Toleration, "if she doesn't try to let Jasper know that she knows more than he does. I expect he'll ask some puzzling ones to-night. He's been studying up for more'n a month. Pleases him so much to think he can ask something they don't know, he forgits all about what they do know. But then—"

Just then somebody knocked on the door, and the two Parks girls who teach in the two lower districts, and Miss Howard came in, and I must say I was dreadful glad to see them all, for they hadn't been to our house for a long time, and Agnes hadn't been here since she went away to teach in the city schools when she was less than eighteen year old.

"How do ye do," says I, "walk right in. We'vebeen a lookin' for ye. I'm dreadful glad to see ye."

"I'm so glad to see you, Aunt Malinda," says Agnes, "why, you look as young as you did ten years ago." And then she put her arms around me and kissed me. She was always that way, just like one of my own children.

"I've got years enough, goodness knows," says I, "but land, I feel young enough yet. How you have changed. Toleration, do you think you'd a known her if ye hadn't been told she was a comin'?"



"Don't believe I should," said he. "Why, when ye went away you wasn't any bigger'n a pint of cider. But you was powerful popular in the town here. I remember when you'd gone some of the youngsters wore long faces for quite a spell I can tell ye. I'll leave it to Miss Parks if 'twasn't so?"

"Yes," says Hannah, "I remember it as if 'twas yesterday. Indeed, Agnes, Mr. Wilberforce is quite right, but he forgets to tell how some of them are sprucing up now that you've returned. You must keep your wits about you or you'll be won before you know it."

"I don't blame 'um a whit; not a whit," said he, "if I was a young man and in the field, I don't know but I'd cut grain as fast as any on 'um so as to be the first on the list."

"Oh, I'll endure a lot of teasing now," says Agnes. "It's all right. How pleasant it seems to get back to old Canterbury and visit the homes that I used to enjoy so much in my childhood. Oh, it seems as if I had been released like a bird from its cage! There's nothing that can compare with country life after all, Aunt Malinda. This old kitchen, with all of its dear old associations, how like real living it seems. The brick walls of the city are more like prison walls, and to many it proves such, for they have never known the charm that surrounds the home of the farmer."

Andrew was reading a book of some kind, and he got so excited over it he blurted out something about "scalping," and everybody's attention was turned to see what the boy was so disturbed about.

"What ye studyin', Andrew," says Toleration.

"History, sir," says he.

"What kind of history?"

"American history," says Andrew.

"About the Revolution I suppose?"

"No, sir. About Inguns!"

"I suppose you want to get posted for next term of school," says Toleration. "Let me see that history."

Andrew handed him the book kinder reluctantly, and then Toleration he read aloud:

"'Red Hand, or the Mohawk Chieftain!' Wal, that history'll hardly do for this year, will it girls? I guess you'd better take down Quackenboss if you want to read any more about Inguns. It's got so youngsters' minds run in that direction now-a-days. Where did you git it Andrew?"

"Found it upstairs in the garret," says he.

"Found it most likely among some of your old books," says I, "that used to take up so much of your boyhood time after you got to be a man grown. They say history is foreverlastingly repeating itself, and here's an example that it's so."

Well, after he found his name writ in the front part of the book, he says to Andrew, "Wal, 'tain't no credit, and you can't git much benefit out of such readin', but if you've got started in go clean through it, and then don't begin any more of such trash."

Then Maud Parks, Hannah's sister, spoke up and says, "I suppose the Committee will be here pretty soon."

"Yes," says Toleration, "time they were here now."
"I suppose," says Maud, "Uncle Jasper will ask us some awful puzzling questions to-night. He feels the importance of Chairman resting so heavily upon

his shoulders."



"Oh, yes," says Toleration, "but if you are all pretty well posted up on Africa, you'll be all right. You see Africa is his great stronghold. He's been readin' up about Stanley and the Boer War, and so he thinks there ain't an inch of ground there that he doesn't know all about."

Well, 'twasn't long before the other three members of the Committee came, and Jasper speaks up and says, "Guess we're on time ain't we. Have the girls come?"

"Oh, yes. They're in the other room," says Toleration. "Nervous as witches, frettin' about what you're goin' to question them about."

"We'll attend to that," says Jasper, and I could see he was dreadful well pleased to think he was of so much consequence. "I tell ye, Mr. Wilberforce, there was lively times down to the store when I told 'em you'd run for the office. You needn't fret about the result. We'll see to that."

Then turning to me he says, "Aunt Malinda, I shall hope to congratulate you in about two weeks for holding the honored position of wife of the representative to the Common Court from Canterbury Centre."

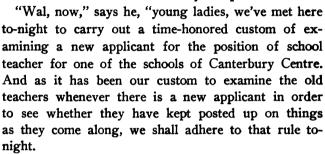
"Law sakes," says I, "I hope ye will. But now I suppose you are anxious to begin the examination of the teachers, so I'll arrange everything convenient. Andrew, you set over there, and pay attention and see if you can't learn something from what is said. There, I don't see but that's all right. I don't suppose you'll object to the rest of us settin' here an listenin', will ye Jasper?"

"Not a bit," says he, "'twouldn't make no difference to me if there was a thousand present!"



"No," says Toleration to the girls, "numbers don't make any difference to him. Quality is all that disturbs his peace of mind."

Well, as everything was ready the Committee was called to order by Mr. Jasper Corning, who has been the honored Chairman for some years past.



"Now, in the fust place we shall give ye a little advice as to what to teach. It's my notion that Grammar is about the wastefulest thing that is bein' teached in the city schools, and I don't believe we'd better have it teached here." Then turning to Cyrus Whipple he says:

"Si, did you ever make a dollar out of the rules of grammar?"

"No," says Cyrus, "can't say as I ever did."

"Nor I nuther," says Jasper, "so that's settled, we won't have it teached."

"But, Mr. Chairman," says Agnes, "grammar is one of the most enlightening of all of the studies. What will the scholars do for language?"

"That's just it," says Jasper, "they've got too much language now, and we want it stopped and a little more practical work put in its place. But if ye must



have it, teach it just as little as ye can, for we don't want but mighty little on't.

"Now, of course, you must teach figgerin', for we consider that the most important study in the school. But when ye come to fractions you can drop them."

"I don't suppose," says Toleration, "that things are coming out in full measure or in square yards every time hereafter any more than they have in the past. So I guess fractions will have to be teached. But you are Chairman, fix it up to suit yourself."

"Now, over in the joinin' deestrict their School Committee Man he told the teachers there that when it cum to figgers he didn't want any algebry thrown in, for letters were made for reading-books and figgers were made for keepin' accounts, and he didn't want the two mixed up. Now, I can say that we pretty much agree with his ideas on that point.

"Furthermore, all he recommended teaching was 'sums in partition, distraction, stultification, and long and short provisions.'

"Now, we want more than that, but his ideas on fractions we think are pretty good and ought to have your consideration at least. He said that he didn't approve of fractions because they are 'too puzzlin'. You're always agittin' the divisor converted the wrong way, and the fumigator and the nomination mixed up on the wrong side of the line.

"Now, that's it! You're always agittin' mixed up, and it's enough sight better to throw in the odd lots than to bother with them. But, if the rest of the Committee think we'd better have it teached why do as ye think best, but for my part I wouldn't have it.

"Now," says he, "when it comes to geography and



astronomy, be consistent. Why, Miss Stetson, who has gone back to New Hampshire where she was brought up, was one of the best teachers we ever had. but she would git some new fangled notions mixed up into the scholars' heads now and then that I could never understand.

"Now, there was her idea of callin' the northern lights the 'Roarer Bore Alice!' I could understand it would have been all right enough if she had been talkin' about Mt. Vesuvius in the time of its eruption to have called it a 'roarer.' but to tell about the northern lights being a 'roarer,' when everybody knows they're as silent in their movements as a moon beam, was to my mind nothing but foolishness. And then the name 'Alice' gave the scholars the idea that the northern lights were of the feminine gender. Now, she doesn't know anything about it, and what's the use in talkin' such stuff. We don't want anything of the kind brought up agin."

"The name," says Agnes, "of the northern lights, 'aurora borealis,' is simply a term in common use. You say 'city,' and you know that it means a place under a certain form of government with a given population. And you speak of the same place as a 'municipality.' You understand that, of course, and the name 'aurora borealis' is simply descriptive of the northern lights same as municipality signifies a city."

"Maybe that's what she meant," says Jasper, "but why didn't she say so and straighten us out so we'd know?"

"Now," says Jasper, "I want to ask you girls a few questions. Miss Hannah, you can answer fust. Kin



you tell me where on the western coast of Africa Zanzibar is, without hesitatin'?"

"It is located on the Indian Ocean, but on the eastern coast of Africa."

"Nop," says Jasper, "you're wrong."

"She's right Jasper," says Toleration. "Guess you've made a mistake."

"Si," says he, "I thought you said the west coast?"

"I said," says Cyrus, "that if a telegraph line was stretched from Zanzibar to the west coast of Africa to Angola, 'twould be a great saving for the merchant vessels, for they could save time in getting information."

"Like enough," says Jasper. "Guess you're right Miss Hannah, 'tis on the east coast. Now, what is Zanzibar noted for? That is, what kind of folks live there as a rule? Maud, you kin tell that. Now, speak right up and don't hesitate. Most anybody can tell if they stop to think. You see we want to be always prepared to answer a boy or girl in school the minute he asks a question. Don't' want to let him know but what you have it right on your tongue's end. So speak right up quick. I see ye don't know so I'll tell ye. It's noted and always has been for its niggers," and then he looked around to Cyrus with a wise look on his face, but before he gave his answer he didn't give Maud a chance to say whether she did or didn't know. "At one time," says he, "there was more'n fifty thousand niggers livin' in Zanzibar, tryin' to git an education, but as they didn't like civilization any more'n the American Indians did, they pretty much all went back into the interior agin to live on the little ponds and lakes that are supposed to be the



head waters of the River Nile that empties into the Atlantic Ocean by the way of the Mediterranean Sea. Some of it, however, gits into the Indian Ocean on account of the Suez Canal being dug through as an outlet. 'Tain't everybody that knows that, but it's a fact."

Then Agnes Howard spoke up and says, "Did you say fifty thousand, Mr. Corning?"

"That's what I said, and I won't take off a man," said he. "I got my points from an old sea cap'n who knew all about it!"

"Make any difference to him," says Toleration, "if 'twas a hundred and fifty thousand. He'd swear to it."

"Now, Maud," says he, "can you tell me what and where Madagascar is?"

"It is an island in the Indian Ocean," says Maud.

"That's right. That's right," says Jasper, "and surrounded by salt water. Do you know how it got to be an island?"

"Well," says Maud, "I suppose it was always an island."

"You'll have to study up on that," says Jasper. "I see there's some things you girls ain't quite posted on. Now. 'Si' and me has been a figgerin' that out, and we've come to the conclusion that Madagascar once used to join on to the mainland, and if you'll look at the map you'll see that 'twould fit right on there jest as slick as two parts of a broken pitcher. If you should dam up both ends of the Mozambique Channel, and then pump out the water, I've no doubt you'd find the remains of buried cities and villages all the way across from the town of Sofala to Madagascar.



which were undoubtedly buried up by some mighty convulsions of the earth that so depressed the surface of the ground as to let in the ocean with a rush and formed the Mozambique Channel and the Island of Madagascar!"

And then he looked around to see what effect his oratory and philosophy had worked among us.

"Now, Agnes," says Jasper, "as you are to be the new teacher, I want to ask you a few ethical questions: Do you understand thoroughly the 'Equinoctial Paradox?"

"I think I know what a paradox is," says Agnes, "but 'equinoctial paradox' is something new to me."

"Wal," says Jasper, "I'll tell ye what an equinoctial Paradox is then. Now, down below Florida or in that vicinity the sun passes along in at path that makes the days and nights of this old world just about the same length, but owing to an optical illusion the sun appears to revolve along that path around the earth every once in twenty-four hours. Wal, now then, here comes the paradox: The fact is the sun doesn't go around this earth, but the earth goes around the sun, and in order to do it it has to go like thunder to make time; you may have noticed along about December she gits behind so that the sun doesn't appear until after breakfast every morning for quite a spell. Now, that, acording to science, is the equinoctial paradox!"

"Well," says Agnes, "I thank you for the information, for I never knew about it before."

"Now, tell me," says Jasper, "where our new possessions are over near China, that we call the Phillipians?"

"The Philippine islands are"-

Just as Agnes was tryin' to tell him about the 'Phillipians' in rushes Mr. Chesley's oldest boy and sets us all on edge by saying Spencer's barn was all afire. Out rushes all the men folks, for they knew the barn was full of cattle, and in less than a minute the Committee meetin' was all broke up and the whole community was pretty much all runnin' to the fire. Of course it all burned down, for we haven't got anything here in the town to fight fire with but buckets, but very fortunately the cows and horses were all got out alive.

After the excitement was all over, Toleration allowed 'twas an unfortunate thing in one way, but for putting a stop to Jasper Corning's philosophy and quotations it was something to be thankful for.

Well, the girls all passed the examination as they always do, and Agnes has taken the school in the upper district where she is teaching about anything she pleases. The other day she told me she hadn't yet introduced any studies relating to the 'Roarer Bore Alice' nor the 'Equinoctial Paradox.'

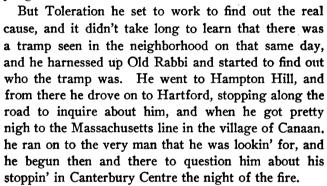
The next day a writ was sworn out for the arrest of Howard Morse, one of the best boys of the town, for settin' the barn on fire. It was a dreadful shock to the whole community, and it just about killed his mother. Toleration had to serve the papers, but when Judge Howard fixed the bonds at a thousand dollars, he went on his bond so that he wouldn't be locked up.

Howard had been seen coming out of the barn only a little while before the fire broke out, and, of course, that was evidence enough for some folks that he must have set the fire. He denied having any connection



with the burning of the barn, and he was on hand to help get out the cattle and to save what he could.

When the court was held, while there were no witnesses to prove anything against him, the Judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty wholly on circumstantial evidence, and poor Howard was sent to prison. Everybody knew he was innocent, but the circumstances were so agin him, and as circumstantial evidence has been set so much by in the courts all over the land, there seemed to be nothing else that the Judge could do.



At first he wouldn't acknowledge anything, but after Toleration told him he'd protect him from all harm, he admitted goin' to sleep in the barn, and as he had been smokin' his pipe he woke up to find the barn all afire and he took to his heels and went out of town.

He came back and testified to what he had said, which, of course, exonerated Howard Morse, and he was set at liberty. His statement in court that he had gone into the barn to find John Kinsley, where he thought he was doing his chores was then believed,



and the people of Canterbury are pretty much satisfied that cirmustantial evidence is about the busiest humbug that they know anything about, and they think it ought to have its wings singed off so that it can't fly any more and do a lot of harm.



#### XVII

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

TALKING about women's rights the other day, Toleration says, "I don't think I care particularly about how many rights the women enjoy, but I've thought how humiliating it would be to introduce my wife to some friend of mine as the 'Town Sargent,' provided you got elected, or to be obliged to witness your efforts in various other ways that you might call your rights—for instance driving a six horse team, holding the plow, presiding at a town meeting, or leading a brass band. Wal, Mandy, I guess you'd cut a figure as a drum major! But then, if you want all of the rights and privileges that the men have, these are among the rest of them."

"Toleration," says I, "you know better than to talk that way. You know that women don't want to do nonsensical things. You know I don't want to be Town Sargent or a drum major, nor anything else that ain't becoming for women to do, and you are only talking to make fun of the cause that's all. But the cause is right and you know it, and it's got to stand and be carried forward until woman has the right to protect her sons and daughters from the contaminating influences of this world. And that's practically all that she wants. If the mothers of America could have their way there wouldn't be a



corner groggery from Boston to San Francisco, and politics would be washed so clean the old parties couldn't pick out their own linen!"



Then he spoke up and says, "Why, you know Saint Paul savs women shouldn't even speak in meetin', to say nothing about other public places."

That kinder stirred me up, and I says, "That's jest like a man for all the world. No ideas of his own, and so has to take up with somebody's sayings that were read off hundreds of years ago. Why don't you think for yourself, and be original, and not be foreverlastingly following in somebody else's footsteps."

If there is anything in St. Paul's writings that makes me think that they were not all inspired, it is that passage where he says,"Let your women keep silence in the churches—for it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church." Of course times were not then as they are now, but they were jest the same for Saint Paul as they were for our Saviour, and whoever heard of Christ rebuking a woman for speaking in meeting or anywhere else, if she spoke the truth?

And so I told him, "Saint Paul probably forgot how many women talked to Jesus, and how he enjoyed conversing with Mary and Martha, and never felt that they were talking out of their sphere either. I guess if they could talk with Him in the body. women can tell of his wondrous goodness in churches without breaking the law, and Saint Paul ought to have known it. But probably he didn't think. because he'd been so accustomed to see how the Jews kept their women under in the old administration of things. But they don't have any weight to-day, and you've no business to quote them. If you was generous toward womankind you'd want to hear from the mothers of this land every day in the year, and you'd vote for it, too."

Why, what would this world come to if it wasn't for the mothers? When a boy is wayward, whose heart is it that is tender enough to follow him and git him back into good society again? The mother's of course. Sometimes a boy gits into prison by bad associations, and his father says, "Serves him right; we've done all we could for him, and now he's departed from our teachings, and he must suffer the consequences!" And so he turns his back upon his own son. But his mother takes him a bouquet of flowers the first time they'll let her go into the prison to see her boy, and she keeps taking them, along with her good counsel, letting him know that the sun's rays have not gone out altogether, and there is a chance for fallen humanity if they will only try to do better.

She can't forgit the cradle, and the lullabys she used to sing and how his little toddling feet came into the house with his little being laden with a mountain of trouble, which a kiss and a hug from mother would brush away, and then out to play again.

She remembers graduation day, how he shared in the honors of the occasion, and how proud she was when he went out into the world to earn his own living. How his every success was a joy to her, and to his father as well—but fathers can forgit, but mothers never. She would not believe her son was bad at heart, for he had told her he was innocent; she laid



the whole affair to the hard influences of this cruel world.

At the end of six months it was proven that her boy was innocent of the crime, and he was a free man! Can you tell me the depth of the joy in the soul of that mother? Words are not enough. Of course the father is reconciled, and will tell you that "all the time he didn't believe Jack was guilty."

O, let the mothers talk. Let them have their way in matters that will make men better. You can trust the mothers. They won't sell their votes, and they won't lie. It's better to be tied to your mother's apron strings than to be hitched up to a chain gang. But it isn't necessary to be tied to either. American mothers are not selfish. They only want their boys to be noble men, and their girls to be noble women.



Then I says, "Talk about women holding the plow and doing sech like work, to man's disgrace be it said. she's done too much already. I know of lots of women right here in New England who weed onions. hoe corn, and help to do all kinds of harvesting, and their husbands don't object, nuther. When they were first married, no doubt they didn't want them to soil their hands with such an occupation, but as time wore on they soon got to thinking that a sunburned face and masculine hands were dreadful becoming to the women folks of their houses, because it helped to pay the taxes. Now, no honest wife objects to do her share of labor in helping to pay for the farm or a house in the city, but her sphere of labor should come within the home, strictly speaking, and she never ought to allow herself to do the kind of work that was designed for man and horses to do. But that

doesn't mean that she shall not have any voice in ethical, social, political and other matters pertaining to the life of this world."

"Yes," says he, "there you are again running right up against the ideas of some of our biggest men. Why, Mandy, your favorite minister, Mr. Talmage, said only a little while ago that women ought to be satisfied with the kind of lives that were lived in the old Bible times, such as was lived by the Dorcases, the Rebeccas and the Hannahs of the Old Testament. Now, what's the use in talkin' agin' sech big preachers as he was? They've studied into the matter, and ought to know all about it. You are jest wastin' time in trying to talk 'em down."

"Now," says I, "Toleration, I certainly have had a high opinion of Dr. Talmage—think he was one of the best preachers in the world, but I've always noticed that all of our greatest men have one or more failings in their nature as well as other folks, and Dr. Talmage's besetting weakness was evidently his inhumanity to women. He probably had never let go of theology long enough to see that it's possible for the Twentieth Century woman to live, move, and have her being among the people of the world, thinking with them, talking with them, and acting with them on a plane that is equal for all human beings alike, and at the same time live lives as profitable, as pure, and as much for the home life as ever any of the Hannahs or Rebeccas of any period in the world's history have ever lived!"

"Of course, you'll have to argue and talk," says he, "but 'twon't do any good."

"Time'll tell," says I, "whether it'll do any good or





not! It's enough sight better for humanity to argue than it is to sit down under sech statements and accept them as the doctrine of the universe, when the fact is they amount to only one man's opinion. The Doctor says he could name twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin did, and I've no doubt that it is true; but it's my opinion that I can name twenty American women that could make a better and less bigoted creed than all the Presbyterian ministers put together, with all the preachers of the other churches thrown in. Fact on't is man as a rule thinks he's got a mind and heart as broad as the Atlantic Ocean, but jest as soon as you cross his ideas of the hereafter and the right system on earth for saving man's soul from damnation, he becomes as narrow as a mill race. Now, woman is different. You can reason with a woman. If she's on the wrong track, she's willing to look into the matter, but whatever she believes she follows up with more consistency than man ever thought of doing. Why is it that women make up nine-tenths of the attendance at prayer meetings as a rule? Because she lives her religion more consistently than man does. 'Twould be just the same with politics She'd make no half-way work about it."

"Of course, you can boast," says he, "but the men folks ain't agoin' to trust women with matters of state yet awhile. Domestic affairs are more to your taste, for you see women have been brought up for centuries to care for the children and wash dishes, and how would they look attending to national and county business. Out of place; simply out of place."

"Out of place, or in place," says I, "I guess the

women of America wouldn't allow a few mine owners to control the bowels of the earth so that millions of people all over the United States would have to suffer for the want of fuel which they couldn't pay fifteen dollars a ton for!"

"O, well," says he, "such things can't be regulated in a minute."

"Regulated in a minute!" says I, "Land of goodness, the men folks have had more'n a hundred years to make laws that could have prevented any such thing coming to pass. But the men are always hind-sighted. They can never see ahead far enough to know what is going to happen, or to know what may be needed. I never knew a man yet to anticipate his wife's wants enough to buy her a new cloak without she bore down on the necessity of it for sometime in advance. Regulated in a minute! That's just like a man. Always excusing himself."

When I mentioned cloak, that seemed to have a kind of quieting effect, for he took up the *Transcript* and buried his face in it for more'n an hour, and never said another word about women's rights.

But I sot there before the fireplace, rocking back and forth aknittin' away on some stockings, just as unconcerned as could be, ahummin' a psalm tune, so as to show him that I wasn't a bit riled up over what he'd said. And if I had been I wouldn't have let him know it. You once let a man know what your besetting weakness is, and he's foreverlastingly throwing it in your face when he finds himself short of argument.



#### XVIII

#### THE HABIT INSECT AND THE "WEAKER VESSEL" HUMBUGS.

FEW evenings ago Abner Chesley came in to see Toleration about some matters that pertained to the town, seeing as he had got elected Tax Collector, and after they had settled matters to Mr. Chesley's satisfaction, they drifted their conversation on to neighborhood gossip just as natural as women folks do for all the world.

John Bates, he that's brother to Jane, was discussed first along, and his shortcomings were raked over pretty hard, if I'm any judge. "Been in the habit of lying so long," says Toleration, "don't know when he's telling the truth. He's kept the grocery store so many years down here at the Four Corners, and has had such a monopoly of the trade of the town so long he's become accustomed to say most anything that comes into his head, with the belief that the farmers of Canterbury and Hampton will swallow it all for corn. But I guess they don't gulp it all down so much as he thinks they do. They know the history of his forefathers some I guess, and you know they were tremendously forehanded for exaggerating."

"Yes," says Abner, "but it appears they made a lot of money by it. For they've been counted the richest breed of any of the inhabitants of the place."

"Of course they did," says Toleration, "but along with their money they heaped up a reputation for skinflints and lyers that ain't envied by the people of the town very much I guess."

"I've pretty nigh come to the conclusion," says Abner, "that a skinflint, the man who is in the habit of pinching a penny as if he thought 'twas a sin to let it go, will lie if he thinks it necessary in order to make one more cent. All that is required is an opportunity for him to show just the kind of material he's made of."

"That's the way the Bateses made their money," says Toleration, "and it's evidently the way that John intends to make his. Never has a load of grain come into his store but what it's the best that ever grew in Minnesota. And flour! There's no brand such as he carries, not even in the big towns. But the women folks won't agree with him, for they send back a good many barrels that they say ain't good, notwith-standing the special brand that he says he gets direct from the Washburns in St. Paul. Sent on in carload lots, he says. But I guess the cars are pretty small that they are sent in. Buys every barrel of it over to Danielson, and everybody knows it."

"That goes to show what habit will do for a man," says Abner, "he'll keep right on lying when he knows that nobody believes what he says. Habit is a mighty bad thing wrongly applied, but a mighty good thing when you are honest with it. Take a young man who starts out in life determined to tell the truth. Forms a habit that makes him an honest man, and a successful man. But the boy that begins to form the habit of misrepresenting things, where does he fetch up?



If he doesn't get into jail, he goes along in a haphazard sort of a way, grabbing what he can get here and there, with the community distrustful of him. Nobody wants to approach him with a business proposition, because they know he's capable of lying, and that always means he'll steal if he gets a chance. Yes, habit can be made a good thing or a bad thing just as one prefers."

"You're correct about that," says Toleration. "We have plenty of good examples of that. Old Mother England got in the habit of having her own wav about a hundred or more years back. Got so set in the habit she couldn't give it up. But I guess she's satisfied that it doesn't pay to be quite so stuck on her own notion of things now."

"Proved an awful expensive habit for her, before she got things settled to her liking or disliking," says Abner.

"The best men in the world get into deep error," says Toleration, "simply through their habits, which lead them to believe that nobody can see things quite as correctly as they do. Why, now you just take David, who wrote so many good things in the Scriptures. You wouldn't think he'd slop over? But he did. In the 44th Psalm he says: 'Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?' Now, what kind of a way was that for a mortal being to address the Almighty Creator of the universe? Of course we may not know just what he meant, and there may be an error in the translation. But if we take those words in that sentence literally the Almighty is accused of being asleep and not attending to business! Don't suppose David meant anything wrong, but he had been in the

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habit of having his own way so much, he thought he could say most anything he wanted to and folks would swallow it all for corn just the same as John Bates does when he talks about his grocery store goods. Habit, you see, makes a man feel unduly important, even to the point of arrogance. Habit is the insect that leads a man into a lot of evils, and makes him a laughing stock sometimes."

"Yes," says Abner, "but then there are good habits as well as bad habits, and when they're on that side of the fence they're all right."

"True," says Toleration, "very true. We are all honestly in the habit of weighing the characters of men by their everyday lives. By what they average up in their daily labors. And I guess it's a good thing we weigh them in that way, for if some men were to be measured as we do corn and potatoes, I reckon they'd be put in at about three pecks to the bushel."

"Guess that's all John Bates would fetch, at any rate," says Abner, "unless he was allowed to tell his own story and superintend the measuring. Then I guess he'd overrun a little."

Then they both had to laugh, because they seemed to think it was a dreadful good joke to compare John Bates to a bushel that would hold only three pecks. And they chuckled just as interested and as unconcerned like as I ever heard women folks at any of their gatherings when they got to talkin' about their neighbors. I said to myself, I guess here's an example that men can tattle as well as women. Why is it then that the men folks don't get their share of the glory? That's more than I could ever under-



stand! I suppose, though, the reason is because man is foreverlastingly trying to make it out that woman is the "weaker vessel," and, therefore, she ought to have the credit for any of the shortcomings that may crop out in the family.

"Weaker vessel!" I don't know as it's safe for me to sav anything about this, for every time I do I generally git so wrought up I can't contain myself before I git through! But I'll try to hold my temper. I'd like to know what makes us weaker vessels? Everybody knows that more'n a hundred men drink strong liquor and become drunkards where one woman falls into such folly. And it's been so ever since Noah's time. 'Twasn't Mrs. Noah that begun the habit. I guess man ain't such a powerful sight more of a strong vessel than woman is when there's liquor around, that somebody else pays for. I've known some men to be real temperate as long as they'd got to pay for what they had to drink, but when somebody else would pay for it, I've seen the same men git so happy they'd be as silly as a goose.

There are a few women that smoke tobacco. But where there is one woman that uses it there are a thousand men who smoke and chew both. But still they call her the weaker vessel! Conscience! Weaker vessel! Well, that weaker vessel has sense enough to put the pizen stuff under carpets to keep out the moths and buffalo bugs, while her husband puts it into his mouth and chews up and smokes away money enough to furnish half enough bread for the whole family for the year. I kept on soliloquizing and they kept on a talkin', but I says to myself, 'twon't do for me to keep on in this line of thought much longer,



for if I do I'll git so raving distracted I'll have to break right in on their conversation, and, of course, I didn't want to be rude. But how I did want to tell them about some habits that they had contracted. But I held my tongue, until finally Toleration he bore down on the women folks and blamed them for creating a lot of disturbance and discord in a community because of their habit of talkin' about anybody and everybody, and Mr. Chesley he agreed that that was so. Then I spoke up pretty quick I can tell ye. Of course I tried to hold my temper and appear unconcerned, when I said:



"I don't suppose you consider yourselves bound down by any habit while you are talkin' about John Bates and others in the community? I suppose you consider yourselves too powerful vessels to resort to gossipin' like the weaker vessels, the women folks?"

"What we have been saying," says Toleration, "related to a condition. A condition that should be improved upon by people trying to avoid getting into a habit that finally leads to misrepresentation. Or, in other words, to lying and cheating. That's not gossiping. That's a straightforward statement of facts."

"No," says Abner, "gossiping, as I understand it, is talking about little domestic affairs that don't amount to anything, but that makes a nice afternoon subject for the women folks to interest themselves over. But to talk about shortcomings in business, of course, that's different. That's a good deal different."

"I thought likely," says I. "If a woman talks about anybody and their shortcomings, it's merely something frivolous, and is put down as gossip. But

if a man he talks about the same thing and the same person, why then it becomes business—a sort of condition that should be corrected—and they only talk so as to help bring on the correction. That explains it, of course, but somehow I don't feel much better satisfied that the weaker vessel has done any more gossipin' than the stronger vessel has.

"Talk about weaker vessels," says I, "do you call it weakness when a mother does about all of the early training of her children, and watches their every movement from the cradle all along through the years that lead up to manhood and womanhood? Who has to be the family nurse and doctor most of the time and when she's ailing from overwork in caring for the family, the stronger vessel he thinks it don't amount to much of anything. But land of goodness. when he's sick with a little cold or something or other she must stop and leave everything and cover him with poultices, and give him some catnip tea, and bathe his head, and soak his feet in hot water, and give him a rum sweat, and land only knows what else, and he a gruntin' all the time so that you wouldn't think he was such a powerful strong vessel as he's generally taken for."

"That does very well, Mother," says Toleration, "to talk that way, but if she didn't insist upon poultices and such like things, I guess the ordinary man would be willing to take a little hot ginger, or something of that nature, and pile into bed satisfied."

"And lay there until he had slept off the effects," savs I. "Well, most women know their husbands failings well enough to not give them too much of that



kind of treatment. They generally don't recover until they've had a dreadful lot of that kind of medicine.

"But no matter about that," says I. "Look and see what some of what you call the weaker vessels have done in their weakness. See what a wise reign Queen Victoria gave the people of England for years and years, and she wasn't the only woman who showed her ability as a ruler nuther. Maria Theresa of Austria was equally good and great. I've always thought she was enough sight greater as a woman than Frederick the Great was as a man, who was living in all of his glory at the time when she was Oueen. Of course 'twouldn't do to have ever said 'Theresa, the Great and Good,' because she was one of the weaker vessels. Then there was her daughter, Maria Antoinette. What a grand woman she was. Loving, and kind, and generous. Yet, with all of her goodness, the sterner sex, which is so powerful strong, turned to and voted to cut her head off, and then went and did it. Innocent as a child all of the time. Never was guilty of anything wrong in her life. If that act doesn't show weakness in man, even to the point of imbecility, then I'm no judge! Don't ever talk to me again about we women folks being weak vessels! It's man that gives away to temptation every time!"

"Not every time," says Toleration. "There are a few women in the penitentiary and other places. I guess they have their share in some of the evils of the day."

"There may be a few," says I, "but it's a precious few in comparison with the men that fill our jails and State prisons. And those that do git into such places generally git there through the deviltry of some man. Of



course there are some bad women, but the generality of them are good, and they don't enjoy any other condition but the kind that is helpful to society. If you want to call us weaker in a physical sense, why then we've no objection, but when you try to make it out that woman is not the equal of man mentally, same as St. Paul did, then we won't submit, for you can't bear out your claim by the evidence produced."

"Can you bear out the claim of the women folks," says Abner, "with evidence that they are equal with man in all the affairs of life?"

"Of course I can," says I. "Don't you notice how the young ladies are crowding into the universities and colleges all over the land where they'll let them in?"

"Yes," says Abner, "I've noticed that."

"They'd have gone in long before" said I, "if the men folks hadn't kept the doors locked so they couldn't get in. But that goes to show that the men didn't feel very secure in their strength, because they seemed to fear the consequences if women generally should become M. D.'s LL. B.'s, D. D.'s and so on. I know a young lady down to Providence in Rhode Island, who studied hard and got to be a D. D. S., and is real successful. Pulls teeth to beat all, and does everything else in the dentistry line that man can do, and enough sight better than some of 'em. Best people in the city go to her in preference, and she's making lots of money."

"Can't see why a woman shouldn't do dentistry work," says Toleration, "if she's only got muscle enough. Takes some strength to pull teeth I want you to understand. I've seen Doctor Ide down to the



Green, just about pull a man's head off before he could get out one tooth. Sweat would roll down his face, and the veins would stand out on his temples as if they'd bust open. Seems to me a woman lacks the strength."

"'Tain't strength that does it. It's skill. You can't have skill unless you know something. Doctor Ide has mixed up medicine with dentistry, and between the two he doesn't know much about either. I'd as soon have any old country doctor hitch on one of them old fashioned turn-keys, which must have been one of the instruments of torture at the Inquisition, as to have him pull a tooth. Land sakes, this young girl that I am telling about can pull a dozen teeth while he's pulling one, and she won't make half so much fuss about it, nuther."

"Well," says Abner, "women can do some things in the professional world, but when it comes to business I guess you'll find that different. Man was cut out by nature to do that."

"Why," says I, "Mr. Chesley, I'm surprised to hear you say that. Most all of the offices in the big cities employ more girls in keeping books and doing type-writing and so on than they do boys. They are quicker in their work, and more accurate. And 'taint because they work cheaper, nuther. Lots of them git the biggest kind of pay. I know a girl down to New York city who carries on all of the business of one of the largest wholesale houses there is there. She was raised about ten miles from here over to Willimantic. Bright as she can be, and wuth a fortune to her employers. Ladies are employed in every kind of



work that there is, and they are successful in everything."

"Everything except farming," says Toleration. "There's where they have to draw the line. Shouldn't wonder if that term, 'the weaker vessel,' didn't come about because of woman's lack of muscle for doing farm work. It meant her physical inability, and not her mental capacity."

"Of course," says I, "woman has got sense enough to know that her organism is more delicately made. and that the Creator didn't plan for her to do certain kind of coarse, hard bone labor that is more fitting for a man to perform. He was made with a more powerful body for the purpose of doing just that kind of labor so that his wife wouldn't have to do it. Some, however, are ready and willing enough to let the woman folks think they can do some of it. But who ever gave you the idea that women can't do farm work. That is, so far as superintending the farm work?"

"I got the idea," says Toleration, "from the fact that you don't find women in the business, unless it is an occasional one who is left with a farm on her hands. and she is obliged to carry it on until she can sell out. They don't seem to have the tact and understanding."

"I guess you haven't read the papers much lately," says I, "or you wouldn't talk that way. Land of goodness, there are women farmers all over the country, and lots of them have got rich at it. Of course they don't hoe corn, nor drive cattle, but they direct others how to do it. Down in Texas there are three women who raise cattle by the thousands for beef, and their farms are tremendous large they say. Why, Mrs. Adair's has got more'n two million acres in it, and is



the largest of any of the cattle farms in the country that is owned by any one person. She's got more'n a hundred thousand head of cattle, and the other two women have pretty near that number, and they all carry on their own business. A Mrs. King is one of the other women. I guess they've got 'tact and understanding' or something that answers pretty well in place of it."

"Don't see, Abner, as there's anything left for you and I to monopolize," says Toleration, "without letting the women folks mix into it?"

"That's a fact," says Abner, "but I guess it's a darn sight better so than to have it any other way, if the women have really got the talent, and go-ahead enough to do such things. But somehow it strikes me that a woman carrying on a farm with two million acres of land with a hundred thousand head of cattle is a pretty gosh-blasted big story! Of course I don't doubt your word, Mrs. Wilberforce, but it's so far-reaching it's hard to swallow it all at one time!"

Then Toleration he had to grin and show that he was dreadful pleased at what Abner was asayin'. But I didn't let him know that I noticed it. It don't take much to please some folks. Now, I enjoy a good laugh, but when I do indulge it's for something that's wuth laughin' at!

"Out West and in the South," says I, "they do business on a much larger scale than they do here in New England. Of course you know that Mr. Chesley?"

"Of course," said he, "I know they do. But we consider two or three hundred acres here in New England a pretty big farm. Now, if they had said two thousand acres instead of two million, why that would seem



more like it. Why, Mrs. Wilberforce, do you know a two million acre farm would be bigger than the State of Rhode Island with a big part of Connecticut thrown in?"

"To be sure it would," said I, "but don't you know that the State of Texas is four times as large as all of the New England states put together? Well, it is! Can't you see, then, that it is possible for folks to own millions of acres there and still leave plenty of land for the rest of the farmers?"

"I hadn't figured that New England was quite as small as that before. But if you're sure that them figures are correct, why then of course it makes it look a little more plausible. But then I didn't for a minute doubt your word, but the thing seemed so stupendously big it fairly made me dizzy to think on't."

Then turning to Toleration he says, "Mr. Wilberforce, if the women folks are carrying on business at that rate, I'm ready to sell out, take Horace Greeley's advice, and go West. Hundred thousand head of cattle! Why, we think we're doing pretty big things here in Canterbury if we keep forty head. Yes, sir. I'm ready to sell. Takes the courage all out of me. Two million acres!"

"O, well," says Toleration, "don't get discouraged, wait and see what luck Jonathan has in the cattle business down in North Carolina. Got several hundred acres there. Starts in in the spring. If he makes a go of it, perhaps we'll both sell out and go in on a big scale. If 'twant for Mother here I'd a been down there now. She kinder thought we'd get homesick, so I've held on for a spell, but I shouldn't wonder if we fetched up in the cattle business yet and made



money hand over fist down there among the Blue Ridge mountains. We'll see. We'll see."

"Well," I says, "I guess you'll see that you'll leave that pretty much to your son. The idea of old men leaving the homes that they have lived in most all of their lives, where they have made a success of life as you and Mr. Chesley have, and going into a new country to begin a new industry! Here you have become a fixture, and are of some consequence in the community, because the people have always known you both, are acquainted with your capabilities, and they know that you can be trusted. But down there in South Carolina you wouldn't be of half so much consequence as some of the moonshiners used to be. You'd just be common 'white trash' for quite a spell, or until you had proven that you was something better. That would take so many years that when you got where you would be considered of some value to the town. you'd both be old enough to die, and then you'd be sent home to be buried in the place where you ought to have lived out your old age in peace and happiness, and where you would have been looked up to."

"That's the way women always look at new enterprises," says Toleration, "but man has to decide for himself in matters of business. Lots of men have gone into new countries and begun new business who were older than we are, Abner."

"Yes," says Abner, "and made a success of it, too."
"You were both talking a little while ago," says I,
"about habits that folks git into that prove a nuisance
to some people. Well, that makes me think of Horace
Kimball. Toleration knows how he was always talkin'
about going out West and buying up land for wheat



farming ever since he was sixty years of age. In his mind he raised millions of bushels of wheat out in Minnesota, and got so into the habit of talkin' about it, he actually believed one spell that he was really to begin operations. I suppose it was a lot of comfort to him to speculate on what he thought he'd like to do. And of course there's no harm if they don't git where they actually try to do it.



"When he was past eighty he was reading the Hon. Pervese Peabody's lecture on 'Cuby' where he says 'Beginning at a stake and stone in Otisfield, and running in a bee line through the equinoctial tropic of Apricot and Kansas, nature points out as ourn.' He was referrin' to the island of Cuba, and Horace he thought that that meant a good opportunity for the inhabitants of the United States to go down there and claim their own property, and so he set to work to see if he couldn't make arrangements to sell out and go down to the West Indies and 'show the niggers there how to do farming.' Of course he never went. Lived until he was ninety-seven right where he was born and brought up, and was always a successful farmer, and respected by everybody who knew him. Now, if he'd gone away when he was a young man, he might have become President of the United States, but more'n likely he'd a fetched up home again after he'd had what they call a good time, and have died twenty years younger than he did, without hardly anybody knowing whether he was entitled to respect or not. If you must have a habit, let it be one that has got common-sense and consistency to feed upon."

"Before Mother broke in on her defense of weak vessels," says Toleration, "I was about to tell ye,

Abner, of a little experience with a horse that we had down in New Hampshire last summer, which goes to prove what the habit of jumping at conculsions will accomplish."

"I won't break in any more," says I, "I've said all I've got to say, and I guess I've done my duty." If you let things pass as a matter of course, just because somebody says a thing, why they'll git to believing it's so. To have Toleration and the men folks of the neighborhood makin' it out that the women were weaker vessels than they were was more'n I could stand, and that's why I spoke up.

"Now, I calkerlate," says Toleration, "that Abner Chesley knows a little more about the best side of a horse trade than any man in the county. And if there are any wrinkles in a horse that he can't pick out that are good or bad, why then they ain't worth picking out. But I tell ye, Abner, if you'd been with us when I drove that black horse around the town of Conway in and out among the mountains, you'd have met one case that you couldn't have passed judgment on without scratching your head a few times."

"Never got stuck on a case yet where I couldn't pick out the flaw, if the case included a hoss," says Abner.

"Of course," says Toleration, "but this would have run ye up a tree with no chance to get down until some feller come along and killed the bears that had treed ye, metaphorically speaking. I'll tell ye how it was:

"Ye see we wanted to vibrate a little last summer after haying time, and get a little rest into the bargain, so we left things pretty well in hand so that Jonathan and the hired men could manage the farm work without any trouble, and we had the girls and Mother pack



up and shy off to the White Mountains, and I went along, too. All the style to go where you can see Mt. Washington, you know. No matter if you don't get within a hundred miles of it, if you can get a look at it through a spy glass you're on the safe side.



"We located nearer than that, however, at Jackson and North Conway, and had about as wholesome a time as anybody you ever saw, I guess. The Presidential Range was only about ten or fifteen miles away, but as you looked at them on a clear morning you'd think you could go out and back to them before breakfast. But if you got back in time for supper you'd do well.

"What I was going to tell ye about the horse experience happened down to North Conway. Folks were all stopping at the hotel there, and we were spending a lot of money in horseflesh, driving here and there and everywhere among the hills and across the intervales, enjoying all that there was to be seen.

"Well, this day that I'm agoing to tell about we hired a spruce looking bay horse that looked as docile as a kitten. If you'd been there you'd said he was as handsome as any animal you ever saw. Well, we piled into the wagon, one of them open kind that gives ye a chance to see things without craning your neck, and drove over to Kearsarge Village, one of the slickest places near the foot of the mountain that they call Kearsarge that ye ever saw. Pretty big bunch of old mother earth thrown up there for people to look at and climb over. She fairly rakes the sky. And when there's a storm a brewing the clouds hug around her pretty tight and close, as if they was as fond of her as a boy is of his sweetheart. Sometimes they embrace

her so close ye can't see the first thing of her, and they keep it up for days at a time.

"When we was driving over I was praising the horse all of the way, because he was so regular and such a good roader. Kept an even gait, never changing it, and wasn't afraid of anything. I got to setting so much by him, I finally says to Mother, 'what a mate he'd make for our Bill, he's so even gaited and jest like him for steadiness. After we'd gone a mile or so further I said I guessed I'd make the man an offer. I tell ye, Abner, he was clean cut and handsome, and if I could buy him I thought 'twould be a good investment.

"We rode along and made a turn onto a road that took us back to North Conway, and we struck in onto Main Street some distance south of the Kearsarge House, and was riding along easy like, enjoying the beauties of the street with its attractive hotels and cottages, and the views of the surrounding mountains. There were lots of hotel guests on the street, coming and going, and there was nothing but life and animation everywhere. It was one of those beautiful and tranquil afternoons in August.

"When we got pretty nigh opposite the Kearsarge House our docile horse began to quicken his gait, and when we got even with the post-office, in spite of all that I could do, he was going at a breakneck pace.

"Well, sir, I calkerlate that I know something about a horse and how to handle one, but I couldn't hold that critter any more'n I could hold chain lightning. He went and went, and kept agoing, faster and faster, until finally Mother shouted right out, 'What's got into the beast?' All I could say was 'the devil, I guess,



and he kept agoing. She thought a bee or a homet must have stung him. I tell ye we never rid so fast in all our lives before. Mother's shawl stood out as straight behind as my coat tails did, and Harriet and Madalene were hanging on to me as if they were frightened nigh about to death. I had given up stopping the critter, and jest sot down to hollering to everybody to keep out of the way! They gave us the road I can tell ye, and if we didn't go a half a mile a minute then a horse never did before. Makes me sweat to think about it.



"Most astonishing part of the whole affair was that when we got most to the railroad crossing he settled down into his old gait and was as docile as ever. I held him up, got out and looked the harness all over and examined his legs, but I couldn't see but what everything was all right, and finally I had to say right out, 'Wal, if that don't beat the Old Harry then I never saw anything that did.' Mother and the girls thought I'd better take him back and get another in his place for they feared he might have another fit and break their necks, but I thought I'd give him another trial, so we drove on over to what they call Diana's Baths and Echo Lake, and out into the country, and you never saw a horse go better all the way. We kept on and after an hour's drive came into the village again to the south, and when we got as far as the post-office the same thing happened again. Went right into another one of them fits and trotted faster'n ever. With all of your knowledge of horses, I tell ye, Abner, that would have been a stump for ye. Thought I'd break the reins that time in trying to bring him down, but no use, he kept right on like a race horse, with



"Toleration had given up stoppin' the critter."

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everybody agaping at us and wondering what we was driving so fast for, until he got as far as the railroad crossing again, when he came down to a walk and stopped when I drew in the reins just as if nothing unusual had happened.

"Didn't take long for Mother and the girls to scramble out of that ere team I can tell ye, did it Mother?"

"Well," says I, "it didn't take a great while, and I told Toleration that he could drive that horse to the barn, and we'd walk. We didn't propose to risk our lives with him any longer. Don't think you would have either Mr. Chesley if you had been along."

"Couldn't blame them a mite," says Toleration. "Got kinder skeary myself. Just when I was getting ready to take him back to the stable, along comes a man who lived in the town, and he explained how the horse come to act so. Said as how that straight line of road from the post-office to the railroad was used as a race track during the winter and spring months, when the residents of the place didn't have much to do, and this horse had raced up and down here so much with other horses it had got to be second nature for him to go fast when he struck this stretch of road, no matter who was driving him.

"That explained it, and took a load off my mind that was pretty heavy I can tell ye. There's no mistake about it, he did go fast. Never shall forgit it long's I live, and I guess the women folks won't nuther.

"I wasn't satisfied until I got all of the folks into the wagon again, and had that horse try it over that stretch just so that I could enjoy the sport, and we did, but the women folks remonstrated because they



thought it made such a show of us in public. He showed his speed that time pretty clean cut, and the outcome of the whole affair was, I bought the horse and he's the one that's mated up with the bay one that I had of the Starkweathers more'n six year ago, and they make a mighty good team.

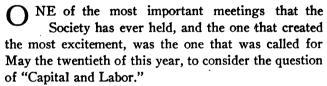
"So ye see, our habit of judging of the goodness and badness of a horse by appearances was the thing that fooled us that time. Most generally, if you'll take time to hunt for a reason for certain conditions, you'll find something that will explain things a good deal better than guessing at it, just because you've been in the habit of it."



#### XIX

# ANOTHER MEETING OF THE CANTERBURY ANTI-HUMBUG SOCIETY.

#### CAPITAL AND LABOR HUMBUGS.



Toleration called the meetin' to order as usual, and after the records of the last meetin' had been approved, he stood up and addressed the assemblage something like this:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: We have come here to-night to discuss one of the most important questions that stands before the people of all the nations of this earth. A question that has never been satisfactorily settled, and one that other generations will more than likely have to baffle with after we have settled the question more or less to our satisfaction here to-night.

"As a beginning I want to caution you about one thing, and that is this: In considering this subject each and every person here present should stick to this one idea, "Will organized labor result in the greatest good for the greatest number, and has its past record shown that it has tended towards that happy consummation."



"If we can prove that it has and does, then we have accomplished something in its defence that will turn all of the laurels of humbuggery over to capital and the capitalists, and vice versa.

"While it may be a trifle irregular, I want you to grant me the privilege of placing my opinion on record right here at the opening of the meeting, so that you can see I am not influenced by anything that may be said. But, if any person can produce convincing argument to prove that I am wrong, then of course I am perfectly willing to change my mind on the subject.

"Without going into detail, I want to say that I believe organized labor, backed up by wisdom, will prove the greatest blessing religiously, socially and politically that this old world has ever known. And that without it the swarm of humbugs that have been breeding for thousands of years under the fostering care of property owners, or what is more commonly called 'capitalists,' will continue to breed until the time will come when the Bible declaration will be set aside, and the laborer will no longer be 'worthy of his hire.'

"Now, it's for you to decide whether my conception is true or untrue. It's for you to prove one way or the other. The meeting is open."

Deacon Thompson got the floor, although more'n twenty got up and started in to talk all at once, but after order had been secured, he began by saying:

"Our chairman's opinion is diametrically opposite to mine. I believe and always have, that labor organizations are the greatest cuss that has ever been handed down to man. Along in the early periods of



the history of the world they didn't have any strikes and labor disturbances, and labor unions were never dreamed of. And jest see what resulted from that condition of things: The Egyptians built great monuments and cities, and thousands upon thousands of workmen were content to work for their board.

"They," he went on to say, "had evidently read the twelfth verse of the fifth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which says in plain language, 'The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much;' and that was what I call a common sense understanding of what real bliss in life is. They could see by reading the other clause of the verse that there isn't much comfort for a rich man, which says, 'But the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.'

"Now, why can't a common workman be satisfied in our day just as they used to be in days gone by? If they work for what their employer can afford to pay they are sure of good sleep and rest, and a lot of comfort. Now, after you've said and done all, what is there in life that amounts to more than rest and comfort—good refreshing sleep?"

Then Abner Chesley broke in and says, "If you can't sleep nights Deacon, why don't ye turn your property over to your hired men and let them lay awake and worry for a spell. That would give you a chance to git refreshed and enjoy a little comfort before ye die."

"Wal," says the Deacon, "I can't very well help my condition. What was predestinated is predestinated and I can't help it. I calkerlate 'twould be a sin to shirk my duty, and furthermore, 'twould be selfish in me to deprive a fellow man of the enjoyments that



are predestinated for him. No, sir. I'm agoin' to bear the cross that's set up for me ter bear, no matter whether it's money matters or anything else. I count it my duty."

"Well, by thunder!" says Abner, and then he sot down.

"If this organized labor movement keeps on," says the Deacon, "we'll have to pay five or ten dollars a month more for farm hands, and fifty cents more a cord for chopping wood. You know that's what it'll come to, and we can't afford it. More'n all that they'll want a ten hour day. Now, how are we goin' to manage our chores on a ten hour basis? It can't be done. 'Twould be robbery.

"A hired man has no more right to set the price on his labor than my horse has or my ox. I've got the money to buy the grain for my cattle, and they must work for that grain. I've got the money to pay for so much labor on my farm, and the laborers must accept the price I offer, for I know what I can afford better than they do. It's always been so from the beginnin'. The man with the money has always set the value. What's predestinated is predestinated, and ye can't change the eternal law. See what Christ said in the Bible, 'For ye have the poor always with you,' and because it's so planned that a certain lot of mortals should be always poor they should be satisfied with their condition and make the most of it, and stop worrying mill owners, and railroad proprietors and so on, by asking for more money than they can afford to pay them for wages. I say again ye can't change the eternal law. What's predestinated is predestinated, and you've got ter submit."



Then Abner Chesley got up and savs, "As a representative of the generous husbandman such as has existed from the beginning, Deacon Thompson is about the best example that I have ever heard tell on. He is tremendous lavish with his Bible quotations in his endeavor to make it out that the Almighty is to blame for the poor laboring man's condition, the same as a lot of folks for years tried to make it out that the Bible was responsible for the condition of the black man, which provided that a nigger had got to be a slave henceforth and forever. But that interpretation has been proven a lie, and I propose for one to show that the Creator of the Universe made all men to enjoy equal rights and privileges, and that when Jesus Christ said, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' it meant something more than his board and clothes."

Then some of the men folks clapped their hands and made quite a demonstration, which encouraged Abner to keep right on talkin' dreadful fast.

"The Deacon," says he, "was so bent on quoting Scripture, I'm agoin' to quote a few passages myself so that he will be convinced that I've got good authority for what I've got to say. Now Proverbs says that 'Much food is in the tillage of the poor,' but I guess a mighty little of that food goes to the tiller. As a rule the owner of the land gobbles up pretty much the most on't. If ye know yourself you know your neighbor pretty well, and I consider I'm after about all I can rake off of my farm without considerin' how much the hired man is goin' to git out on't. As that great railroad president said, "Taint the man's value that I look at; it's what I can hire him for." Of course we are after the best service we can find among



workmen, but quality or no quality, that never holds us back from trying to drive a mighty close bargain, and for getting the man for less than he's wuth if we can do it. Now, organization is the thing that will prevent that railroad man and me from pinching him. Organization is the only thing that will compel us both, along with Deacon Thompson, to pay a man what he's really wuth, and what his labor should fetch in any market.

"What was it that the Saviour of mankind said to the rich young man? Didn't he say, 'If thou wilt be perfect go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor.' You know he did.

"Now, I analyze that this way: There would never

"Now, I analyze that this way: There would never have been any reference made to his imperfection if his riches hadn't been accumulated by the grinding down of the poor laborer while it was being hoarded up. If he, or whoever accumulated the property, had given the workmen their full share of the profits that they earned while in his employ, that young man would never have been considered nor spoken of as imperfect. If he was wanting in perfection, of course the great money kings of the world are all falling short of the requirements that make up perfect manhood, and to be perfect they've got to sell what they've got and give it to the poor, or in other words give back that portion that they robbed the poor workingman of while he was in their employ, and who helped them accumulate millions of dollars when they really were entitled to only save up thousands.

"I tell ye, Mr. Chairman, I've come to the conclusion that the name hog is misapplied. When that porker over in my pig pen has got his stomach full he's satis-



fied to let some of the other pigs have what's left, but when man fills his stomach, as a rule he wants to put away all that remains so that it can be turned into cash and handed down to future generations, so that his descendants will proclaim his wonderful business capacity which enables them to live without lifting their hands, although it's done at the expense of his neighbors, who, for all that he cares, may go unfed and unclothed if he can only scoop in the money that the left over food will fetch.

"Deacon Thompson," says Abner, "why do you grumble about the possibility of paying more for hired help? The consumers always pay for the advance by paying more for your produce, and they are willing to do it because their increased wages will enable them to. The mill owner finds fault because his help wants more pay, but it doesn't come out of him. The people are willing to pay the difference that it costs by paying more for a yard of his cloth, and so on all around, the public is always charged up with this increase of wages. Now, what is the matter? Why is it that they are not all eager to pay their workmen what is right?

"I'll tell ye why it is," and he pointed his finger to the Deacon dreadfully hard, "It's because you are not willing to give the advance in price to your hired man, but you want to gobble it all up yourself. That's why ye don't want to pay any more for your farm hands, you darned old hog."

"Order!" says Toleration. "We must preserve order. Use more careful language, Mr. Chesley, in these public meetings."

"Wal," says Abner, "I guess I was a little fast, but the fact on't is, it makes me so cussed mad when I see



how a man is willing to cheat a fellow mortal out of his just rights, every time he gits a chance, I can't help biling over just a little."

Then before he had taken his seat Jane Bates got up and berated him in awful strong language for insulting Deacon Thompson for expressing his opinions, which she said he had just as much right to as Abner Chesley had. And in her opinion they were "enough sight more sensible and truthful."



"I have been reading books about this great question," says Jane, "and I have come to the conclusion that the more the laboring man gets the worse off he is, and the community is the sufferer thereby. Besides, I've come to the point where I consider the child should no longer dictate to the parent. The property owner creates the labor, and he should set the price on that labor. Whoever heard of a child dictating to the parent? The great manufacturers know what the price of steel is and what the prices of woolen and cotton goods are, and the workmen, not knowing what a small profit they are making, will get together and demand all of that profit and a lot more on top on't, and then think they've done a real smart thing. The thing should be regulated by law so that mechanics of all kinds would be compelled to accept what the money owners can honestly afford to pay."

"You've got the cart before the horse, Miss Bates," says Abner, "with all respect to you and your family with your time honored reputation for paying \$15.00 a month for good farm hands, and your old grandfather running his 'still on the same wages for years until his New England Rum got him rich as any man

in the town, I must tell ye you're mixed up on the child a dictating to the parent.

"It's the other way," says he. "For centuries man with his skill has been producing values, and after those values took on the form of money he has allowed those values to set the price by which he should work and produce other values.

"Think of it! He produces a dollar, and then that product of his, the result of his own brawn or brain, after it gits into the hand of a human hog he shakes it in that laboring man's face and tells him you can have half of this if you will produce another whole one for me. Now, there you are. The product of your own hands turning and giving you back talk about what your labor is wuth.

"Why didn't that mortal, who is supposed to be brother to every other mortal, say, 'John, you've done a mighty good thing in creating this value. Take the whole on't and go in and create as many more as you can and keep nine-tenths of the value for yourself and family. I'll be content with the remainder for my share? Well, he didn't do it because 'taint the nature of the beast. It was his nature to get that laborer to consent to give him the nine-tenths, the remaining one-tenth to be the producer's share the same as they did when the Egyptians were making history in the time of the oppression, except that they gobbled it all.

"And the worst of the whole matter has been the producer has bowed submissively to this kind of dictation for thousands of years without saying a word back about the rights that the producer was entitled to.

"Men have been made slaves of because there was no organization among them to give them the protec-



tion that they were entitled to. Read a few chapters of the history of the old world and see where the producer has allowed himself to drift to.



"I tell ye, it's a mighty good thing that the child of labor has been given a good spanking for his audacity, and organized labor is the thing that has done it. As our Chairman has said, so I say, the condition that is being gradually brought about by the combining of all of the labor interests is bound to help this old world more than anything else by preventing me or anybody else from gobbling up all there is and then placing the rest of mankind on the charity list, where they can simply enjoy the humiliation of asking for a privilege of producing something more to please the tastes of the bosses of the universe.

"Mr. Chesley," says John Bates, "I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead," says Abner.

"Did a member of any of the labor organizations put the minerals down there in the earth that are worth millions of dollars?"

"They certainly did not," says Abner.

"Did any of them put that pile of granite in the earth?"

"Of course they didn't," says Abner.

"Did any of the great producers that you are telling us about, and that you are trying to defend, have anything to do with that growth of timber over there on my wood lot? Did they have any hand in growing the wool that is used over there in Hopkins' Mills? Or the cotton that millions of spindles are spinning throughout New England to-day?"

"Didn't have a thing to do with the first causes that

created those articles, but they had as much to do with it as anybody else did," says Abner.

"Those things and all other things that represent the real wealth of this world," says John, "were created by the same power that created your body and soul, and the man who gets possession of them is the man who has the right to get all he can out of them. They belong to him, and he has the right to dictate wages and prices because he has the power to do it. The mine is his, the factory is his, and the men who agree to work for him at his price are as much his as the rest of his property, with the exception that the workmen may rebel, under the law, and leave him at a time when he is liable to lose thousands of dollars. There's where the law works against the employer who has no redress."

"That's true," says Deacon Thompson, "true as gospel. What's predestinated is predestinated, and we must submit to the inevitable law." And then he rubbed his hands together dreadful happy like.

"Wal," says Abner, "I calkerlate that less than a year from now you'll find out that it's *predestinated* that you'll have to pay forty dollars a month for good farm hands, and give them a ten hour day into the bargain."

"Never! Never!" says the Deacon. "I'll sell everything I've got and quit farming fust, before I'll submit to any such robbery."

"Well, Mr. Chairman," says Abner, "it seems the Deacon ain't quite so willin' to 'submit to the inevitable law' as he was trying to make out he was.

"Now, in answering Mr. Bates' question I want to ask him one, which is this: How much will your





wood lot amount to unless you can get labor enough to cut down the wood and get it into a marketable condition? God starts the raw material, but it takes another product of his in the form of a man to produce the commercial value. The cotton seed has got to be put into the earth before it will budge an inch in the direction of created value. Labor is your neighbor that does that, and that same neighbor does the caring for and harvesting. The crop represents two-thirds labor. Same with wool from the sheep's back, and so on all the way round, it takes the labor of man to complete a dollar's worth of real value. Even the automatic machine requires the attention of a laborer to see that it doesn't break down or turn off poor work. and that workman is bound to git his share of the product that his watchful care is producing, even if he doesn't lift his finger to help the machine."

"Mr. Chairman," says the Deacon, "Abner Chesley is trying to evade the main question. He forgits how everybody suffered last winter when that striking business was being carried on down there at the coal mines. The greatest cuss the people have ever suffered from."

Then Jasper Corning he jumps onto his feet and says, "I reckon Mr. Chesley didn't forgit how the Deacon sold his six hundred cords of wood for three dollars advance in price over the old figger. Guess the coal strike didn't cause so dreadful much long sufferin' for Deacon Thompson."

"That ain't got anything to do with the case," says the Deacon. "I had the wood and folks in the villages wanted it at most any price. I can't help what's predestinated. The fact remains the same that that coal striking business was the greatest sin the country has ever allowed to develop, and it ought to be stopped by law."

Then Noah Davis got up, he that owns the iron foundry, and says, "There was a time in my business career when I thought I couldn't possibly pay an experienced moulder more than two dollars and a half a day. And that was all that I did pay for my best workmen for a good many years. Managed to get quite a sizable property together on the products that we turned out. Finally, my workmen organized a union and asked for more pay, but I told them I couldn't give any more then, but that I would as soon as I could. They waited a month and then sent in word that they must have \$3.50 a day after the close of the present month. Other foundries were paying that price and I must. Well, I did. I gave in and paid the price, and now I am mighty glad of it, for I can see it was only giving them the amount that was really due them. I had to charge a little higher for our stoves, but the demand kept up, and all I had to do was to hand over to my workmen the amount of the increase, and that was all there was to it."

"But when you gave in," says Jason Howard, "you must have realized that you had all of the risk to run in the business, and consequently the demand was an unjust one. You was the man who was investing all of the money and real property in the undertaking."

"Not necessarily so," says Mr. Davis, "you must look at both sides of an argument or a proposition before you make a decision. The other day I was talking with Robert Hopkins, who owns the Hopkins Woolen Mill, where 600 hands are employed. He



told me that the net earnings of the factory last year were eighteen thousand dollars, over and above the interest on the investment, the taxes, insurance, etc.

"'How much have you got invested in the mill, Robert?' says I, 'Oh, some \$200,000, running capital and all,' says he.

"Now, you people here may think it was just right for him to keep the whole \$18,000, because he appeared to represent all there was invested. Of course before the law he had a right to, and he did. But it wasn't right."



"Just right!" says Jason. "If it didn't belong to Mr. Hopkins I'd like to know who it did belong to." And a lot of the people present agreed with Jason that it all rightfully belonged to him, who had invested all of the money.

"On the face of it," says Mr. Davis, "it does look that way. But if you look at the real justice, outside of the lawful right, you'll see that all of that eighteen thousand dollars didn't belong to the mill owner."

"Now, you are introducing Socialism," says Caleb Carlton, breaking in on what he was a sayin, "and it's my opinion that there's more good sense in some of those notions than most folks give them credit for."

"No, not Socialism," says Mr. Davis, "but simply giving to the laborer that which honestly belongs to him."

Then Jacob Nye broke in and says, "There don't anything belong to a hired man but the wages that you've agreed to pay him. That's all he's entitled to. It's all nonsense to talk about his share of the profits. It's none of his business how much the employer makes."

"Always been counted so in the past, I know," says Mr. Davis, "but the future will prove that the thing was wrong. The hired man, the real producer, the one who creates the commercial value of nine-tenths of everything that is required by man on this earth, is entitled to his share of the profits."

"No such thing," says Jacob, "He ain't got any claim on anything for the reason he doesn't invest anything along with his employer. If he did 'twould be different, but he don't. The farmer and the manufacturer put in all of the money, and they do all of riskin', but the workman he doesn't risk a cent. Not a cent."

"There's where the common universal error comes in, Jacob," says Mr. Davis. "The fact is the laborer does invest something, and for that investment he's entitled to his share of the profits of the undertaking."

"It's a tarnation lie, says Jacob, "ter claim-"

"Order! Order!" says Toleration. "Mr. Nye you must use more respectful language. Mr. Davis has the floor."

"Order, or no order," says Deacon Thompson, breaking right in on the Chairman's remarks, "we ain't agoin' to set here and have the truth perverted and thrown in our face, nor have anybody tell us we've got to divide the profits of our wood lot with the wood chopper. It's a stupendous piece of robbery."

"Might's well turn our farms over tew the hired men and done with't!" shouted Cyrus Whipple.

"I'll see 'em in tofit fust before I'll divide a cent with 'um!" Jason Howard blurted out, shaking his fists dreadful threatening like, and more'n a dozen of the



men folks were on their feet all at once denouncing the idea, when Toleration shouted:

"Order!"

And he only said it once. 'Twould have done you good to have seen them men folks all settle into their seats. I've always told him ever since that I guess the people of the neighborhood within three miles must have thought the militia were out that night when he called order. Such a voice! Why, it's more like a clap of thunder when the lightning strikes awful close.

"I want you all to understand, gentlemen," says he, "that Mr. Noah Davis has got the floor!"

"Well," says Mr. Davis, "there's no call for such a foolish demonstration about this matter. I am not the lawmaker, and until the law provides that the laborer shall have his share, you will all have the privilege of continuing to rake in all of the profits that you can get, without considering the real producer, and the man who always has a share in the investment."

"But Mr. Davis," says Mr. Nye, "if you will allow me. Why do you stick to the notion that the hired man invests something, when really he don't invest a cent?"

"It's like this, Jacob," says Mr. Davis, "Robert Hopkins has invested \$200,000 in his woolen mill. That's his share of the undertaking. His 600 workmen, skilled and unskilled, represent about \$1,000 every working day of the year. For the year about \$300,000. This is their share of the investment. Is machinery and brick walls and a few thousand dollars in the bank possessed of more value than the labor of 600 employes? Not by any means. Any factory, or foundry, or machine shop, or printing house, or



commercial business, it matters not which, has represented in that business undertaking just as real a money value in labor as the machinery and the building, in proportion to the amount of labor required and the number of workmen needed to perform that labor, and the laborers should receive their proportionate part of the net profits."

"Can't be done," says Jacob.

"Of the eighteen thousand dollars that was earned last year at Robert Hopkins' mill, twelve thousand belonged to the 600 workmen, and six thousand was the rightful property of Mr. Hopkins. The law of man doesn't give them a cent, but the law of right and justice would make ample provision for turning over to those producers of this wealth every dollar due on their investment as represented by their labor."

"But," says Deacon Thompson, "the 600 workmen all got good regular wages all through the year, while Mr. Hopkins had to take chances for gettin' somethin' or nothin'. There's the difference."

"Mr. Hopkins' salary has been figured out of the cost of running the plant for the year, same as the laborers' salaries were figured," says Mr. Davis.

"Then if the mill had run behind for the year," says the Deacon," and Mr. Hopkins had fell short a few thousand dollars, you would have those workmen suffer a proportion of the loss according to their investment in labor?"

Then a lot of the men folks began to laugh, because they thought the Deacon had got the foundryman cornered.

"No," says Mr. Davis, "I would not have them suffer a dollar of loss, for the reason they had no voice



in the management of the business, and as they would have produced equally as much in the line of woolen cloth as in the year of profit, if the manager of the business, Mr. Hopkins, did not have the judgment to shut down the mill when he discovered there was no market, he is to blame and not the workmen, unless there was a mutual understanding in the beginning."

"No sense tew it," broke in Jason Howard, mad as he could be, "and as to the giving of my hired man a part of the profits of my farm, I'll see him in hell before—"

"What's that! What's that!" shouted Toleration. "You must remember Jason, that you are in the Lord's house, and you must use language becoming such a place. Don't let me call attention to this again."

"Wal," says Jason, "I guess I did git a little too hot. I'll take that expression all back. What I intended to say was that I don't propose to pay my hired man a gosh darned cent more'n his wages come tew, for he don't earn more'n half of that."

"While there is no rule," continued Mr. Davis, "that can regulate the proportion of profit that the workman should receive for his invested labor that can apply alike to all lines of work, nevertheless there is no living man who can prove that an invested dollar is entitled to receive more profit from net earnings than the invested labor which works alongside of that dollar. One should receive first its six per cent. as its daily wages, and the other its two of three dollars a day as its wages because the latter bears nine-tenths of the

burden. The rest is simple enough. Give to each its

proportionate share of the net profits."



"And give them eight hours a day into the bargain?" says Jason.

"Of course give them eight hours a day," Mr. Chesley broke in. "That is, if he is a mechanic, and if he is a farmer, give him ten hours."

"And do your own chores," says Deacon Thompson, "while your hired man is snoring away his morning hours in bed. I think I'll vote for jest such a law."

"Your hired man," says Abner, "will git up at 5 o'clock and do the chores, and will work until 11 o'clock. Then he is to have three hours' rest in the middle and heat of the day, during which he gits his dinner. At 2 o'clock he goes to work again, refreshed and lively, and works until 6 o'clock. That puts in the ten hours, and the only inconvenience you will have to experience will be you will have to drive up the cows an hour earlier in order to have the chores done on time. That's what it's coming to Deacon."

"Never'll submit! I'll never submit to any such robbery," says the Deacon. "It's all tomfoolery."

In the midst of the excitement, when everybody was pretty well worked up, Elder Morrison he gits up, and then everybody quiets down for they all wanted to hear what the Elder had to say, seeing as what he says the people in general think is pretty nigh the truth.

"Mr. Chairman," says he, "I have never considered this question in just the light that Mr. Davis has put it, but after having looked the thing squarely in the face, I declare it possesses more merit than I was at first willing to admit.

"If I have accumulated a thousand dollars and put it into business, and I can do all of the labor with the assistance of my family, we should and can keep all of



the net profits of the undertaking, because we have invested all of the money and all of the labor. But if I must call on for outside workmen, then why should they not receive their proportion of the net earnings? There is so much more labor invested in the undertaking besides that of my own family, and to that added labor should go a just proportion of the earnings of the business.

"If a man is elected an agent or manager of a business enterprise, then the money is divided proportionately among the stockholders of the undertaking, ac-

cording to the amount of stock they hold. Why should a man be any more selfish about declaring dividends because he happens to establish the business and is the owner of the enterprise? There is no sound reason. Besides himself the workmen employed are the stockholders in that enterprise, and they should draw their proportion of the earnings, after all salaries and expenses of the business are paid, and that proportion should be estimated by the amount of their wages. By this system the most skillful workmen, the men who have made the greatest effort to be proficient in their line will receive the greater reward, because they are entitled to. It will never do to encourage a lazy man so that he can think he will reap as great a harvest from any given business as the man

who is willing to always do his share, and who is desirous of making some improvements that shall be a blessing to this old world. So you see, if the lazy workman is capable of earning only \$2.00 per day and his fellow workman on the same bench is considered by the manager as worth \$4.00 for the same number of hours, then of course the man who is willing to



strive and accomplish more than the ordinary workman who is content to be a plodder, receives his reward at both ends of the contract, by drawing double the wages and double the proportion of the net earnings.

"I want to thank Mr. Davis for his suggestion, for coming as it does from a manufacturer it carries more weight than ordinary. It shows that there are men in this world who are willing to look truth in the face and then own up to the real justice of things.

"I believe that organized labor, intelligently directed, will be the thing by which this condition will be realized. Of course it will have to be educational in the beginning in order to get the manufacturers to thinking about it. Get men to thinking and then some of them will be sure to get on the right side of the question. After this process has been carried along, then will follow the request for a proportionate share of the net profits together with the scale of wages that will be required for the laborers according to their ability as workmen. Every labor organization in the country will consider that labor is a part of the investment of every business enterprise, and they will demand labor's portion of the profits.

"Why," continued the Elder, "we have already had some proof that this system is correct in a measure. Some manufacturing concerns have adopted the 'profit sharing' system, and you know that that is along the same line. To be sure it is only a small percentage that they give their workmen, but it will in time lead up to the point of giving the workman his honest share in this world's goods. The only difference is they give what they please, while this new system will give all that is due labor both in wages and in profits.



"The Standard Oil Company will never again be able to give any one man a profit of a hundred millions after this system is adopted, because when they put another cent on to a gallon of oil, two-thirds of that cent will be paid over to the workmen that make the commercial value of that oil.



"The railroads will then have to divide their net earnings with the brakemen, conductors, clerks and engineers. The great trans-Atlantic steamship companies will turn over to the officers, stewards, deck hands, etc., the amount due them for their invested labor. The great mining combines will give twothirds or more of the advance in coal to the miner, and the great mill owners throughout the world will not only give all of the operatives their share of the profits as called for by their investment, but one of the greatest and most emphatic demands of organized labor will be that laws shall be made making the employment of child labor a State's prison offense. And so on all along the line, labor will get what God Almighty intended it should get, and that is enough out of all the enterprises of this world so that city slums will not be possible, because the poor will have money enough to demand good wholesome houses to live in, and there will never be any more calls for millionaires to establish hospitals and homes for the poor, for what few poor we may have will be well taken care of by the money that labor will receive from the profits of the business world, which for centuries it has not been allowed to possess.

"Another thing organized labor will do," he continued, "will be to teach Kings and Emperors to say 'Our ships and our navy,' instead of 'My ships and my

navy,' etc. They will teach them this, because I believe organized labor will enter into politics enough to teach the world that 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and that which belongs to the Lord belongs to the people, and all of the people, and any representative of the people should speak of the people's property as 'Our property,' and not 'My property.'

"It's the thing," he continued, "that will do away with the one man power, by making it impossible for any individual to become the possessor of a great deal more property than rightfully belongs to him. And, furthermore, I believe that more justice will be dealt out to the people of this old world by its demands, than the Courts of Justice have or ever will be able to give."

Well, when the Elder took his seat, things had got quieted down quite a good deal, and as the hour had got to be pretty late, Toleration called for the appointment of a committee to prepare resolutions to be voted upon, and after they were elected they retired, but the men folks kept right on talkin' on the subject pretty heated like until the committee was prepared to report.

When they came in and Toleration called for the resolutions that they had agreed upon, you could hear a pin drop when they were read, but after the reading was done you couldn't hear yourself think, there was such an uproar.

They were allowed to discuss the paper for some time when the vote was finally taken and the resolutions were carried by a small majority, which in substance declared that,

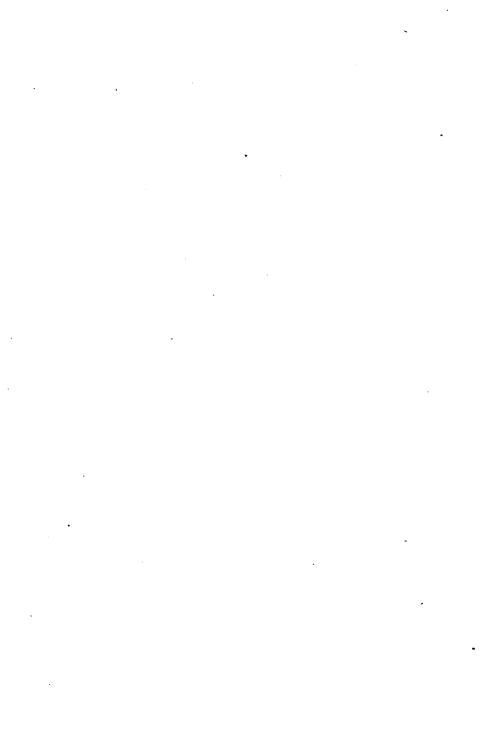
"The organization of labor, notwithstanding the





great trouble and distress that strikes have made, has in the past proven a blessing, and with provisions for State Arbitration Courts for the settling of all differences between labor and capital, thereby avoiding strikes, labor unions will prove of more benefit to mankind than any other power that has ever been made use of, because they will develop a condition that will compel every employer to pay to his workmen all that is due him in wages, and to further compel him to recognize the fact that the laborers are entitled to a proportionate part of the net profits of any given business enterprise, because their labor becomes a part of the investment in company with capital and that that investment is the property of the laborer. And further, that it is the opinion of this Society that organized labor, intelligently and wisely conducted, is the only power that will teach men that we are all born free and equal, and that the riches of this world shall be fairly and justly distributed among its inhabitants, thereby proving that 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,' and that which belongs to the Father being also the property of his children, shall not be allowed to gradually drift in unjust and unfair proportions to a few who may consider themselves more favored of the Lord and unwilling subjects of 'manifest destinv."

Some of the men folks were pretty mad to think that our Society had passed what a lot of the members thought was nothing but folly, but the meeting has proven a wonderful blessing to the community, for even Deacon Thompson is paying five dollars a month more for his hired help.





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